

Feb. 13, 1965

THE

Price 25 cents

# NEW YORKER

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE  
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of  
Ambassador College Library  
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 05 1993



asimbaum



6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 85 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY



ELISOFON © 1964 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

## HOSTELLERIE de la POSTE OF AVALLON, FRANCE, GREETES YOU WITH SPICED RIVER CRAYFISH AND CANADIAN CLUB

This 257-year-old Burgundy country inn has welcomed kings, queens, sultans and presidents. Napoleon, returning from Elba in 1815, was cheered here. And today, there is much to cheer about at la Poste. The goose liver ballotine. Bresse chicken au gratin. Woodcock flambée à la riche. And, of course, Canadian Club, in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.



Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening. It's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.







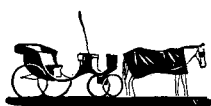
**TWO FOR ALL SEASONS FROM BONWIT'S COUNTRY PLACE**

A Davidow suit is the perfect companion wherever the season may find you. For spring here: Marrakash silk tweed in green or camellia pink. For resorting there: Belgian linen with its own print scarf, in turquoise or bone. Misses' sizes, each 135.00 No mail or phone, please. From our Country Place, they have... **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

**BONWIT  
TELLER**

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach





# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**BOEING-BOEING**—A footless farce about an architect in Paris who is playing fast and loose with a trio of airline hostesses, each of whom regards him as her fiancé. Ian Carmichael and the others in the cast try hard to give this thing some spirit, but, alas, to no avail. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**LUV**—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in this feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT**—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vicissitudes of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. Arthur Storch has directed the play with a lot of verve. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**POOR RICHARD**—A fragile but fitfully entertaining comedy about a bibulous English poet who is having a tough time adjusting to life while resident in Greenwich Village. Alan Bates is the poet in this play by Jean Kerr, and he is, for the most part, diverting. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**READY WHEN YOU ARE, C. B.!**—Strained stuff about an aspiring actress who sublets her Manhattan apartment at an exorbitant fee to a prominent Hollywood performer and winds up madly in love with him. Julie Harris is the girl, and Lou Antonio is the big wheel from the West Coast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND**—A drama by William Hanley that shoots off in all directions in an attempt to make something of the fortuitous meeting in a Brooklyn candy store of a pregnant girl, a Negro youth, who, from the sound of him, is not too well in the head, and the candy-store proprietor, who pretends to be a former victim of the Nazis. Directed by Joseph Anthony, the play has as its entire cast George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Lincoln's Birthday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 13.)

**THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES**—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Frank D. Gilroy is the author. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**TINY ALICE**—Edward Albee in a metaphysical mood, and who is to parse him? John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are in the cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—ANY WEDNESDAY:** Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sun-

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

days, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **NEVER TOO LATE:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**DIAMOND ORCHID**—A play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, with Jennifer West and Bruce Gordon. José Quintero is the director. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**BAJOUR**—Jolly gypsies whooping it up around Manhattan. The book was written by Ernest Kinoy, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. The choreography was planned by Peter Gennaro, and such ebullient types as Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr bounce about to good advantage. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**BEN FRANKLIN IN PARIS**—A splendid performance by Robert Preston makes this variation on a lot of old Shubert operettas fairly tolerable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**COMEDY IN MUSIC**—Victor Borge, whose wit cannot stale, assisted on this occasion by Leonid Hambro, who is a pretty comical fellow himself. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3.)

**FADE OUT—FADE IN**—Reopens Monday, Feb. 15, with Carol Burnett. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are

by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**GOLDEN BOY**—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**I HAD A BALL**—Fun and games on Coney Island in a lethargic musical that has music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are conspicuously displayed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HELLO, DOLLY!** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HIGH SPIRITS:** A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Ronnie Welsh is the youth on the upswing, and Jeff De Benning is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 6.) ... **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?** A musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**BAKER STREET**—Fritz Weaver, Inga Swenson, and Martin Gabel in a musical about the life of the first private eye. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel are responsible for the music and lyrics. The director is Harold Prince. Previews through Monday, Feb. 15. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**ALL IN GOOD TIME**—Bill Naughton's comedy, imported from London, with Donald Wolfelt and Marjorie Rhodes. Directed by Donald McWhinnie. Opens Thursday, Feb. 18. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**CITY CENTER—MOSCOW ART THEATRE:** A four-week repertory of four plays in Russian. A limited

|                        | Page |
|------------------------|------|
| THE ART GALLERIES      | 128  |
| BOOKS                  | 157  |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA     | 88   |
| MUSICAL EVENTS         | 152  |
| ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: |      |
| FEMININE FASHIONS      | 95   |
| THE RACE TRACK         | 85   |
| THE THEATRE            | 76   |

### THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

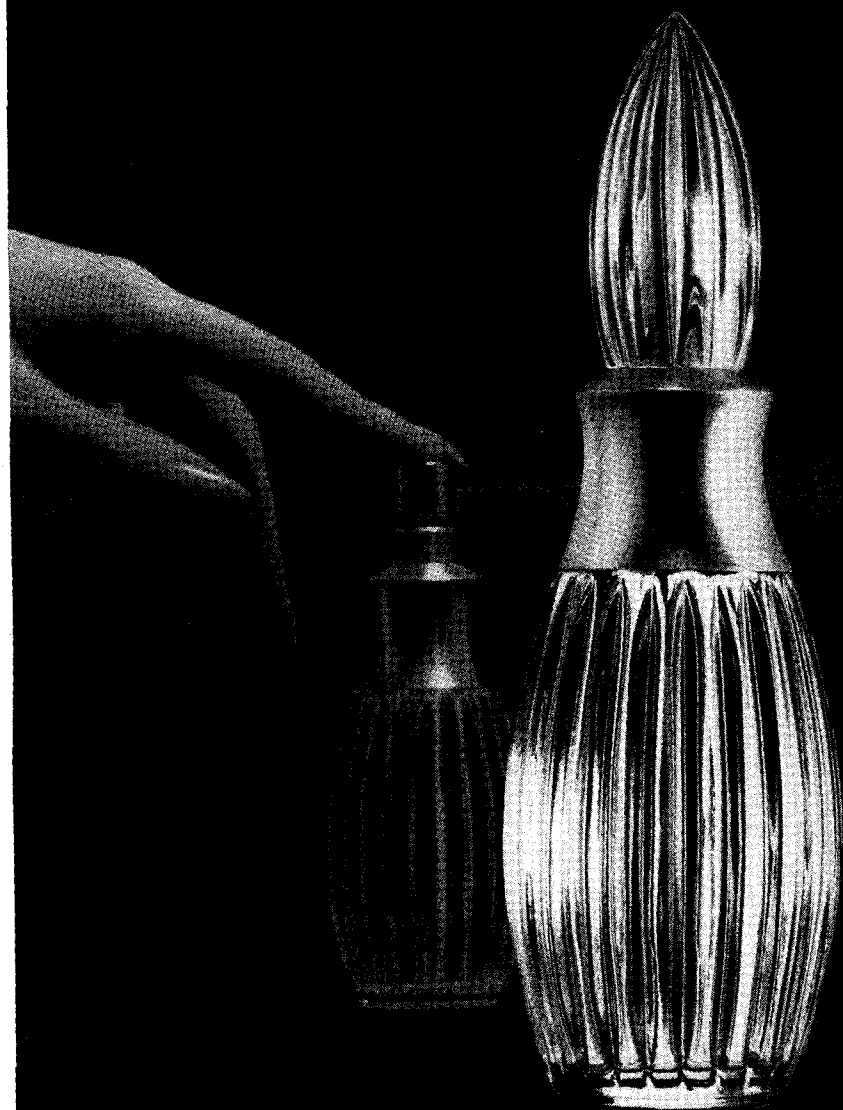
It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 52, February 13, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00. Other foreign, \$11.00.





NEW! INTIMATE SPRAY MIST  
(UNDER GLASS)



OPULENT NEW WAY TO SPRAY THIS CHERISHED FRAGRANCE...  
FROM A DELICATE FLUTED DECANTER WITH THE LOOK OF HEIRLOOM CRYSTAL. 3.00 PLUS TAX.

**'INTIMATE' BY REVLON**  
CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|    |    |    |    | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. Chekhov's "The Three Sisters," Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7; Friday, Feb. 12, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 13-14, at 2:30 and 8. ... Gogol's "Dead Souls," Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16-17, at 8:15. ... Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," Thursday and Friday, Feb. 18-19, at 8:15; and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30 and 8:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 28.)

**LINCOLN CENTER REPERTORY—INCIDENT AT VICHY**, an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. A rather static play in which Mr. Miller seems bent on exposition rather than action. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Performances Thursday and Friday, Feb. 11-12, at 8:30; Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16-17, at 8:30. ... **TARTUFFE**, Molière's old war horse about a pious fraud has been newly translated by Richard Wilbur. Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Larry Gates are in it. Performances Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 18-19, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

**APA AT THE PHOENIX**—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN**: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 11-12, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 18-19, at 8. ... Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE**: Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16-17, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

**AMATO OPERA COMPANY**—"Luisa Miller." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 17-20, all at 8:15.)

**BABES IN THE WOOD**—A musical comedy, freely adapted from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that simultaneously spoofs and uses an assortment of traditional routines. Rick Besoyan has provided tuneful tunes but only sporadically amusing words. Danny Carroll (Demetrius), Richard Charles Hoh (Oberon), and Joleen Fodor (Hermia) are a credit to the company. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Fridays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3 and 6.)

**THE CAT AND THE CANARY**—John Willard's spooky old comedy is the first of what the producers hope will be a series of revivals of mystery plays. This production has a few pretty fair moments, but there would be more if the players could restrain their fun at Mr. Willard's expense and make better use of what he has given them. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Fridays at 4:30 and Sundays at 5.)

**CINDY**—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE FANTASTICKS**—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**FRIDAY NIGHT**—Jan Sterling in a triple bill by James Elward. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE GREAT WESTERN UNION**—A play by Ethan Ayer. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE KNACK**—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols,

is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays—except Lincoln's Birthday—and Sundays at 8:40; and Saturdays and Lincoln's Birthday at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE OLD GLORY: BENITO CERENO**—This dramatization by Robert Lowell of Herman Melville's classic tragedy about a Spanish slave ship in 1800 is a winner—a marvellous story turned into a good play. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**OTHELLO**—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is excellent as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.)

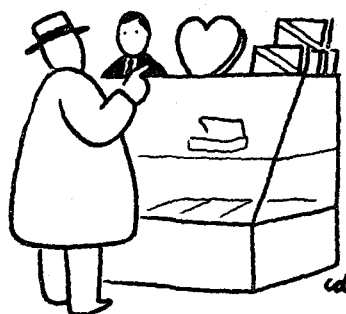
**PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY**—A revival of Paul Shyre's dramatic reading adapted from the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3:30.)

**THE ROOM AND A SLIGHT ACHE**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**SAY NOTHING**—A dismal play about some miserable people in the North of England. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 4.)

**THE SLAVE AND THE TOILET**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THEATER 1965**—A series of programs offering nine new plays. The first three-week bill consists of Sam Shepard's "Up to Thursday," Paul Foster's "Balls," and Lanford Wilson's "Home Free!" (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 27.)



**THIS WAS BURLESQUE**—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**THE TROJAN WOMEN**—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

## BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Swan Lake," "Shadow'd Ground," "Allegro Brillante," and "La Valse." ... Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Four Temperaments," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Saturday matinee, Feb. 13: "Irish Fantasy," "La Sonnambula," "Tarantella," and "Firebird." ... Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "Irish Fantasy," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Western Symphony." ... Sunday matinee, Feb. 14: "Harlequinade" and "Liebeslieder Walzer." ... Sunday evening, Feb. 14: "Apollo," "Harlequinade," and "La Valse." ... Tuesday evening, Feb. 16: "Agon," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "La Sonnambula." ... Wednesday evening, Feb. 17: "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Symphony in C." ... Thursday evening, Feb. 18: "Four Temperaments," "Raymonda Variations," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Firebird." ... Friday evening, Feb. 19: "Con Amore," "Piège de Lumière," "Tarantella," and "Ballet Imperial." ... Saturday matinee, Feb. 20: "Interplay," "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Saturday evening, Feb. 20: "Four Temperaments," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

**JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE**—A benefit program of modern-dance works by Anna Sokolow, José Limón, and Doris Humphrey, performed by students and alumni of the Juilliard dance department, with a chamber ensemble conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 35. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:30.)

**MERCE CUNNINGHAM**—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 12-14, all at 8:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMERICANA**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At the moment, the principal event in the Royal Box is the orchestra run by Lee Evans, which puts lots of thought and diversity into its work. At dinner and supper, there are songs by Paula Stewart, sung diamond-cut-diamond, and harangues by Jack Carter, filled with familiarity. Miss Stewart and Mr. Carter take leave on Saturday, Feb. 13, and on Monday, Feb. 15, the principal event becomes Ella Fitzgerald, who can make a great deal out of any old song at all. Closed Sundays.

**DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but everything is norma





Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz, Houston; Jos. Horne & Co., Pittsburgh; Hutzler's, Baltimore.

## The mark of an elegant woman

This marvelous coat by Tiffeau & Busch with the mark of the world's best... pure wool

To begin with, note the wool mark. It tells you about the fabric. That it's the world's best... pure wool. The Tiffeau & Busch flair for elegance is obvious in this strictly-shaped coat with soft detailing. The fabric choice—exciting white worsted gabardine. A



This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc. to quality products made of the world's best... pure wool.

pure wool that responds easily to the designer's hand, to your every movement with grace. Go elegant. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

**EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The British have come, but we colonials are still the dominating influence. This mingling of two cultures is overseen—in the main hall—by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Machinery with the bit and the tape in its teeth does the dance music in the wing called the Garrison; in the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio provides the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

**MARK TWAIN RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Red sky at night (sailors' delight), brought about by the enormous supply of plush that upholsters this tribute to the Fall River Line. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music (in both past and present tenses) Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve, Fridays from eight-thirty to one, and Saturdays from nine to two; all quiet Sundays.

**NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than customers navigating the dance floor to the chorlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, among whom is Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band never calls it a day. Yvette Souvion, who does solo flights at a piano, calls it a day every Monday.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Diahann Carroll, who gives everything—even her tiger-lily ballads—a perchance-to-dream flavor, is increasing the ambience of the Persian Room at dinner and supper. The dance music issues from the scampy squadron in charge of Mark Monte and the sonorous band collected by the late and lamented Emil Coleman. Closed Sundays. ... **Leo LeFleur's** duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmy part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. ... **The LeFleur group** does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. No music Mondays.

**RAINBOW GRILL**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—How the world looks at night from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Charles Turecamo's cheerful band takes the floor of the ducal Maisonette whenever Quintero's crew of musicians ceases and desists from its recitations of classical Latin. Closed Sundays. ... **Across the hall**, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Closed Sundays.

**SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The setting is Egypt in its Ptolomaic heyday, or hey night, but the decahthon that happens on the dance floor is peculiar to the United States—and, come to think of it, peculiar in every way. The music, untouched by human hands, is all wax and tape, and it runs without halt from eight to four.

**NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor (a hundred and fifty feet long) is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist and its in-laws have been ruled off this course.) The music, which embraces both halves of the Western Hemisphere, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinees, one-forty-five to six, and Sundays are non-stop, be-

| S • M • T • W • T • F • S |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|---------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 14                        | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

ginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

## SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The nineteenth hole at a country club that does not go in for outdoor sports. Continuous talk is the favorite pastime, and its background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another. Closed Sundays. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scene* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The voices that are now and again raised in song are currently inclined toward Puccini's bird's-eye views of Japan and Bohemia; "La Traviata" will become the fare on Tuesday, Feb. 16. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is apt to be present, too. Closed Mondays. ... **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The flight of the bumblebee that is Bobby Short—pertinent piano and very well-educated lyrics—begins at about ten-thirty and lasts until quite late. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his sidemen, help the act no end. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine, by Jules Kuti in the bar. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with a paramount problem—what on earth to do about your loved one—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, who has seen all, known all. Her seminars, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The many nimble fingers of Cy Walter make one clean sweep of the keyboard after another without tripping anything but the light fantastic. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one are his hours in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The fittings of this medieval banquet hall must certainly represent every bit of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Romance Violinists, is audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. ... **WAYERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528

Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one close to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, there is handmade guitar music (José Luis Franco) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from seven to twelve. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reestablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for Andalusian guitar (Gustavo Lopez) on the same schedule every night but Monday. ... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 60th St. (YU 8-5850): It is but natural, considering the diet and décor that prevail here, that someone named Lord Superior should be carting a guitar about as accompaniment for those guileless West Indian ditties. His Lordship appears from nine or so until one or two during the week; Sundays, seven to eleven is his tour of duty; Mondays, he is invisible. ... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, through the week. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalo, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Between times, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. ... **IL SOLE**, 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): From Glen Cove and Syosset, from St. James and the Hamptons come the customers to visit Ralph Strain, who is playing piano that makes one think of summer sailboating with one's best girl or walking her along a moonlit coral strand. His stretch is seven-thirty to two every night but Sunday. ... **LATE EDITION**, in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): This neat new split-level apartment is open for inspection, not to mention dinner, at six; Hugh Shannon, a wandering minstrel who has carolled his special songs about the *Weltschmerz* Set over the whole wide *Welt*, sits down to his piano at ten, when supper begins. Mai Tatum, a chip off the illustrious old Art Tatum, also chants at the piano. He stays home Sundays, she stays home Mondays. ... **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The roster of court musicianship reads like this: Daphne Hellman at her harp from seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday; Gladys Hubner, at another harp, and on the same running time, the rest of the week. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is also a grill, gets the precise, pensive piano of Tony Gorody from six to one-thirty every evening but Monday, and Enzio Lembo, guitar at the ready, starts in at nine-thirty. He adds lyrics to his music, and he lays off Sundays. ... **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A Sunday in this museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts chockablock on every wall, in every nook, is a continuous parade—from one to nine—of flamenco chanters and careeners. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600):







# TABU

the 'forbidden' fragrance



*Dance*

PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

There is piano in this counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until one or two every evening but Sunday. Karl Inwald, who savors his idyllic memories of Vienna, turns the instrument over to George Feyer on Saturday, Feb. 20. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy sort of soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A trio produces casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a split-level living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, whose romping piano and happy-go-lucky songs (like quite a few of us civilians) went through the Volstead Act and lived to tell the tale, is quite apparent in this venerable restaurant. Lynn Richards is her alternate at the pianoforte. They take turns from six to three. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Jorge Morel, a guitarist of Latin leanings, expresses himself tersely every so often in a bar that is clearly of noble lineage. He is there, except Mondays, between the hours of nine-thirty and one. No dining.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Into this Garden of Eden, awash in everything from astounding Amazons to pretty little pony ballerinas, has entered a wily and witty serpent—George Matson, whose caricatures of folly-ridden womankind are tart sauce for the goose of our species. He is amply complemented by François Szony and Nancy Claire, those far-lighter-than-air balletomanes, and by the kilted Dagenham Girl Pipers, a skirling mass of British maidens. Twice a night is the rule. Dancing. Private parties on Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The unquenchable Jack E. Leonard, or benevolent despotism at its funniest, does the talking; Vikki Carr, a new orange blossom from the Coast, plays very nice tricks on ballads you don't get to hear all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Pat Suzuki, a neatly cultured pearl of the Orient, is enjoying being a girl and a soprano. The jokesmith is Frank Gorshin. Dancing. . . . In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle, both vocal and instrumental. Ten to four every night is the scheme of things.

## CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9**, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A course in speed-writing (and also speedreading) is given, at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. The course is handled by Julius Monk's star pupils in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth, the fastest, and the funniest of this entrepreneur's series of treatises upon the world's foibles and frailties. Its Delphic language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, who turn nuance into a fine art, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, a fine set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman. . . . **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Juan Lejido, the most recent flamenco troubadour to reach this sunny Spanish shore, is a bit of a Mod, and his mingling of old and new archly entertaining. The rest of the floor show is the overwhelming Alba-Reyes troupe—Latin boys and girls taking to their heels, and really tromping with them. On Tuesday, Feb. 16, the entire cast yields place to Lola Flores, a gypsy

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|    |    |    |    | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |

exponent of fire, fury, and flamenco, who brings along a small entourage of athletes. They appear at dinner and supper every night (once again, at two, on Saturday nights) except Sunday, when there is one show at ten-thirty and also tea dancing in the afternoon. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best thing that "The Game Is Up," a miniature revue, does is to restore R. G. Brown and his keen sense of the preposterous to our night life. His principal companions are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who have their moments, too. The sketches run the gamut from fair to first-rate. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda that houses a bunch of violinists who like to stroll at their work, to say nothing of a bunch of balletomanes who like the same idea. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening. The strolls begin at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Ornette Coleman, perhaps a bit closer to reality than he was in his formative year, still cannot be translated without a trot. His trio and another threesome take turns. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinees as well as evening sessions. Mondays, though, are given to not very idle talks, mostly by a panel of earnest thinkers and precipitate arguers, who have at one another on the stroke of nine-fifteen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleeker St. (GR 5-5120): Friday and Saturday is the current work week. On Feb. 12-13 and Feb. 19-20, the cast will include Dick Gregory, now as much prosecuting attorney as humorist, as well as Arthur Prysock, whose arias have a message for the youngest generation, and the vital eighteen-man band of Johnny Richards. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleeker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Far and away the best of the Village coffeehouses. Its specialty is folk music, about which there can be no complaints when it's done by young Mike Settle. The Womenfolk, the supporting crowd of folk singers, will be replaced, on Wednesday, Feb. 17, by Glenn Yarbrough, once of the Limelites. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace forever on the verge of blasting. Assault-and-battery noise prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Conrad Janis's quintet, which contains Kenny Laverne, Johnny Windhurst, and Panama Francis, not to mention a firebrand group run by Red Allen, take the stand. On Friday, Feb. 19, Gene Krupa's quartet will succeed the Janissaries. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The home of the hero sandwich and the most intense forms of the new jazz. Right now, Cannonball Adderley's sextet, in which Nat Adderley is involved, is making the uproar; on Friday, Feb. 12, Wes Montgomery's foursome takes over. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Coleman Hawkins, a perfect example of how to be indestructible, is blowing many a hard blow for his quartet. Between sets, Jackie Byard sits in at the piano. Mondays,

another group of players gets the use of the hall. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The color that Mary Lou Williams, a pride and joy in the art of playing any sort of piano, flies these nights is the pink of perfection. Two sidemen do their best to keep up with her. John Bunch, the intermission pianist, also leans toward self-expression. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are the layers-down of these laws. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoints (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): At long last, the for-old-times'-sake band, which includes Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Morey Feld, and Herb Gardner, is again headed by Himself—that is, Mr. C. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): There is music just Fridays and Saturdays now, and the Finger Lakes Five bakes it in the good old-fashioned way. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and no one at the tables or on the dance floor, it would seem, is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week. Sundays are hard days: Dixieland from four to nine, then rant-and-rave sound on into the night.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

## GALLERIES

**JEAN ARP**—Sculptures, reliefs, collages, and drawings; through Feb. 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

**RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER**—Paintings and sculptures; through Feb. 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**RICHARD BARINGER**—Kinetic paintings; through Feb. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**JULIUS BISSIER**—Abstract paintings by this contemporary German artist; through March 6. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ROBERT BLISS**—Realistic figure and landscape paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

**ROBERT BRODERSON**—Figure paintings; through Feb. 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MORRIS BROSE**—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Feb. 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MARY GALLERY**—Sculptures, reliefs, and fountains, in brass, bronze, and stainless steel; through Feb. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**NICOLAI CIKOVSKY**—Landscapes, still-lives, interiors, and figures; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

**RUSSELL COWLES**—Landscapes, ranging in style from realistic to abstract; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**VIEIRA DA SILVA**—Paintings by a Paris abstractionist; through Feb. 27. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

**VICTOR DE PAUW**—A simultaneous showing at two galleries of paintings, drawings, collages, and assemblages, done over the past thirty years; through Friday, Feb. 19. (East Side Gallery, 307 E. 37th St., and Pace College, 41 Park Row. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

**JEAN DUBUFFET**—Oils, gouaches, assemblages,

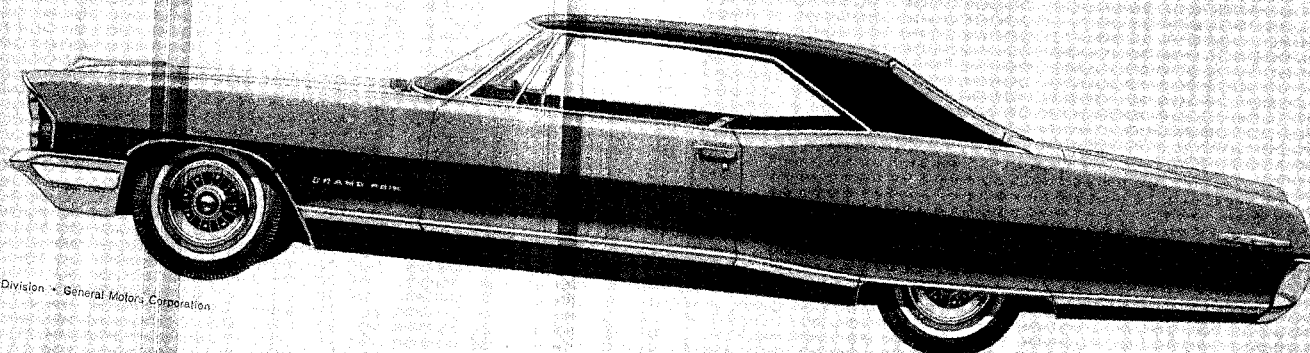






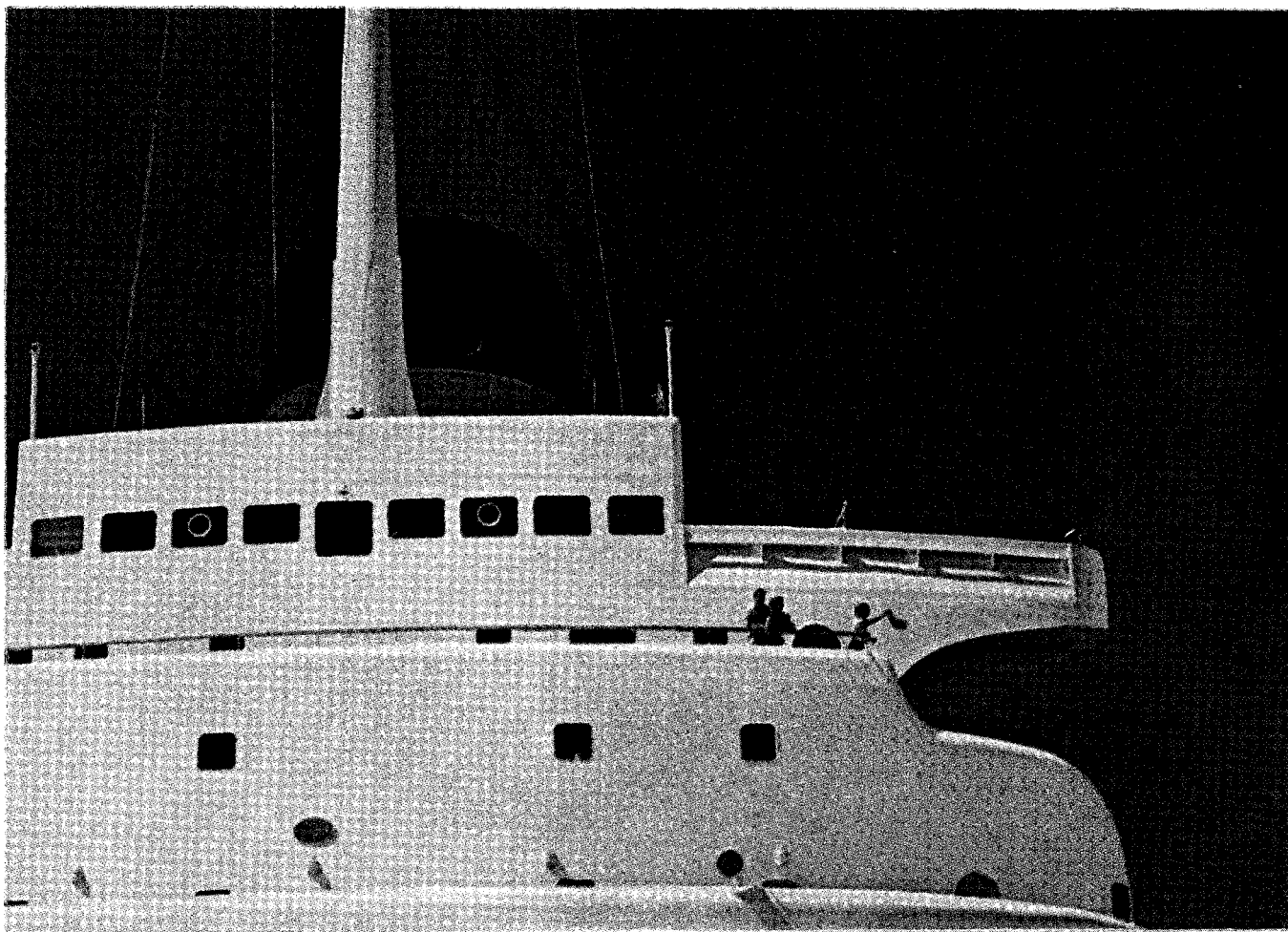
1965: THE YEAR OF THE QUICK WIDE TRACKS

'65 Pontiac Grand Prix.  
Now the only question is: who has the year's second-best-looking car?



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation





**Spend 14 days  
on a big, luxurious liner  
like this and  
where does it get you?  
Africa.**



**UNION-  
CASTLE  
LINE**

Trust the British to know the right way to get to Africa. If they've got the time (and most people going to Africa have got plenty of that) they wouldn't dream of going any other way than by big, plush, Union-Castle liner. These huge ships leave Southampton for Cape Town regularly throughout the year. Every one's got lots of pleasure-seeking British aboard, ready for two weeks of sun, good food, movies, swimming and just lazing. Unfortunately, many Americans don't know about Union-Castle liners. And that's a pity. Because not only are they the most relaxing way to get to Africa, but Union-Castle also can offer you some of the best ways of seeing the country. A typical Union-Castle Seafari can give you a complete 44-day land and sea tour to Southern Africa for as little as \$1011 (or even less during the Northbound thrift season) Tourist Class. Or for \$1,879 you can take a grand 69 to 71-day tour that includes a stay at the famous Treetops Hotel, a visit to the Ngorongoro Crater, the pygmies of Ituri, Murchison Falls and all the best parts of East Africa, travelling out via the Mediterranean.

If you'd like to know more about Union-Castle you'll find your travel agent has full information, or contact Canadian Pacific, 581 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10017, our General Passenger Agents, or any office of Canadian Pacific throughout the United States and Canada.



## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and drawings; through March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MARCEL DUCHAMP**—Paintings, readymades, and other items from the celebrated Duchamp bag of tricks; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**ANN FREILICH**—Assemblages; through Feb. 24. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**ROBERT GWATHMEY**—Paintings; through Feb. 27. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ASGER JORN, KAREL APPEL, AND JEAN PAUL RIOPELLE**—Paintings; through Feb. 27. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MINORU KAWABATA**—Abstracts; through Feb. 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**R. B. KITAJ**—Paintings, drawings, collages, and prints by one of England's younger artists; through March 6. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**IRVING KRIESBERG**—Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**LANDÈS LEWITIN**—Drawings and watercolors; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

**KYLE MORRIS**—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**B. J. O. NORDFELDT (1878-1955)**—Still-lives; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

**PICASSO**—Oils, lithographs, drawings, and watercolors; through March 6. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SANTOMASO**—Abstract oils; through Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EVERETT SHINN**—Theatre and street scenes; through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**EUGENE SPEICHER (1883-1962)**—Portraits, landscapes, and flower pictures; through Feb. 27. (ACA American Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

**EDWARD JOHN STEVENS**—His twentieth annual show of gouaches, this one on South American subjects; through Feb. 27. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

**DOROTHEA TANNING**—Paintings; through March 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Three of the artists represented in a painting-and-drawing show are Peter Blume, Ben Kamihira, and Leonid; through Feb. 27. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "Painters of the Sea," among them Frederick J. Waugh, Bennett Bradbury, and William Ehrig; through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Nathan Hale are three of the participants in a thirty-third-anniversary show of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by such painters as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **OSBORNE**, 965 A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Works on paper by seven artists, including Gandy Brodie, Marcia Marcus, and Robert Andrew Parker; through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Self-portraits by, among others, Elaine de Kooning, Leonard Baskin, and Andy Warhol; through Monday, Feb. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 60th St.: "Figuration," a show of paintings in which the image predominates, with examples by Karel Appel, Lester Johnson, Michael Goldberg, and others; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Albers, Herbin, Vasarely, Anuszkiewicz, and Poons make up the roster of a show entitled "Abstract Trompe-l'Œil: Five Painters Who Lead and Mislead the Eye;" through Feb. 27. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madi-



*Spring  
Kins*

Swingy twosomes greet spring with a zing . . . polka dotted dresses perk under fabulous, free fall coats. Sizes 7-14. Top: Frothy white coat; wool, rayon and cotton looped with mohair. Not shown: Princess dressmate of aqua or shocking dotted with white. All rayon. Bottom: Brisk black and white tweed laminated coat. Acetate, cotton, rayon. Center: Apple green princess collared and dotted in white. All rayon. By Young Originals. Coats 16.00 each. Dresses 9.00 each.

**FOR CHERUBS ONLY  
THIRD FLOOR**

Also at Westchester Mail, phone. N. Y. PL 7-9000 Westchester, SC 3-3000 Add 45c beyond delivery area

**de Pinna**

NEW YORK · FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST.,  
WESTCHESTER WHITE PLAINS ROAD AT WILMOT



**There is only one Arnel.  
It keeps a smooth knit cool.**



Buttons-in-rows! Bright accent on this fresh, airy two-part knit by Susan Thomas. Arnel gives it shape... keeps it coolly comfortable. In Atlee's textured knit of Arnel triacetate and linen. Blue, beige, pistachio, pink. Sizes 8-18. About \$35. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston.

**Celanese® Arnel®**  
**CONTEMPORARY FIBERS**

## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)

**FRENCH; GROUP SHOW**—Master drawings of the twentieth century, from Bonnard to Groumaire; through Feb. 27. (Goldschmidt, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

**HAITIANS; GROUP SHOW**—The second section of a three-part exhibit of contemporary paintings, this one with works by (for instance) Edith Hollant, Antonio Joseph, and Villard Denis; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Art d'Haiti, 49 Grove St. Open Wednesday and Friday evenings until 10.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred ancient sculptures from India, lent by twenty-two Indian museums and ranging from miniature terra cottas to monumental stone reliefs; through March 21. (Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.)... Rare illustrated books (fifteenth century to the present) are now on view in the newly completed Thomas J. Watson Library, and European drawings (della Quercia to Picasso) are on the balcony of the Blumenthal Patio, the principal entrance to the Library. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of some sixty or seventy recently acquired paintings and sculptures will be exhibited starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-eight twentieth-century European and American paintings (by, among others, Hassam, Beckmann, Wyeth, and Hofmann) from the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation Collection; through April 5. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and graphics by American artists (Waldo Peirce, Antonio Frasconi, and Anne Poor, to mention several) eligible for purchase under the Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Feb. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jeweled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART**, 62 E. 78th St.—"Still Life Painters, Aertzen to Braque," a loan exhibit covering four hundred years; through April 30. ... Watercolors by Sven Erixson, Ulf Trotzig, and five other contemporary Swedish painters; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Two drawing exhibitions: the Drawing Society New York Regional Exhibition, including works by such present-day artists as Larry Rivers, George Biddle, and John von Wicht, and a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century works by Blake, Delacroix, Klimt, Giacometti, and others; through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through April 18. ... A memorial exhibition of the Abstract Expressionist paintings of William Baziot; through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of still-lives, figures, landscapes, and interiors by Richard Diebenkorn; through Feb. 21. ... A retrospective of hard-edge abstractions by Kenneth Noland; through March 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Rhetoric and Old Lace," the annual display of old-fashioned valentines,

dating from a 1790 hand-cut paper design to the Victorian frivolities of satins, laces, fringes, and tassels; through Thursday, Feb. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings and other works by Ivan Albright; through March 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

### MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

#### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Jeanette Scovotti, Nell Rankin, Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Morley Meredith, and Andrea Velis. ... Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Salome," with Maria Kouba, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and John Alexander. ... Saturday matinee, Feb. 13: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Gladys Kriesse, George London, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, and George Shirley. ... Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "Tosca," with Gabriella Tucci, Richard Tucker, Ettore Bastianini, Norman Scott, and Elfeo Esparza. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.) ... Sunday evening, Feb. 14: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Licia Albanese, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A non-subscription performance.) ... Monday evening, Feb. 15: "Salome," with Maria Kouba, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and George Shirley. ... Tuesday evening, Feb. 16: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Carlotta Ordassy, Flaviano Labò, Ettore Bastianini, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Charles Anthony. ... Wednesday evening, Feb. 17: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, Kostas Paskalis, Cesare Siepi, and Elfeo Esparza. ... Thursday evening, Feb. 18: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Jeanette Scovotti, Biserka Cveje, Jean Fenn, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Morley Meredith, and Andrea Velis. ... Friday evening, Feb. 19: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Janis Martin, William Dooley, Kurt Baum, and Donald Gramm. ... Saturday matinee, Feb. 20: "Cosi Fan Tutte" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. ... Saturday evening, Feb. 20: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Anita Valkki, Gladys Kriesse, David Ward, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, and George Shirley. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

#### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Philharmonic Hall, Josef Krips conducting—A Bach-Bruckner program on Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 12, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3 (all with Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; John Corigliano, violin; and John Wummer, flute); and a varied program on Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 19, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano, and Walter Trampler, viola).

**MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

**CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA**—At Carnegie Hall, George Szell conducting—Monday, Feb. 15, at 8:30: The second in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, this one with Edith Peinemann, violin. ... Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30: A varied program; no soloists.

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano, and Anshel Brusilow, violin. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

**NEW YORK PRO MUSICA RENAISSANCE BAND**—Noah Greenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. ... Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

**I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB**—A Yugoslav chamber or-





THIS GAMIN GOES BALMY IN WINTER.

It's a Ghilly.

A Gamin that kicks up its low heels and flies down to Rio—

or anyplace else under the sun.

In a flock of color combinations and assorted leathers,

this Gamin is game

for island hopping, boardwalking or souvenir shopping in Curacao.

They're travelling in 2wo's from all Andrew Geller stores for about \$20.00.

GAMINS®



# BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



**Flowering silk**  
beautifully abstracted with  
snowy white petals on a  
textured black background,  
with floating front panel.

Fully lined, with  
Si Bonne for shape  
retention. By Shannon  
Rodgers for Jerry Silverman.  
Sizes 8 to 16. (N-56)  
**70.00 3rd Floor**

Mail and phone orders filled—Plaza 9-2000

## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

**NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS**—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a Bach-Mozart program, with Ernst Haefliger, tenor. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3 and 9.)

**MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS**—Fred-eric Waldman directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Martina Arroyo and Eileen DiTullio, sopranos; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; Justino Diaz, bass; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

**CONCERT OPERA ASSOCIATION**—Thomas Scherman directing Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame" in concert form, with Tamara Milashkina, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; William Lewis, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Philharmonic Hall, Monday, Feb. 15, at 8.) ... ¶ The Association will hold a preview of "Pique Dame" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700) on Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.

**TWENTIETH-CENTURY INNOVATIONS**—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the second in a series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of Gandini, Webern, Randall, Colgrass, and Schoenberg. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**—Siegfried Landau directing an all-Beethoven program, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society and soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AND HARVARD UNIVERSITY BANDS**—A joint concert, with Elias Dann and James A. Walker conducting. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

**INTERRACIAL CHORALE**—Harold Aks directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**CONCORDIA CHOIR**—Paul J. Christiansen directing. (Philharmonic Hall, Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

**SCHOLA CANTORUM OF NEW YORK**—Stephen Simon directing a Mendelssohn-Berlioz program, with a boys' choir; Lillian Garabedian, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; and other soloists. (Philharmonic Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**HARRY SHUB**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

**WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES**—The Kroll Quartet, with Frank Glazer, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

**ROSALYN TURECK**—Piano, in a Bach-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**WILLIAM WARFIELD**—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

**NICANOR ZABALETA**—Harp. (Town Hall, Monday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

**NEW ISRAEL QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Finch College Auditorium, 52 E. 78th St. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert. ... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**CLAUDIO ARRAU**—Piano, in the first in a series of three recitals, this one an all-Beethoven program. (Philharmonic Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

**GERALD GOODMAN**—Harp, with composer-conductors Alan Hovhaness and Carlos Surinach. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

**ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY**—Piano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 4. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

**MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI**—Piano, in the first in a

series of three all-Beethoven recitals. (Town Hall, Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

**TRIO FLAUTO DOLCE**—A program of music for recorders, harpsichord, and bassoon, with Robert White, tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

**KOHON STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Town Hall, Friday, Feb. 19, at 5:30.)

**MUSIC OF THE ENGLISH BAROQUE**—"Music for Royal Pleasure," performed by members of the Gotham Baroque Ensemble and the Ars Nova Orchestra, conducted by Robert Mandell; the Riverside Singers; and John Ferrante, countertenor. The second in a series of three programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

**EUNICE PODIS**—Piano, with the Cleveland Chamber Orchestra conducted by Robert Weiskopf, and Raymond Crisara, trumpet. (Town Hall, Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30.)

**ANDRES SEGOVIA**—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall, Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

**PAUL ZUKOFSKY**—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

**NOTE**—The Pasquier Trio and Artur Balsam, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 15, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

### MISCELLANY

**JAZZ CONCERTS**—Friday, Feb. 12, at 10: Archie Shepp's sextet. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 9: Mike Mantler-Carla Bley quintet. ... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8: Paul Bley's quintet. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 9: Sun Ra and his Solar Arkestra. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 9: Free Form Improvisation Ensemble. (Contemporary Center, 180 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. WO 2-4279.)

### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston. ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

**BOXING**—Luis Rodriguez vs. Rubin Carter, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Feb. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**DOG SHOW**—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden, Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 15-16.)

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden, Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2.)

**INDOOR POLO**—Three games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 7:30.)

**RACING**—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 13. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 20.

**TRACK MEETS**—New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden, Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7:15.) ... ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30.) ... ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Feb. 19, at 1:30 and 7:30, and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 12:30 and 7:45.)

**TRAPSHOOTING**—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor, Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 20-21, at 11.)

**TROTting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, Feb. 18, through Wednesday, May 12.

### FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERTS**—Final children's concerts of the season by the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Sibelius program, with Sergiu Luca, violin. (Philharmonic Hall, TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 13, at noon and 2:30.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By the HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS: "Young Abe Lincoln." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at



92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Feb. 12, at 11, 1, and 3. Children under five not admitted. ... **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. ... **JAN HUS CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "The Impossible Princess." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) ... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. ... **"Hansel and Gretel,"** Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) ... **MARTINIQUE THEATRE**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Lincoln's Birthday at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) ... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS**: "Gabriel Ghost." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted. ... **Town Hall**, JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 11.) ... **MAYFAIR THEATRE**: "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) ... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 1:50 and 3:30.) ... **"Treasure Island."** (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) ... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) ... **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE**: "Paul Bunyan" and other plays. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) ... **PLAYERS THEATRE**: "Glitterind." (115 Macdougall St. 677-9911. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday at 1.) ... **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS**: "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) ... **STAGE 73**: "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3. ... **"The Absent-Minded Dragon,"** Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) ... **UNICORN PRODUCTIONS**: "The Invisible Circus." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Earth's Unending Journey." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

**MOVIES**—"The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue; "The Red Carpet;" and "Three Pirates Bold." (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2. Admission is free.)

**NOTE**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

**FLOWER SHOW**—The Winter Garden Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Feb. 17, from 12:30 to 4.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1:45: French furniture and decorations, from the estate of Loraine Kent Vichey and from other sources. ... **Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, at 1:45**: Georgian and American furniture, a group of Early American miniatures, and Staffordshire and other lustreware; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 13.

# Legs, let's face it!

**You've been betrayed.**

Ignored outrageously while her face gets all the fuss. You're thrust into stockings the wrong color, wrong size, in a style that bowed out with the cupid's bow. But now Charles of the Ritz is your champion. Gives legs the custom attention once reserved for complexions. A trained Charles of the Ritz hosiery consultant will match stockings to your skintone, insist on an infallible fit, and forward fashion.

So legs, be lovelier.

Be primed and pampered with the personalized beauty only Charles of the Ritz Hosiery can give.



## Charles of the Ritz Hosiery

Charles of the Ritz Hosiery, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019

Available at B. Altman & Co., New York and branches and other trend-setting stores.



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**BANANA PEEL**—Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe have a wonderful time acting and watching each other act in a fast-moving French melodrama. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**FAIL SAFE**—A grand thriller, which had better be based on a false premise. With Henry Fonda, Frank Overton, and Walter Matthau, and directed by Sidney Lumet. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

**GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Feb. 17, tentative.)

**GOLDFINGER**—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but clumsy secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

**GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**—A two-hour stretch of merry and not so merry pranks, in which the impeccable Jack Lemmon plays an advertising man who is forced to pose as the husband of a woman living next door. Romy Schneider is beguiling as the woman. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 16. . . . Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 17.)

**GUNS AT BATASI**—A rambunctious sergeant major in a British outpost somewhere in Africa tactlessly launches a one-man war against a foe that his superiors are anxious not to offend. Beautifully acted by Richard Attenborough. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8000. . . . 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Feb. 17.)

**A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Feb. 14.)

**HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**—Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff in an outrageous assault on matrimony, which will survive. Screenplay by George Axelrod, direction by Richard Quine. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**MAFIOSE**—A funny and frightening picture about a young and reluctant Mafia member who is forced to do his elders' deadly bidding. Alberto Sordi is flawless as the young man, and so is the direction, by Alberto Lattuada. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

**MARY POPPINS**—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**MY FAIR LADY**—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**NOTHING BUT A MAN**—A young Negro's struggle to find a place for himself in the American South, perhaps at the cost of his life. The picture, which stars Ivan Dixon, was made by Michael Roemer and Robert Young. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

**ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of an admirable performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

**THE PUMPKIN EATER**—An odd, delightful study of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 16.)



**SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**—A wonderfully well-acted melodrama, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

**THE SERVANT**—A gentleman's gentleman reduced his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

**A SHOT IN THE DARK**—Peter Sellers happily inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Feb. 14. . . . Sheridan 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Feb. 16.)

**36 HOURS**—An ingenious thriller about a desperate moment in the Second World War. James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor are all plausible in highly implausible roles. The director, George Seaton, also wrote the screenplay. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

**TOPKAPI**—A band of clever thieves (Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley) and a born bungler (Peter Ustinov) steal gems and crack jokes in old Istanbul. Directed by Jules Dassin. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 16.)

**THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG**—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

**WORLD WITHOUT SUN**—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**ZORBA THE GREEK**—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

### REVIVALS

**L'AVVENTURA** (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 16.)

**THE BALCONY** (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Feb. 11.)

**THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (1960)—A takeoff on the "Riffi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 11.)

**THE BLUE ANGEL** (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 12-15.)

**CITIZEN KANE** (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 12-15.)

**8 1/2** (1963)—An autobiographical movie by

Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 11.)

**FORBIDDEN GAMES** (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 12-15.)

**THE GAY DIVORCÉE** (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Feb. 15.)

**HIGH AND LOW** (1963)—A Japanese thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Feb. 11.)

**THE HORSE'S MOUTH** (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Feb. 16.)

**THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER** (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Feb. 12-15.)

**LORD OF THE FLIES** (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Feb. 12-15.)

**THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT** (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 16.)

**OPEN CITY** (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground during the Second World War. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

**THE SILENCE** (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**SWING TIME** (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing away to Kern tunes. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Feb. 15.)

**THIS SPORTING LIFE** (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Feb. 16.)

**THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Feb. 16.)

**VIKIDIANA** (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 16.)

**WINTER LIGHT** (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT** (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 16.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Two programs in a series called "The Horror Film"—Through Feb. 13: "Nosferatu" (1922), with Max Schreck. . . . Feb. 14-17: "Dracula" (1931), with Bela Lugosi. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



## THE BROADWAY AREA

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)  
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)  
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker, (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)  
MY FAIR LADY.

**DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)  
GOLDFINGER.

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)  
"The Young Lovers," Peter Fonda, Sharon Huguely.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)  
36 HOURS.

**NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)  
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

**PALACE**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)  
GUNS AT BATASI; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)  
MARY POPPINS.

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)  
"Sylvia," Carroll Baker, George Maharis.

**TOHO CINEMA**, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)  
"Onibaba" (in Japanese).

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)  
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

**WARNER CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)  
Through Feb. 13: "Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.  
Feb. 14: Theatre closed.  
From Feb. 15, at 7:30: "The Greatest Story Ever Told," Max Von Sydow. (Opening night will be a benefit; for information about tickets, call CI 5-6000. Ext. 640. Thereafter weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)  
Through Feb. 16: TOPKAPI; and THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT, revival.  
From Feb. 17: To be announced.

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)  
THE SERVANT; and MAFIOSO (in Italian).

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
Through Feb. 16: THE PUMPKIN EATER; and GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.  
From Feb. 17: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)  
Through Feb. 16 (tentative): "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.  
From Feb. 17 (tentative): GIRL WITH GREEN EYES; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)  
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)  
Feb. 11: THE BALCONY, revival; and HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese), revival.  
Feb. 12-15: LORD OF THE FLIES, revival; and THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER, revival.  
From Feb. 16: TO BED... OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and THIS SPORTING LIFE, revival.

**TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)  
"The Young Lovers," Peter Fonda, Sharon Huguely.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)  
ZORBA THE GREEK.

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)  
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

**R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)  
GUNS AT BATASI; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)  
SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
Feb. 11: "My Wife's Husband" (in French), Fernandel, Bourvil.  
From Feb. 12: "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 11 | 12 | 13 |

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST  
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED  
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

**BARONET** (EL 5-1663) and **CORONET** (EL 5-1664), 3rd Ave. at 59th.  
GOLDFINGER.

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)  
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)  
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

**YORK CINEMA**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)  
Through Feb. 14: A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and A SHOT IN THE DARK.  
Feb. 15: THE GAY DIVORCEE, revival; and SWING TIME, revival.  
From Feb. 16: THE HORSE'S MOUTH, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

**BECKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)  
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)  
Through Feb. 16: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.  
From Feb. 17: To be announced.

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)  
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-0304)  
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
Through Feb. 16: THE PUMPKIN EATER; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.  
From Feb. 17: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

**R.K.O. 85TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)  
GUNS AT BATASI; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)  
"Sylvia," Carroll Baker, George Maharis.

**WEST SIDE**

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)  
Feb. 11: 8½ and THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET (both in Italian and both revivals).  
Feb. 12-15: CITIZEN KANE, revival; and THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival.  
From Feb. 16: L'AVVENTURA (in Italian), revival; and YIRIDIANA (in Spanish), revival.

**WAYERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)  
Through Feb. 16: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.  
From Feb. 17: GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)  
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)  
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO; and FAIL SAFE.

**SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)  
Through Feb. 16: A SHOT IN THE DARK; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.  
From Feb. 17: "The Pleasure Seekers," Ann-Margret, Carol Lynley; and "You're Never Too Young," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)  
Through Feb. 16: THE PUMPKIN EATER; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.  
From Feb. 17: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

**23 CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)  
Through Feb. 16: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood; and "Blood on the Arrow," Dale Robertson, Martha Hyer.  
From Feb. 17: GUNS AT BATASI; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

**55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)  
"The Lady General" (with Mandarin dialogue).

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)  
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

**CINEMA RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)  
MARY POPPINS.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)  
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)  
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, WINTER LIGHT, and THE SILENCE (all in Swedish and all revivals).

**LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)  
"The Guide," Dev Amand.

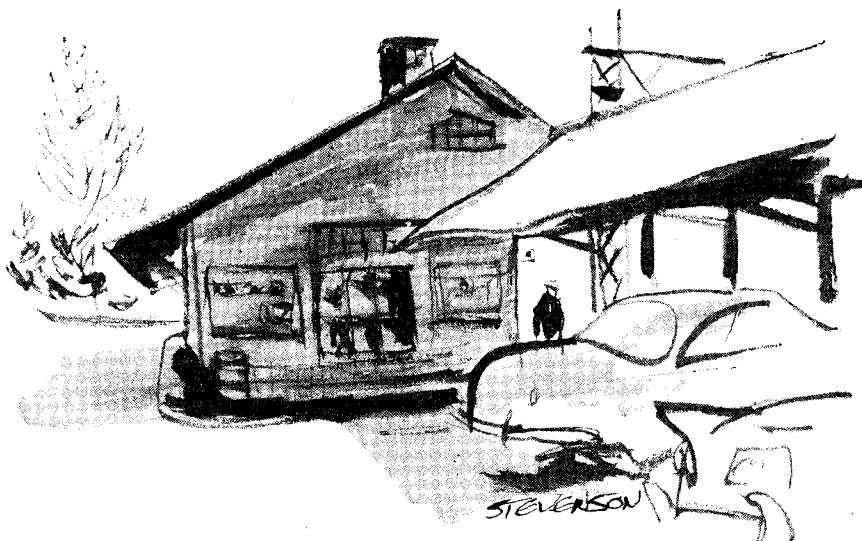
**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)  
BANANA PEEL (in French).

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)  
OPEN CITY (in Italian), revival; and "Trial of Joan of Arc" (in French).

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)  
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)  
Feb. 11: "Eugene Onegin" and "The Lady with the Dog" (both in Russian and both revivals).  
Feb. 12-15: FORBIDDEN GAMES (in French), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.  
From Feb. 16: THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)  
Through Feb. 16: THE PUMPKIN EATER; and "Love on a Pillow" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.  
From Feb. 17: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.





If you like playing with fire, light a flame in his heart with  
torrid, torchy Flambeau. Fabergé's Flambeau is made in France by

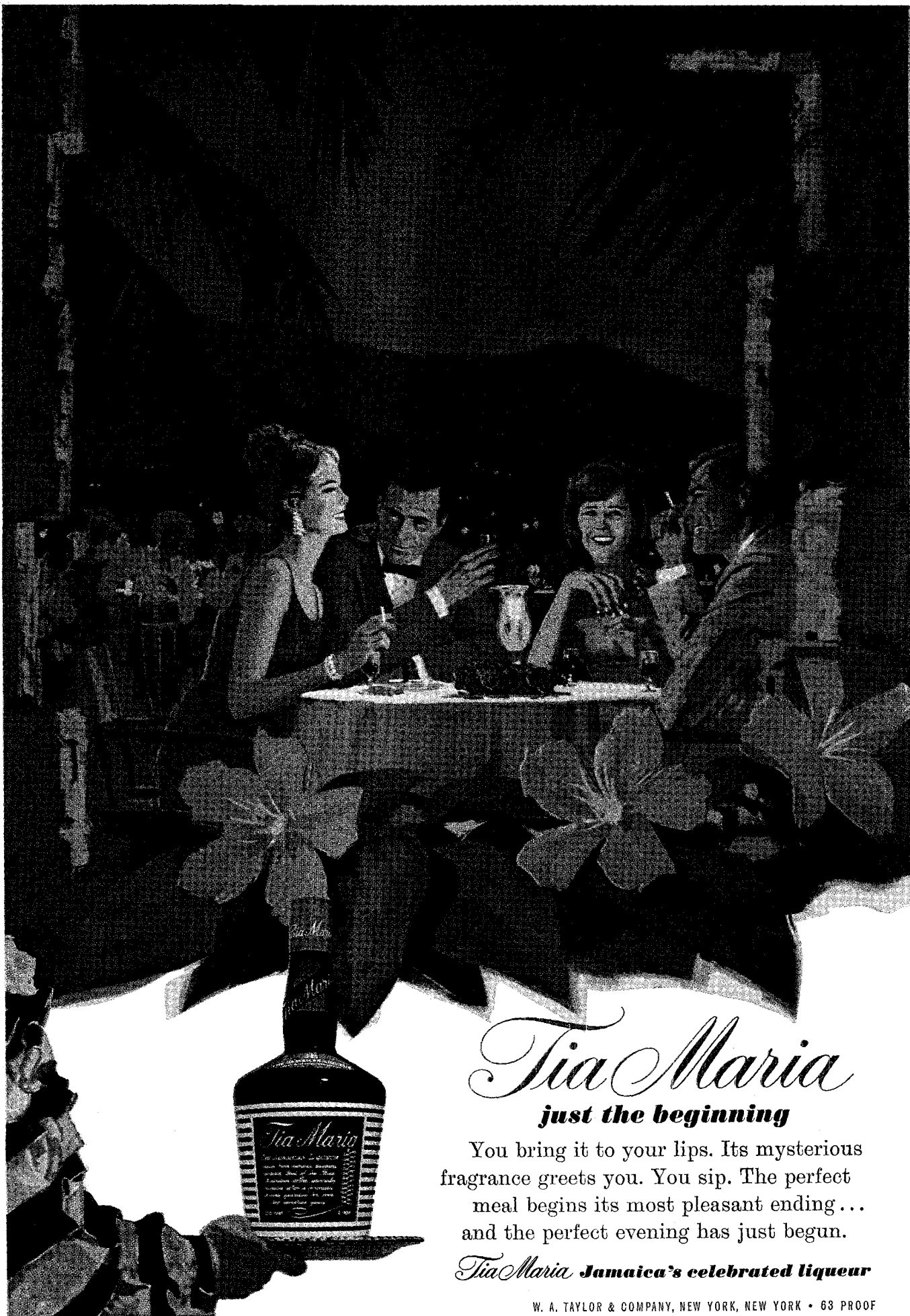
**Fabergé**

p.s. Want to burn your candles at both ends? Light a diabolically Flambeau-scented two-flamed taper!  
Want a well-red personality? Light a darker-than-red to light your lips and fingertips!









# *Tia Maria*

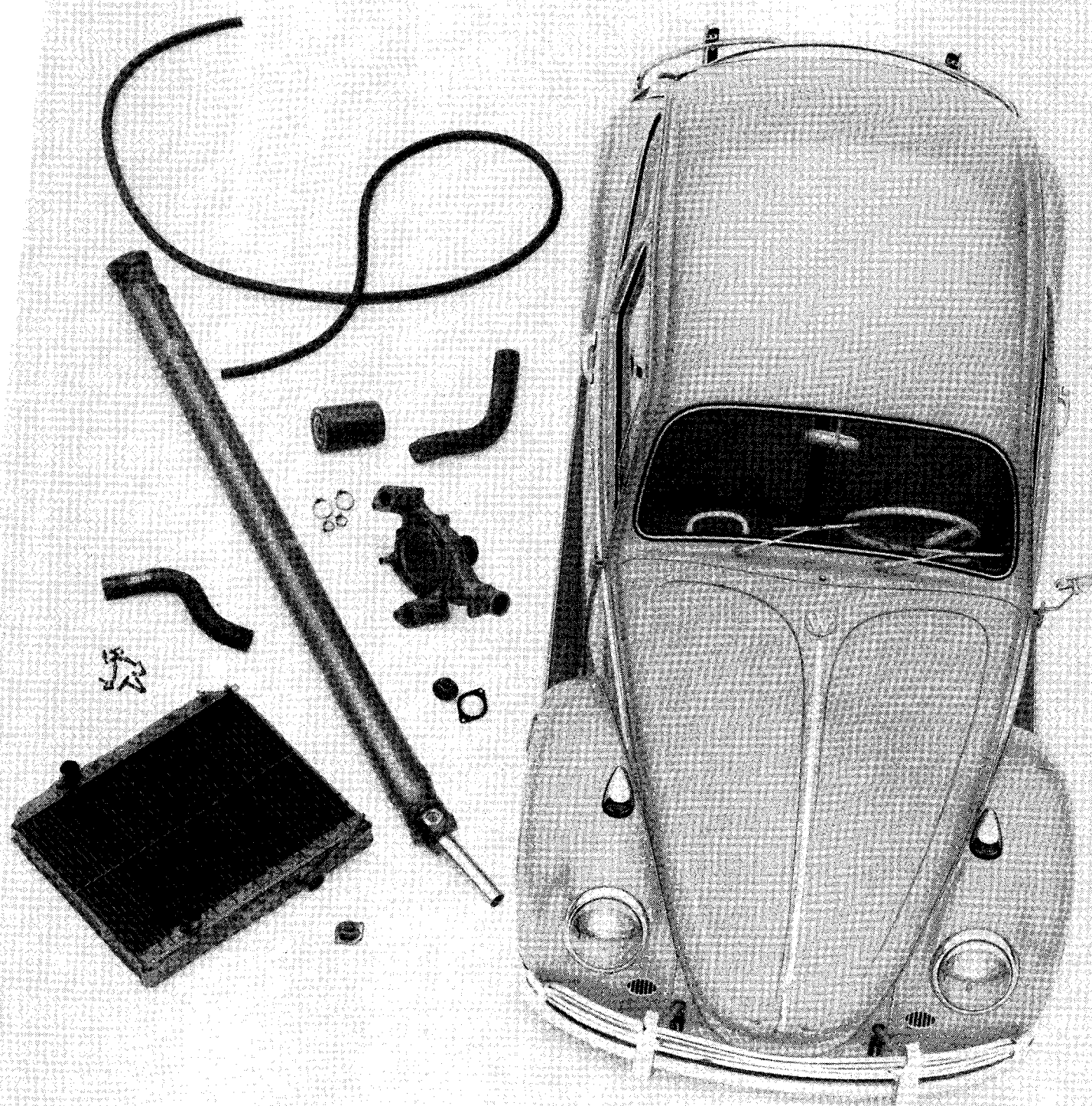
***just the beginning***

You bring it to your lips. Its mysterious fragrance greets you. You sip. The perfect meal begins its most pleasant ending... and the perfect evening has just begun.

*Tia Maria* Jamaica's celebrated liqueur

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • 63 PROOF





## You're missing a lot when you own a Volkswagen.

A VW has fewer parts than other cars because it needs fewer parts. It doesn't need a drive shaft to transfer engine power to the rear wheels. Because our car's engine is in back to start with (and to maintain traction with). And it doesn't need a radiator, or a

water pump, or hoses. Because the engine's cooled with air, not water. (When you drive your first VW, you may miss putting in antifreeze, rust inhibitors and whatnot. But you'll soon get used to it.) The stuff a VW doesn't use, it doesn't have to haul (and waste gas on). Which

is one reason it averages 32 mpg. And the parts you don't buy, you'll never repair. So you can't waste money on that. Now you know why you can drive a VW for years and years with a lot of parts missing. And never miss them.





Peck  
&  
Peck



Lunching at Serendipity, one of New York's most fascinating restaurants.

## Timed to Spring: the checked look for the Peck & Peck Girl

This crisply checked blend of rayon/cotton/silk—the look of the hour now, and one of the newsiest looks for the very first moment of Spring.

*Left:* two-piece in bright navy/white, brown/white or black/white; 8 to 16, 30.00

*Right:* sleeveless shell and slim skirt topped by an Orlon® acrylic sweater with check appliqués; bright navy/white or brown/white, 8 to 18, 35.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS  
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

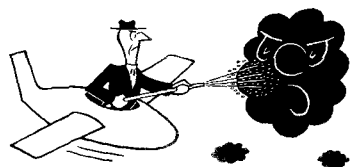




## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

SCIENCE and Politics, alas, make strange bedfellows. This country's hard-pressed politicians, still struggling to cope with the social changes wrought by nuclear power, space technology, and automation, may soon have an even trickier scientific problem to contend with—weather control. We have before us an account of a running battle between an organization of fruit growers in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maryland and a group of truck farmers in Ayr Township, Fulton County, Pennsylvania. It seems that the orchardists, who sometimes lose millions of dollars' worth of apples and peaches in a single year as a result of hailstorms, formed an organization called the Blue Ridge Weather Modification Association and, in 1963, decided to hire a Harvard-educated rainmaker and hail-suppressor, Dr. Wallace E. Howell, of Bedford, Massachusetts. Dr. Howell proposed to reduce the danger of hail by



seeding nearby thunderstorm systems with silver-iodide particles, which would trigger precipitation before the clouds could reach hail-producing intensity. He tried this, and succeeded only too well, in the opinion of local truck farmers, who blame him for contributing to last summer's drought by intercepting beneficial rain clouds. The truck farmers evidently mean business; Dr. Howell's cloud-seeding generators have been stolen, hundreds of fruit trees owned by orchardists who support the Blue Ridge Weather Modification Association have been cut down, and the embattled farmers have seen to it that an ordinance was passed making it illegal to "install, construct, operate and/or

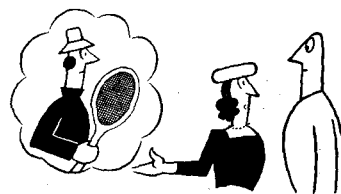
maintain" equipment for "controlling or eliminating the amount of rainfall or hail" in Ayr Township. One of Dr. Howell's associates was arrested several months ago for having violated this statute and was fined two hundred dollars; his conviction is now being appealed. Dr. Howell has likened the persecution to a witch-hunt, and he claims that he has performed similar services for other clients, including the City of New York, with satisfactory results and no complaints from parties in any of the affected areas.

National reaction so far has been restrained. The American Meteorological Society has stated that "there is no scientific proof that weather-modification experiments have been harmful to anyone," and the United States Weather Bureau has refused to take any official position whatever on the effectiveness of cloud-seeding. But while strict neutrality is to be expected of nonpartisan technicians and bureaucrats, we can foresee a day, not very far off, when weather control will be one more political football, on the order of prohibition. After all, the weather touches everyone and everything. It is not just a question of orchardists vs. truck farmers. It is also a question of lawn tenders vs. sunbathers, reservoir watchers vs. baseball magnates, umbrella manufacturers vs. commercial car washers. In fact, once the electorate is given an opportunity to stop talking about the weather and start doing something about it, we wouldn't be at all surprised to see a drastic political realignment. It shouldn't be very difficult to project even the names of the two new parties that would emerge from such a process. We confidently expect them to be called the Wets and the Drys.

### Armory Show

WE paid our customary visit to the East Side House Settlement's Winter Antiques Show, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, and at once ran into

the Settlement's associate director, Mrs. Grace Lindquist, who said that the raising of the ticket price this year from two dollars to two-fifty had produced a problem—not of attendance but of change, owing to the coin shortage. "We started collecting quarters days ahead," she said, and continued, "I think we have the prettiest show ever, although we've lost some floor space, because the Army installed lockers on one side of the drill floor." We followed her onto the drill floor and noticed, for the first time, six tennis courts marked out on it. "An Army tennis club uses them," Mrs. Lindquist said. "A man came in



yesterday with a tennis racket. We told him he had picked the wrong week."

As we strolled along, Mrs. Lindquist pointed out a Ralph M. Chait Galleries exhibit of pottery, and said, "Chait always has beautiful Chinese things. They're too expensive for the average visitor, but Mr. Chait is glad to have people browse. Jansen is a new exhibitor, with really lovely French things." We contemplated a Louis XVI black-and-gold lacquer commode, and she remarked, "Our preview party, the night before the public opening, served a buffet supper and drinks to seventeen hundred people. It was a buying crowd. A great deal of money was spent on the floor. We set up a bar on the floor. Look at those nice bar glasses!" These were not the preview-bar glasses, which were supplied by Telephone Chef caterers, but Early American wares of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Garfield Jones, of Sheffield, Massachusetts.

With Mrs. Lindquist, we went on to the handsomely textiled enclosure of Elizabeth S. Stokes, of Weare, New Hampshire—"This woman's rugs are wonderful," Mrs. L. said—and, at



the exhibit of John C. R. Tompkins, of Millbrook, New York, watched a couple of men hoist a New England Queen Anne mahogany highboy onto a trolley and trundle it off.

"Thieves?" we asked.

"Sold," a third man said, and our guide introduced him to us as Mr. Tompkins and left us with him.

"I really didn't want to sell it," Mr. Tompkins said. "It has the original finish, brasses, finials, and drops. The original drops are often missing from eighteenth-century highboys."

We asked Mr. Tompkins, who looked like a Millbrook Hunt fancier, how he had got into finials and drops, and he said, "My father was assistant financial editor of the *Herald Tribune*. He wrote about steels, rails, and oils. People like Benjamin F. Fairless, head of U.S. Steel, used to come to our house. My father collected antiques, and during the depression he sold some of them to friends. I'd intended to go on the *Tribune* in 1935, when I was twenty-one, but I saw all this stuff in the house and I decided to become an antique dealer. I have an airplane, a Comanche—I was in the Army Air Forces during the war—which makes it easy for me to fly all over and pick things up. The plane cruises at a hundred and seventy-five miles an hour, and has room for four grownups and two hundred pounds of luggage; I've moved grandfather clocks in it." He pointed to a once-airborne grandfather clock, and went on, "Two other pilots and I recently flew to Bering Strait—ninety-four flying hours. I bought some icons at Anchorage, from descendants of Russians who settled there before this country bought Alaska, and we flew to Barrow, where the permafrost goes down seven hundred feet. The muskeg there is depressing. We stayed at a shack called the Top of the World Hotel and ate caribou and uncooked walrus meat. Walrus isn't bad to chew, but when you try to swallow it—oh, boy!"

We asked what muskeg was.

"A kind of floating vegetable bog—mostly mosses," he said, and we floated off.

THE Bel-Aire portable hair dryer is manufactured by Roto-Broil.

### Envoy

TWICE in these pages, we've described the activities of the Peace Hostage Exchange Foundation, whose members, in 1962, instituted a policy

of drumming up support for a program of exchanging millions of people between the United States and the Soviet Union in order to help preserve peace; today we bring tidings that the Peace Hostage Exchange Foundation has peacefully evolved into an organization called the Citizen Exchange Corps, whose members have continued the policy of drumming up support for a program of exchanging millions of people between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., with the added wrinkle of facilitating matters logistically by utilizing ships of the Maritime Administration's reserve fleet, like those anchored in the Hudson River, off Stony Point. To find out about this wrinkle, we've been up to White Plains to call on Father Robert L. Pierson, who is an Episcopal clergyman (and, incidentally, a son-in-law of Governor Rockefeller), and who went to Moscow late last summer as a member of a Citizen Exchange Corps delegation charged with outlining details of the reserve-fleet plan to members of the Soviet Peace Committee. Father Pierson, a tall, gray-haired, distinguished-looking man in his late thirties, directs an Episcopal educational foundation from an office that is just up the street from the White Plains railroad station, and when we asked him at the outset to tell us what had prompted the Peace Hostage Exchange Foundation to change its name, he struck a match, applied it to the bowl of

a pipe, and said, with a reflective smile, that he wasn't sure, but that he was certainly for it. "I was an early supporter of the peace-hostage program, and even

signed a peace-hostage pledge, but I was never much taken with the implications of the word 'hostage,'" he continued. "What I have liked from the beginning is the idea of sending great numbers of people from one culture to mingle with the people of another culture. Shipping over ballet troupes, symphony orchestras, and the like is all to the good, but a large-scale people-to-people approach seems to me to be the eminently sensible way of achieving a true understanding."

Father Pierson puffed on his pipe and went on to say that the idea of using the reserve fleet to transport people to Russia was the brainchild of Melvin J. Gordon, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, who is a trustee of the Citizen Exchange Corps and the chairman of the Sweets Company of America, makers of Tootsie Rolls. "Mr. Gordon and I went to Moscow in the latter part of August, and were joined there by Dr. Irving Amdur, who is principal of Pub-

lic School 114, in Queens, and a member of the advisory council of the Citizen Exchange Corps," he told us. "Then the three of us held meetings with various Soviet officials, including V. I. Babkin, who at that time was director of the American section of Intourist; Oleg Bykov, who is secretary of the Soviet Peace Committee; and V. I. Kalinin, a little, round-faced, heavy-featured man who is chairman of the Soviet Peace Fund, which controls the Peace Committee's pursestrings. The basic proposal we outlined to them consists of sending vessels from the reserve fleet to the Soviet Union carrying visitors, who would use the ships as floating hotels while they were in Soviet ports. In the pilot project, we hope to send eight vessels carrying a total of eight thousand visitors this year, and then increase this tenfold next year, and a hundredfold by 1970. During the discussions, we emphasized that we would expect the Soviet Union to respond with a similar program, and that nothing short of an equal exchange would do. Surprisingly, the Soviet officials, who had been rather unresponsive to earlier large-scale-exchange proposals, were highly enthusiastic about this one. The Peace Committee people have sent a letter endorsing it, and the Intourist people have asked the Citizen Exchange Corps to make them an offer concerning accommodations, conditions, and programs for low-cost travel in this country by Soviet citizens. What remains now is to work out the details and to get the necessary backing of both governments."

Father Pierson emptied his pipe by knocking it against an ashtray, and we asked if he had enjoyed his stay in Moscow. He replied that he had, but that he would have enjoyed it more if he had not felt guilty about having put off a trip to Mississippi in order to go there. "In addition to education and the search for peace, one of my major preoccupations in recent years has been the integration crisis," he said. "I became involved in it several years back, and in the summer of 1961 I was arrested in Jackson, Mississippi, for having tried to help integrate a bus-station lunchroom. Since then, I have participated in civil-rights action in Albany, Georgia, and in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where I joined a picket line before the courthouse in an effort to get Negro voters registered. The Department of Christian Social Relations of the Episcopal Church asked me to go to McComb, Mississippi, last September, after I returned from Russia, and I spent three days there. It was a very



tense place, because the people in the civil-rights movement were under terrible harassment; the fifteenth and sixteenth bombings had occurred earlier that week. Frankly, there wasn't much I, or anybody, could do in McComb at that time; just being there was trouble enough. We were under constant surveillance by members of the white community, who patrolled the streets in pickup trucks equipped with shotguns and two-way radios. Finally, the situation got so bad that the chief of police and the mayor invited several of us to meet with them. Both of them claimed to be worried about controlling the populace, and at one point they asked us what we thought they should do. We suggested that they organize a commission of prominent leaders of the community and issue a declaration stating that they would not knuckle under to the redneck-underworld power structure that had taken over their town, and I was glad to see that they eventually did just that. I'll probably be going back to the South in the near future, because I have an appeal pending in the case caused by my arrest and detention in Jackson. I also hope to devote considerable time in the coming months to the field of education, and, in particular, to the immense problems confronting us in the work of educating our masses properly. Education, race relations, and the search for peace are, in my opinion, closely connected. In fact, I've added a third point to a well-known and much-used slogan, and I intend to take the revised slogan as my own. It's 'Peace Through Brotherhood Through Education.'

**NOTE** found in a book borrowed from the Public Library: "Remind Tracy not to climb the tree with skates on."

### *Reasons of the Eye*

**O**UR man Stanley rushed into the office, a sixteen-millimetre Arriflex on one shoulder and a Nagra synchronized sound recorder under his left

arm, and declared that he had just finished shooting a movie—fifteen thousand feet of film—featuring his typewriter, uncovered and motionless, without him at it. He informed us that it was a highly charged portrait of *The Writer*, 1965, and assured us that although he would have to stay with his Moviola for a while, he had no intention of abandoning the written word. To prove it, he presented us with the following notes:

"Enrolled in course called 'The Visual Nature of the Film Medium,' given by Slavko Vorkapich, Mondays at 8 P.M. at Museum of Modern Art. Forty dollars for ten lecture-seminars. Real bargain. About same price as twelve hundred feet of black-and-white raw stock. Getting Vorkapich as teacher almost like getting Eisenstein. With-It people know Vorkapich born in Yugoslavia, March 17, 1895; studied painting in Paris; emigrated to New York in 1920; emigrated to Hollywood in 1921; made experimental film 'The Life and Death of a Hollywood Extra,' with miniatures, on kitchen table, in 1928; created montage sequences

for 'Crime Without Passion' (1934), 'Viva Villa!' (1934), 'David Copperfield' (1935), 'A Tale of Two Cities' (1935), 'The Good Earth' (1937), 'Test Pilot' (1938), etc. First lecture listed in syllabus as 'Introduction: The Eye Has Its Reasons.' At Museum, few minutes before eight, found big mob of fellow-students pushing into auditorium in basement. Latched onto seat in rear, practically last of four hundred eighty seats in auditorium, beside eager, studious-looking young man wearing steel-rimmed spectacles. Young man introduced himself as Hamilton. 'Over-subscribed!' he said, and pursed lips. Heard crowd outside clamoring to get in.

"Next to Hamilton, attractive young woman with big eyes, hair wound around head in braid, said, 'Andy Warhol got in. Herman Weinberg got in. His daughter Gretchen Weinberg got in.'

"'Meet Miss Ataner,' Hamilton said, nodding at young lady. 'Miss Ataner played in "Scorpio Rising."'

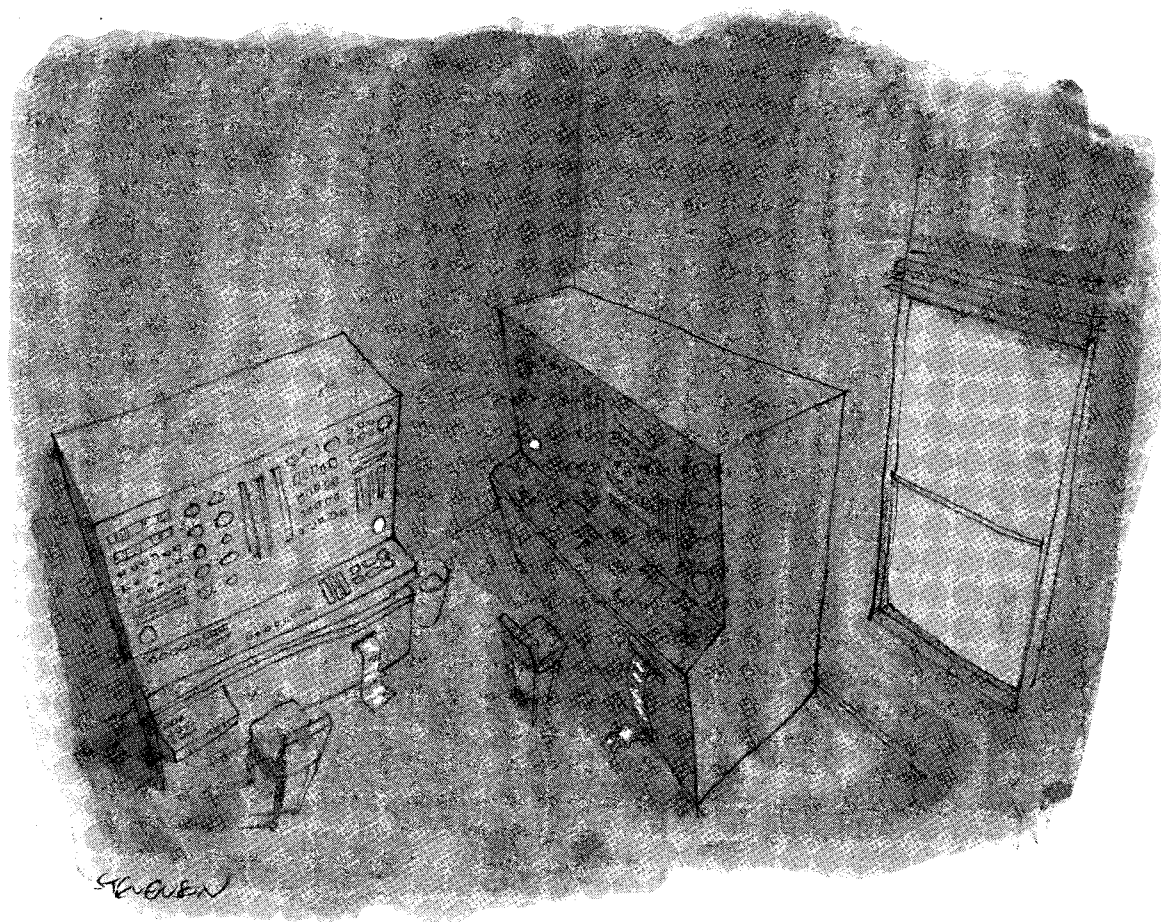
"'A bit part,' Miss Ataner said. 'I sat on a hot stove.'

"'Meet Mr. Rozam,' Hamilton



*"Who on earth do you suppose he's mistaking us for?"*





"O.K., smarty, here's one for you: the square root of 7,215,635 times the cube root of 89,471,293.0067 divided by . . ."

said, indicating dark, brooding young man on other side of Miss Ataner. 'And let me study the syllabus.'

"I'm probably the only one here who doesn't even *want* to make a movie,' Mr. Rozam said.

"E. G. Marshall is sitting in the front row,' Miss Ataner said.

"Looked audience over. Very young. Average age of members somewhere in twenties. Most dressed same way they dressed in college. Many girls wearing black boots, black stockings. Many young men wearing pullover sweaters over white shirts open at collar. A few stony-faced, bearded disciples of Jonas Mekas, cinematic avant-avant-gardist. Looked over Hamilton's shoulder at syllabus. Read, under heading 'Lecture 1,' 'Unawareness of the visual-dynamic forces at work within every shot and every sequence of shots often leads to undesirable effects, unintentional ambiguities, absurdities. . . . Knowledge and mastery of visual-dynamic principles leads to greater clarity and force of presentation, and eventually to the development of the film as a truly independent form of art.'

"Up front, as screen was adjusted, Richard Griffith, curator of Museum's

film library, came forward, looking distraught. Outsiders still protesting. Griffith introduced Vorkapich quickly (said Vorkapich would reexamine visual nature of film in this first lecture), then disappeared. Vorkapich looked like Mr. Chips. Nice. Mild, undramatic voice. Like good movie, lost no time getting going. Said he would start by telling anecdote about himself at beginning of film career—around time sound came in. Told how producer of film about chorus girl asked him to shoot scene of her walking and dreaming of seeing her name in bright lights. Shot took long time to set up, lot of work, lot of money. Had to build track for dolly, so that camera could follow girl walking. 'And the cameraman wanted good lighting on her face, because she was a star in *real* life,' Vorkapich said. Lot of laughs in audience. Laughs knowledgeable. Vorkapich told how shot was failure. 'That beautifully lighted face was bobbing up and down, swaying from side to side, but the way the shot came out, the girl did not seem to be *walking*,' he said. 'My shot was a failure. When I think of all that work, all that time for the dolly! But I did not understand the principle of induced

motion: If a stationary object is shown against a moving background, the object appears to be moving and the background seems to be stationary. In most dolly shots, the distance between the moving camera and a moving object is kept constant; if the object moves against a homogeneous background, the movement of the object is cancelled by the movement of the camera.'

"Overheard shaggy-mustached fellow in row behind me say, 'About time somebody gave it to them!' Asked Hamilton, Miss Ataner, Mr. Rozam for explanation. In row in front of ours, young girl in Mod getup turned around, said sternly, 'Rift between underground know-nothings and people who want to make *movies*!' Hamilton admonished Miss Ataner, Mr. Rozam, me to take notes.

"Onstage, Vorkapich took drink of water, said he would now show examples of cancelled motions, including some weak spots in work of masters. 'Don't think I'm condemning the whole film, though,' he said. 'I just want to show you some things about the film language. It's like learning the English language—the right and wrong ways to construct a sentence. Our language is a *recent* language, whereas the English language has been around for a long time.' Examples of lack of complete mastery of visual language then shown on screen: Gary Cooper in 'High Noon,' filmed against a clear sky; Gary Cooper supposed to be walking, but only bobbing up and down. Then he showed scene of Gary Cooper walking on street, passing houses close by. Not bobbing. *Walking*. Then scene of Paul Muni walking in fields, frame showing ground under Paul Muni's feet. Not bobbing. *Walking*. Then same shot blown up so that only enlarged closeup of Paul Muni shown, without ground, against distant hill. 'Distant background will not help,' Vorkapich said. Now Paul Muni bobbing, *not* walking. 'See how we get the essence of a thing,' Vorkapich said. 'The essence of walk-



ing is progression. Now watch carefully.' On screen, enlarged Paul Muni without ground seen bobbing up and down, same as previous bobbing. Shot was then zoomed away, revealing Muni walking backward, film running backward. Audience applauded. 'Applause!' Mr. Rozam said. 'I thought these people were supposed to be cool!' Miss Ataner said, 'My God, he's making Andy Warhol sit still!'

"Vorkapich now saying he would take up most elementary level of film-making—treatment of static shots. Said he would read from Wolfgang Köhler's book 'Gestalt Psychology.' Read, 'Under appropriate conditions successive presentation of two lights at two points not too distant from each other results in an experience of movement.' Assistant hung rope down middle of screen, marked areas it divided A and B. On mobile blackboard, Vorkapich wrote 'PHI.' Then he explained that perceptual phenomenon known as Phi phenomenon creates illusion of motion. Said, 'When you deal with a film, you deal with a world of illusion of reality and illusion of magic reality.' On screen, projected roll of paper towelling, first in Area A, then in Area B. Ran A-B-A-B quickly, giving illusion of roll jumping back and forth. Hamilton, Miss Ataner, Mr. Rozam, and Mod girl looked impressed. Vorkapich read from another book, 'Principles of Gestalt Psychology,' by K. Koffka: 'In

stroboscopic motion, one process fuses with another process, and that even when the two processes are different in respect of color, size, and shape.' Then he showed more examples from movies: Monica Vitti and another girl in 'L'Avventura' shown talking from front. Monica Vitti in Area B, looking to her left. Cut to shot from back. Monica Vitti in wrong place, looking to her right. 'Disorienting,' Vorkapich said. 'The perception to the innocent eye is a moment of confusion. The lesson is don't try to make beautiful compositions alone without thinking how they will combine with the preceding and succeeding shots. It's like using a word in a

poem. We have taken the liberty of reversing the shot so that the girl would remain in the proper place and facing in the proper direction. Watch.' Showed reversal. 'Is it convincing, do you think?' he asked. More applause from audience. Miss Ataner said, 'Andy Warhol is leaving. The Weinbergs are staying.' Vorkapich showed example—this one from 'Breathless'—of people getting out of position because of angle change. Then scene cut to Belmondo laughing, as if laughing at Godard's mistake. Audience dug joke. Laughed. 'When in this kind of an angle-change trouble, use the Western principle,' Vorkapich said. 'Cut away to the horse.' Hamilton, Miss Ataner, Mr. Rozam, Mod girl taking notes.

"Griffith reappeared onstage, said now there would be a question period. 'We did not expect so large a group,' he added. 'Any questions?' Girl rose. Asked if showing movie examples of faults out of context distorted film. Vorkapich said no—faults were still there. 'It's like getting the language wrong,' he said. 'It's like constructing a sentence that reads, "Walking briskly, she stood in the middle of the road."'

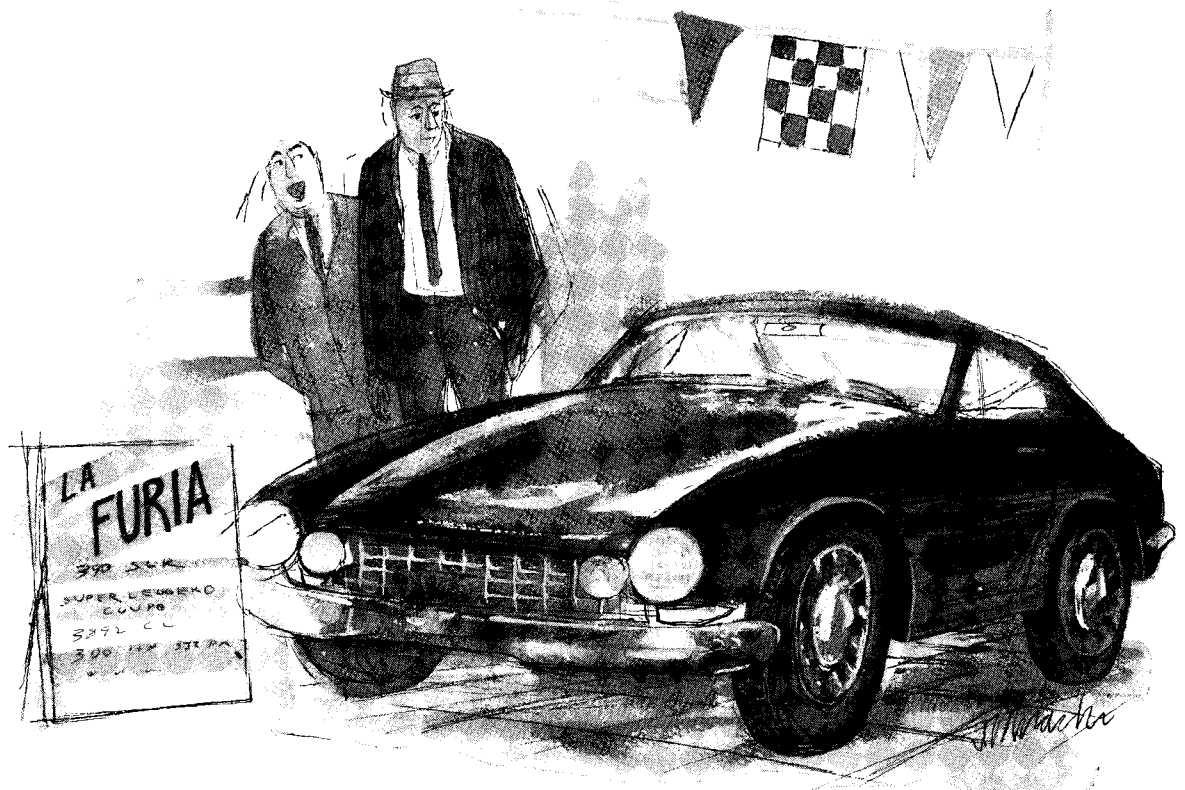
"Lecture-seminar continued with more scenes from famous movies—faulty scenes, also great scenes, illustrating how to put Phi phenomenon to creative use. Vorkapich showed a sequence from 'High Noon'—series of

shots, all stationary, all same length: Cooper watching clock, bad men waiting, Grace Kelly worrying. Series of cuts effectively created feeling of waiting, of tension. Clarity helps a film to become art, Vorkapich explained. 'We're just at the beginning,' he said. 'There's much to be done.'

"At end of session, conferred with fellow-students. Formed film company called HARS—for Hamilton, Ataner, Rozam & Stanley. Much to be done."

### Hot Line

IF Big Business is taking over, it is at least showing itself capable of doing so in a devilishly disarming, open-handed way, and the bigger the business the greater its charm, it appears. The other day, a mother we know called up the Product Information Division of the du Pont Company's Manhattan offices, seeking advice on how to remove plum-juice stains from her little girl's Orlon dress. "Oh, plum juice is a special problem," she was told. "Peach juice we could help you with right here, but for this we'll have to refer you to Wilmington. Please hold on." In a moment, the lady found herself talking with distant Delaware and receiving a fact-filled and, as it turned out, absolutely accurate twenty-minute lecture from du Pont's expert on plum-juice stains, all for the cost of a mere New York City call.



"Vroom! Vroom!"



## HYDROGRAPHY

ON the fourth day—Thursday—they retraced their steps. It was, he had convinced her, the best solution. He did not really have to convince her, for they had agreed quietly and quickly about everything they had undertaken in those four days. Yet he was aware that it was he who had proposed what they would do now and she who had agreed to it. Would his grief betray them in the future, he wondered. No matter, since they had no choice to begin with. To retrieve what was left and to relinquish it—that was not choice but necessity.

The mausoleum, a block of granite surrounded by a large cemetery, was half an hour's drive from the city. The cemetery was filled with evergreens that, even in midwinter, lent it the aura of a formal garden. He parked the car in front of the mausoleum and, leaving her inside, climbed out, mounted a flight of stone steps, and went into the building through a pair of massive-looking portals, which, because they were fake bronze, opened with deceptive ease. Inside, his footsteps echoed on a polished marble floor with the same hammering precision he had heard two days before, when he had been led down a succession of long, drafty corridors to the crematory at the rear of the building. This time, his stay was brief. He presented himself at an office, where the sound of his approach died with stunning abruptness on wall-to-wall carpeting. He identified himself to a clerk wearing a black suit, signed a receipt,

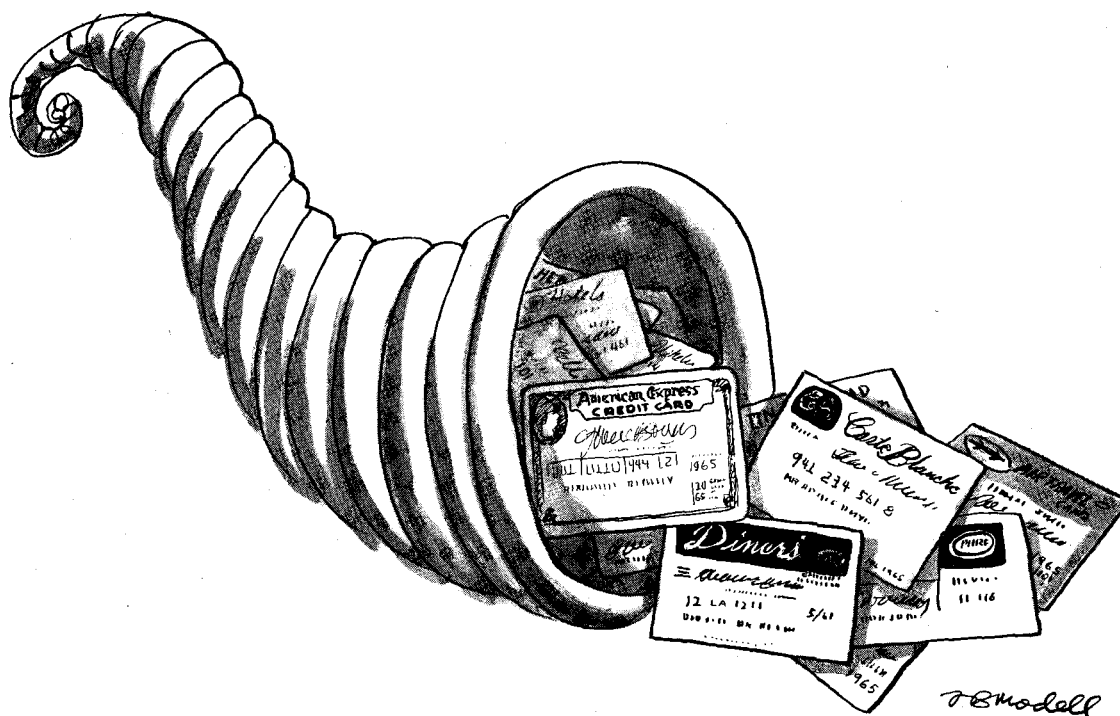
and was handed a small, square box wrapped in brown paper. The box was feather light. A white label on the cover bore the name of his son. When he left the office, the sound of his footsteps followed him again to the fake bronze doors. It was raining outside, as it had been all day, but now the rain was mixed with sleet and snow.

The cemetery was deserted and—because of this, perhaps—the Muzak loudspeaker affixed to the wall of the building behind a screen of evergreens was mercifully silent. He descended the stone steps, holding the box carefully between his hands, and saw for the first time that the cemetery was sprinkled with bouquets withering beneath the leaden February sky. Then, as if seeking confirmation for what was being done, his eyes sought her face behind the rain-streaked window of the car. Could he bear to watch her in the coming years—she who loved plants and flowers—tending them beside a tiny grave? No, nor would he and she come bearing floral tributes to one of the tenement cemeteries that sat beside expressways on the outskirts of the city, or to such a place as this, where, on sunny days, recorded hymns came piping through the crackle of static. They had made the right decision, and they had agreed upon it. Now it simply remained to carry it out. All at once, he was filled with vast relief that, for the first time in four days, they were—all three of them—alone again, unseparated by the legal barriers of state and county, and by the presence of clergy,

family, and friends. When he reached the car, he opened the door and placed the box on the rear seat beside a rose she had taken from one of the funeral bouquets. Then he got in behind the wheel. Except for memory, there must be no shrine, he told himself. No shrine.

For the next hour, they drove swiftly north and east, retracing their route of four days before. During the first part of the trip, the highway followed a small river that wandered between giant willow trees. Then they passed a series of reservoirs in the northern part of the county, linked together by streams whose flow was controlled by dams. The river and the streams flowed toward them, in the direction of the city and the sea, and as they sped along—always against the current and backward in time—the idea kept recurring to him that they were climbing toward headwaters, where the purest spring-fed trickles crept out of the hills. Now, as the roads diminished in proportion to the narrowing of the streams, he became more aware than ever of going back, of returning to the very source of things. The reverie was broken when, approaching the state line, he slowed at a fork in the road, thinking to take an alternate route that would spare them the sight of the town through whose dark, uncharted streets they had careered wildly, four nights before, in a vain effort to find a doctor to save their dying child. But even as he pressed his foot against the brake, she spoke for almost the first time since they had left the city. "Don't turn," she said. "Let's go the way we always did."

Twenty minutes later, they reached the cottage where they had always spent their weekends. The cottage sat like a balcony in the forest, on a high, wooded ridge adjacent to the Housatonic Valley, where—tiny, white, and clapboarded—it was dwarfed by tall trees and surrounded by stone walls. Thus enclosed, it tended to seem gloomy and additionally submerged on such gray winter days as this, when sodden snowflakes came slanting past the trunks of trees. Only her ivy plants, carefully transplanted and nurtured over the years, and clinging forlorn and faintly green to the side





of the cottage, held a trace of life. The rest was gray—gray stone, gray sod, gray tree trunks—all becoming grayer now as the snow began to stick.

They did not enter the house, but pulled on their galoshes in the car. In the spring, he would come back alone to put away the tovs. Now he took the box from the back seat, unwrapped the paper covering, and drew out a small canister; then, handing her the rose, he got out, came around to her side, and opened the door. The hand she gave him was as light as the canister, and, taking it, he led her across the spongy yard and along a path through the forest to the brook.

The brook was a torrent. Fed by old snow melting at the top of the hill, it tumbled between boulders covered with gray lichen and raced down shale-lined runways, coating thickets with shining ice and carving a gully that would, with time, become a ravine. He had already picked the spot in his mind. Now, kneeling on a flat rock where the brook spilled into a deep pool, he opened the canister and poured its meagre contents into the swift current. For a moment, there was a small, white stain in the dark water of the pool—a stain that, even as it spread, dissolved and disappeared. The rose she tossed upon the water was borne lightly along, cresting with absurd buoyance as it tumbled over the rocks. Lost from sight, it reappeared; an instant later, it was gone.

He looked up at her, saw the deprivation in her face, and was filled with doubt. But even as he stood and took her hand again, his spirit fled from the spot and followed the brook as it flowed away. Below the hill, in the meadow where he sometimes fished for trout, he traced it past its conjunction with other rivulets and other brooks. He followed it through the culvert beneath the highway, past the millhouse near the railroad tracks, and then down, down, always down, through fields and forests to the river. At first, the river was a series of lakes created by flood-control dams; then it spilled through the giant portals of a hydro-electric plant and flowed past summer cottages and factories into the flatlands near the coast, where white motorboats bobbed at marinas. There the river emptied into the sound, and the sound into the sea, and, drawing a deep breath, he returned in one jump to the headwaters where they stood. The continuity of his journey had calmed him. Did she not seem calmer, too? Helping her up the bank, he led her back to the car, which wore a coat of snow.



*"I don't have friends. I just have cronies."*

The drive back to the city seemed swifter, as if they were being helped along by favorable currents. The narrow country roads widened into arteries bearing median markings, and then into multi-laned highways, until they found themselves carried along in a stream of traffic that flowed beside the Hudson. That night, lying awake, he began to follow the brook once more from the top of the hill. Again and again he traced its descent through the countryside. Once, he had seen a topographic map of Connecticut, and now his mind carried him through countless flesh folds of the land. Trickle became brooks, brooks became streams, streams widened into rivers. The rivers flowed into the sea. His brain was awash with currents that coursed through the wrinkled contours of vast watersheds. Whole continents drained through his head. Everything emptied into the sea. The sea was empty. He began again.

TWO nights later, they crossed the ocean on the nine o'clock Alitalia flight to Rome. When she seemed to have fallen asleep, he sat staring out a window into the dark, and thought of

the profound sea pulsing forty thousand feet below them. Day broke as they approached the coast of France, but the land was covered with a thick layer of clouds. In his mind, however, he pursued the course of the Loire, along which he had driven years before. Later, he imagined they were flying above the confluence of the Saône and Rhone. The cloud cover diminished over Switzerland. In valleys between the Alps, the rivers and streams were frozen and white. He followed them eagerly, craning his neck and looking back beyond the wing, hating to lose them even as they disappeared behind the towering ranges. Italy was green and brown. In the Lombard plain, the ancient tributaries of the Po flowed through the coils of their discarded meanders. The Mediterranean gently lapped the Tuscan coast. When they landed in Rome, they went to a hotel and slept.

When they awoke, they walked. They walked along the Tiber, which was a green-gray color and very high. (He supposed, with an attendant journey in his mind, that it was being flooded by snow melting high up in the Apennines.) They continued walking



all week, pausing occasionally to consult a Hachette Guide, and everywhere they went she cut sprigs of ivy. She cut them from ruined stones in the Forum, from chariot ruts in the Colosseum, from beds in the Borghese Gardens, and from the walls of the Vatican Museum. In the evenings, when they returned to the hotel, she put the sprigs in a glass of water on their bureau. At the end of the week, when they left by bus for Florence, she wrapped the sprigs in moist paper, placed them in a plastic sack, and stuck them in her handbag.

The bus went to Florence by way of Assisi, where she added to her collection of ivy by snipping a shoot from the walls of the monastery. In Florence, they did an extraordinary amount of walking. They walked along the Arno, which he was surprised to find muddy and full of shoals, and down innumerable corridors of the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi Gallery. She found lovely ivy in the Boboli Gardens, and on the last day, after they had climbed up the stone steps to the Piazzale Michelangelo, from which they could see the summits of the Apennines on one side and the plain of Florence on the other, he saw her as he stood by the railing—his mind unreeling from his body like a fishing line from its spool—smile for the first time in days as she stooped to cut another sprig from a vine that grew along the staircase.

When they returned to Rome, by train, the sack of ivy bulged her handbag. During the trip, the leaves of some of the older shoots began to droop, but she managed to sustain them by keeping the paper moist. That evening, they flew to Catania, where his brother met them at the airport. His brother was a land-use expert who had been in Sicily a year, donating *pasta* and dispensing farm equipment in behalf of a government-aid program. Tall, frail, and sombre in expression, he grasped each of them by the arm and steered them through a noisy crowd in the terminal building; then he drove them to a hotel that was situated on the lower slopes of Mount Etna. Before they went to bed, she carefully arranged her ivy in a water pitcher. The sprigs were holding their own. Tiny white shoots had already begun to sprout from some of the stems. She pointed them out to him joyfully.

During the following week, his

## COLORS WITHOUT OBJECTS

Colors without objects—colors alone—  
wriggle in the tray of my eye,

incubated under the great flat lamp  
of the sun:

bodiless blue, little razor-streak  
yellow melting like a firework petal,

double purple yo-yo  
in a broth of murky gold.

Sharp green squints I have never seen  
minnow-dive the instant they're alive;

bulb-reds with flickering cilia  
dilate, but then implode

to discs of impish scotomata  
that flee into the void;

weird orange slats of hot thought  
about to make a basket—but

there is no material here—they slim  
to a snow of needles, are erased.

Now a mottling takes place.  
All colors fix chromosomic links

that dexterously mix,  
flip, and exchange their aerial ladders.

Such stunts of speed and metamorphosis  
breed impermanent, objectless acts,

a thick, a brilliant bacteria—  
but most do not survive.

I wait for a few iridium specks of idea  
to thrive in the culture of my eye.

—MAY SWENSON

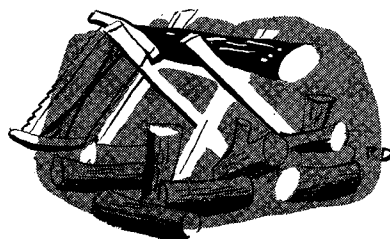
brother took them sightseeing. His brother was well versed in the history of Sicily, and, glad to be free of the Biblically fine print of the Hachette Guide, they surrendered themselves gratefully to his knowledge. At Syracuse, they ate a picnic lunch in the ruins of the Fort of Euryelus, and she plucked ivy from the quarry walls of the Latomia del Paradiso. At Gela, they examined some Greek walls dating from the fifth century, but she found no ivy growing there. At Agrigento, they spent a morning wandering through the Valley of the Temples in a driving rain. At noon, they returned to their hotel, thoroughly drenched, and found the water pitcher on the bureau empty, and all her ivy gone.

She burst into tears and flung herself upon the bed. He rushed out into the corridor, seized a startled chambermaid by the arm, and brought her back. His puzzled brother translated. The ivy was fading, the maid explained. Naturally, she assumed the Signora had no use for it, but perhaps the porter would remember if he had thrown it out. He went off to find the porter. The porter shrugged at his story, but when he drew a thousand-lira note from his wallet the man took him into a yard behind the hotel, rummaged through a trash

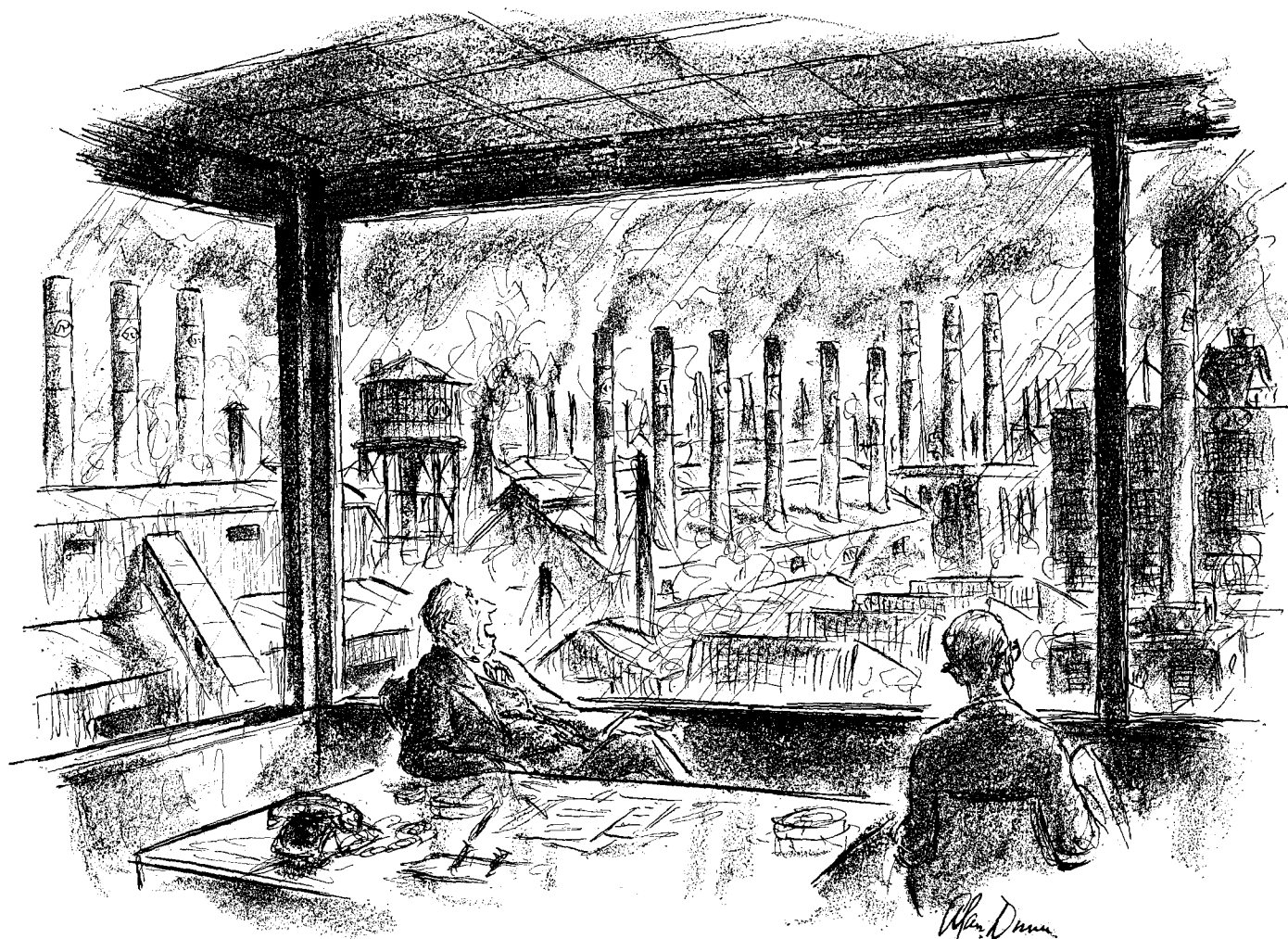
basket, and pulled out the ivy, which was in a paper bag. He bore it back to her in triumph.

**B**EFORE leaving Agrigento, he bought a large glass jar, and, safely ensconced in water, the ivy was placed on the floor beneath the back seat of his brother's car. They drove to Caltanissetta and then to Enna, through a barren land filled with grim rock, dead turf, and dry gulches. The rain gave way to cold mist as they climbed higher, and they drove through incredibly poor mountain villages where miserable stone houses soaked up the damp like blocks of pumice and a chill wind whipped the spindly legs of undernourished, ill-clad children. He only half listened as his brother enumerated the reasons for the awful poverty; he was hoping that the sight of the children would not sadden her further, but even as he did he found himself wandering endlessly, helplessly through steep gorges. He imagined raindrops forming tiny puddles that, overflowing, became trickles that, swelling, grew into rivulets, brooks, and torrents, which, merging now, plunged down into green valleys past hillsides dotted with grazing sheep and the ruins of ancient temples toward the sea. . . .

Bitterly, his brother explained the frustrations that attended his work. One of the chief problems was the sad neglect of the land. "*Pasta*, tractors—it's just stopgap stuff," his brother said. "What's needed is a real program of reforestation and agrarian education. The trouble is the peasants are filled with hopelessness. Ignorance, the







*"One thing I try never to forget—it's my bread and butter."*

Mafia, government corruption, overpopulation—" Having uttered the word, his brother cast a quick glance at him and broke off with a shrug.

They spent the night and part of the next day in Enna. It was still raining when they left, late in the afternoon, but the rain had diminished somewhat by the time they reached the western slopes of Mount Etna, and his brother suggested that they circle north around the mountain, stay the night at Randazzo, and delay their return to Catania for another day; he promised to show them some remarkable scenery. They agreed, and drove on over a narrow, tortuous road that wound around great flows of lava and passed through dark towns that seemed darker for having been constructed of the same scorched rock.

In the morning, the sun was shining. As they continued their detour around the mountain, they could see snow fields high up on the truncated cone of the volcano, and a dark-green belt of pines beneath, where the tree line ended. When they reached the Mediterranean side, the sun was high in the sky, and

the land sloping away to the shining blue-green sea was splashed with groves of lemon trees. His brother parked the car at a vantage point, and they climbed out to take in the view at leisure. To the north, toward Taormina, the coast stretched away in spectacularly jagged fashion. Then his brother pointed to a place directly below them, between the towns of Fiumefreddo and Riposto, where there was an immense brown stain upon the sea. The stain seemed to be propelled by some great force, and, even as he looked along his brother's outstretched arm, he saw it spreading, merging with the green water, and changing shape in the wind and current.

His brother told him that it marked the mouth of a stream that began not far from where they were standing. Then he pointed out the course of the stream, which ran through hidden de-files in the lava deposits, through lemon groves and villages, and across a stretch of sandy bottomland before it reached the sea. "There's a perfect example of what I was telling you yesterday," his brother said quietly. "Some years ago,

the government planted trees along the entire course of the stream to hold the earth in place. But as fast as the seedlings were put into the ground, they were eaten up by goats and sheep. It's the story of Sicily. No one ever cares in time, and the best soil has long ago washed out to sea."

FOR a long while, he stood rooted to the spot, and watched the stain spreading over the azure water. Only with an immense effort did he resist the temptation to escape, to begin tracing the slow, quickening, and then endlessly racing descent of still another stream. Finally, when he turned around, stricken with doubt and fully expecting to find in her face that look of deprivation which, defying the erosion of all geological time, could only be matched by the despair in his heart, she was not there. She had crossed to the other side of the roadway, where, kneeling beside a low retaining wall—a tiny stone wall that seemed incredibly frail against the vast thrust of the mountain—she was cutting yet another sprig of ivy.

—PAUL BRODEUR



## THE SCHOLAR OF BOURBON STREET

WHEN I was sixteen and had my first fling at freedom, it did not occur to me to go on the road or off to sea, as it might have if my concept of freedom had been a little broader. All I had in mind was the quiet pursuit of my scholastic interests unencumbered by the pedantic disciplines of prep-school life. In the years that I'd been at school, an underground movement of passive resistance had been gradually gaining momentum there, although it was frequently limited to reading Nietzsche and smoking. I was suspected by the authorities of being a leader of this movement, and, at a time of low personal morale, fell victim to their tactics of harassment and retaliation. I was repeatedly placed on probation for staying up after midnight reading, and—a more serious charge—for sleeping through breakfast. When I forgot to sweep out the buttroom twice in one week, my smoking privileges were indefinitely suspended. When the authorities raided my dormitory one night in an unsuccessful search for beer bottles and found me in illegal possession of a transistor radio, the dean told me that one more transgression in almost any direction and I'd be given the sack.

"How am I supposed to get any serious studying done in an atmosphere like this?" I asked my roommate, Hen-

ry, who was practically an alcoholic but had so far managed, through extraordinary luck and cunning, to escape detection. "I'm seriously thinking of clearing out of here and continuing my work on my own."

"It's an interesting concept," Henry acknowledged. "But look at it this way. We've only got five more months in this dump. From then on in, it'll be clear sailing. Once we're in college, we'll have it made."

"You may have it made," I told him. "But I'm not so sure I will." Henry's only guardian was his grandmother, and she had scads of money, whereas I was going to have to work my way through college even if I got a scholarship, which seemed unlikely. "I'm not convinced the whole college thing is for me," I went on. "No, I might be far better off getting a part-time job somewhere and studying on my own."

"Perhaps," said Henry thoughtfully. "But where would you go?"

That was a tough one, I had to admit. Boston was too near Harvard, where everybody else was going. New York was where my parents lived. And I couldn't quite see Chicago or Philadelphia.

"You might think about New Orleans," Henry suggested.

"New Orleans?" I asked. I'd always

liked the name of the city, though I knew it only as the place that jazz had come up the Mississippi from. But Henry had once had an aunt there, whose funeral he'd attended.

"It's an insane, rolling place," Henry said. "Sort of like Paris."

"Do they have a good public library?" I asked.

"One of the best," said Henry.

I said I would sleep on the idea, but it so appealed to me that I didn't sleep at all. My mind was made up.

The next morning, Henry agreed to lend me a hundred dollars, provided I would sign a written promise to pay him back within ten years. That, combined with another hundred I had in savings bonds given me by my own grandmother, would be enough to see me through until I got a part-time job in New Orleans.

Because my departure was to be a sober, reasoned setting out on a project and not some chaotic abandonment of reality, I felt it essential that I talk quietly to the dean and headmaster and turn in a formal resignation. The dean's reaction was quite hysterical. The headmaster was more understanding, however, and even admitted certain shortcomings in the prep-school tradition that he hoped could be eradicated in time. He thanked me for coming in to see him, and encouraged me to keep in touch with him from New Orleans. "You'll probably cook on a Sterno stove," he said. "It should be a rewarding experience."

I had supposed that the biggest obstacle to the project would be my parents, but when I got to New York they seemed more pleased than annoyed by the idea, though for divergent reasons. My father said that it meant the Army would get me, which was just what I needed, whereas my mother declared that in her opinion there was far too much emphasis placed on college degrees these days, and that some of her favorite people had been self-educated. My father said that was a lot of sentimental rubbish. But they gave me a champagne sendoff, and I caught the Greyhound night-express bus to New Orleans. The trip took forty-four hours.

ON my arrival in New Orleans, I rented a small and inexpensive room close to the public library. The library itself I found ideal for my purposes; it had a far more intensive and extensive coverage of the arts and humanities than the one back at school. In addition, it was nearly always empty, which gave me a sense of privacy and virgin exploration I had never known





before. Soon I became freshly aware of the sheer physical pleasure of reading itself—the quiet balance of a book in hand, the granular touch of pages, the lusty smell of print. Writing with a soft black pencil on a thick white pad, I made punctilious notes of the books I read, and as time passed I was encouraged by the balance and variety of my studies. The obvious risk in a course like mine was that of going off on a subjective tangent, wallowing in the works of some minor poet or historian and sacrificing cultural and historical objectivity. But in my case “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire” was offset by “The History and Conquest of Mexico and Peru,” Spinoza by Gide, and Nietzsche and Ezra Pound by “Alice in Wonderland.” Only one thing was wrong. I was anxious to keep up with my Latin studies, but there were no Roman texts in the public library, and I did not want to dissipate my dwindling capital by buying books. I wrote to Henry and asked him to send me copies of Vergil’s Aeneid and Horace’s Odes and Epodes. I added that the two of us should ultimately arrive at a highly interesting educational synthesis by integrating his standard school curriculum with my varied and individual reading.

Finances were my only problem. I had put off finding a part-time job, feeling that it was more important to get the study project off to a solid start. But after a few weeks I was down to my last ten dollars, and five of them were set aside to pay the rent the next day. I consulted the classified ads in the *Times-Picayune* and successfully landed a job as a door-to-door salesman of women’s stockings. Although I had to put down a five-dollar deposit on a sales bag, I felt I couldn’t go wrong. My hours were my own, I got a one-third commission, and my living expenses were so low that if I sold just ten dollars’ worth of stockings a day I was all set. This I usually did, but I never sold more, and within two weeks my regional boss called me in for a little pep talk. He implied that I wasn’t ambitious enough, and I admitted that as soon as I’d sold ten dollars’ worth of stockings I would go home and study. Under pressure, I agreed to work harder, but it went against the grain, especially since the fact that I was selling any stockings at all seemed to me cause for rejoicing.

Anyway, it was made clear to me that my survival in the company would require some drastic change. In my opinion, I badly needed influential contacts—a few big shots who would



*“Just remember this, Bancroft. It takes two to tango.”*

put me on to the people with real money to spend on stockings. I decided that my best bet was to invest some time and money in the more exclusive bars and night clubs of the French Quarter on Friday and Saturday nights. The few times I’d been there to drink beer, I’d found people very sympathetic and friendly. From their conversation, it was clear that they had position and influence, too. So, the next Saturday night, I took my sales bag down to Bourbon Street. I did not get my first real break until about three o’clock in the morning, for the people I met, though pleasant enough, were more interested in buying drinks than stockings. By that time, I had more or less abandoned the search for contacts and was simply sitting in a bar I liked called the Café, reading a translation of Rimbaud’s “Illuminations.” The place looked like an old barn full of candlelight. A beat-up jukebox in one corner was playing Edith Piaf records, and the needle kept getting stuck on the passionate part of “La Vie en Rose.” I was counting my change, to see if I could afford a cab home, when a heavyset and authoritative bald man, obviously the owner of the place, strolled over and asked me what I was drinking. “I suppose you’re a poet,” he said, somewhat sarcastically, when he saw the book I was reading.

“Me?” I said. “Oh, no. Just a student.”

“Tulane?” he asked. Tulane is the big college in New Orleans.

“Oh, no,” I said. “I’m just down

here from New York to study on my own.”

“To study?” he asked. “To study what?”

I told him the gist of my project, but I implied that I’d left college, rather than prep school, for I did not want people to know I was only sixteen.

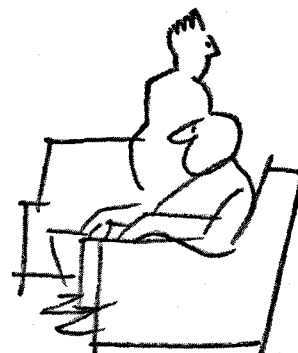
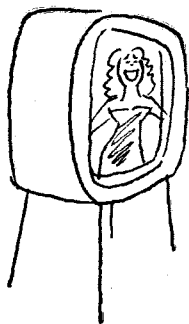
“Well, that’s a fresh twist, anyway,” he said. “My name’s Don. Marion, give the kid a drink.”

Marion was the woman presiding behind the bar, and I gathered that she was a co-owner of the place. She was stern and gray-haired, and did not seem altogether in rapport with Don. My drink was a long time coming, and when it was made she slammed it down on the bar and declared, “Son, you’re not getting away with anything.”

“Don’t mind Marion,” Don said. “When she’s hitting the bottle, I can’t get her home. She’s either insulting everybody or else she’s stumbling around buying everybody drinks and reciting ‘Gunga Din’ or some damn thing. She’s got a college education, and it goes to her head when she drinks. Anyway, I’ll tell you one thing, kid. Never go into business with a lush and a clown. If I’d gone into this place alone, I could have retired by now. Someplace quiet and civilized. Like Buffalo. Ever been to Buffalo?”

I said I hadn’t, but mentioned that my grandmother had once lived in Buffalo, and it turned out that Don’s family had originated there, too. It seemed an opportune moment to ask him what





my chances were of selling some stockings in the French Quarter.

"Forget it," he said. "I've peddled everything from life insurance to hair-brushes, and I never had a dime to my name. All the big money here is in booze. If you want my advice, cash in your bag of stockings and get into the bar business. For five Gs you ought to be able to chip into a pretty good concession."

"But I need so little money to live on," I told him. "If I can just make fifteen dollars a week, I'll be successful."

"It's a miserable type of existence," he said. "Marion, give the kid a drink."

When I left, Don told me to drop by the following week. "I'll keep my ears open," he said. "Maybe we can line something up for you."

WHEN I got to the Café the following Wednesday, I was dead broke. I hadn't sold a single stocking in three days, and had actually had to bum twenty cents on the street for a plate of red beans and rice. If Don had no prospects lined up, I was going to ask him to lend me a five. "I was wondering if you'd show up," said Don. "We lost one of our bartenders over the weekend, and we could use an extra hand afternoons. It's only temporary, but it may give you a chance to get back on your feet again, make some contacts. There's just one thing. Think you can lay off the stuff behind the bar?"

I told him that I could.

"Your hours'll be roughly three to nine in the evening," he said. "We'll pay you two bucks a day, so with tips you ought to clear thirty-five a week, and you'll still have your mornings and nights free for whatever the hell it is you're doing. How does that sound?"

It was not until I had the concrete offer of a job with steady hours and pay before me that I realized how much I hated selling stockings. "It sounds great," I said. "There's just one thing.

Do you think I could have a day's pay in advance?"

He gave me a ten-dollar bill—a whole week's salary—and formally introduced me to his partner, Marion, saying, "This is the kid from Buffalo I told you about."

"I remember him," said Marion.

"Hello, Marion," I said.

"Miss Marion to you," she said.

"If you come in tomorrow at three," Don told me, "Marion'll break you in on the routine, but you shouldn't have any trouble. There's not much call for mixed drinks here. A few Martinis and Manhattans, maybe, but it's mostly a beer-and-whiskey crowd."

"There's no drinking on the job," said Miss Marion.

"He knows all about that," said Don. "Have one for the road?"

"No, thanks," I said firmly. "I'd better go up and settle my accounts with the stocking people."

Actually, there were no accounts to settle beyond exchanging my sales bag for the five-dollar deposit—by far the best transaction I'd made since taking the job a month before. And it left me with fifteen dollars—the most money I'd had in all that time. I was feeling good. My fortunes were clearly on the rise, so I took the night off from my books and headed for the bars along the waterfront to celebrate the occasion.

WHEN I reported to work the next day at three, Miss Marion, wearing glasses, was demurely sitting in front of an open cash register, going through bills, receipts, and the like. Observing me, she slammed the register shut and mumbled, "Was generous once. Never again. That was it." Then she pocketed her glasses and glared at



me. "Son," she said, "this wasn't my idea, and you'd better have that shirt of yours ironed by tomorrow. Disgraceful. Bring me a drink."

"What would you like?" I asked.

"Son," she replied, "don't be insolent." I soon learned that it was bourbon-and-water, without much water.

She gave me a clean bar apron and told me the prices of the various whiskeys and beers, which I jotted down in a notebook. "The last bartender would buy everybody free drinks so that he'd get big tips," she told me. "If I catch you doing that, you're finished. And don't forget you're only on probation here."

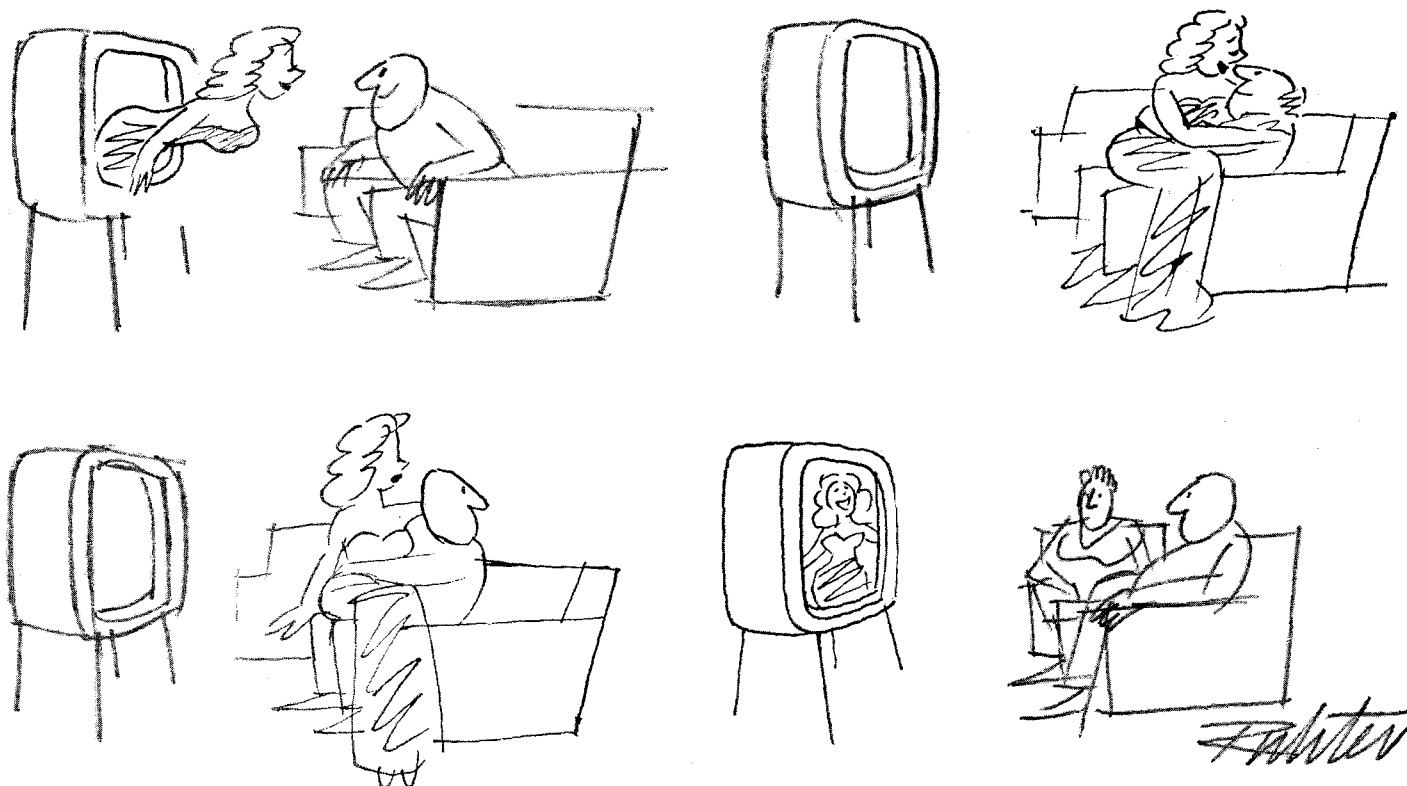
"Oh, I'm used to that," I assured her.

I didn't have much trouble bartending, and by the time Don came in at six to take over the reins from Miss Marion I was feeling quite confident. It must have showed, for Don told me after an hour, "I like your style behind the bar, kid. You're doing all right."

It seemed a good time to bring up a little problem that had been bothering me. "I know I'm not supposed to drink on the job," I said, "but some of the customers have been offering to buy me drinks, and they seem insulted when I refuse. Would it be all right to accept once in a while?"

"Jesus Christ," he replied. "I was talking about *pilfering*. We don't want





you *pilfering* our booze away, but you're supposed to accept drinks from the customers. It's money in the till. Jesus. Never refuse a drink from a customer. I thought I'd made that clear."

"Well, it's clear now," I assured him.

"O.K.," he said. "But use your head. And if they're heavy spenders, buy *them* a drink once in a while. It's good for business."

What with my new powers and liberties, the rest of the evening went smoothly, and the only person I had trouble with was Mr. Atkins, the night bartender, whose shift overlapped with mine from seven to nine. He was serious and fussy, and told me that bartending was a useful profession that became debased when it was taken over by "cheap labor" like me. He resented having to share the tips with me, but I humored him by seeking his advice on points of bar protocol. He emphasized that nobody liked a kid behind the bar, and that a successful bartender must project a powerful father image. "The customers are just like kids," he said. "They need somebody behind the bar they respect, or else they go to pieces."

It didn't seem to me that Mr. Atkins commanded much respect from the customers, and I soon decided that he was a very insecure and neurotic person.

When nine o'clock came, I took my apron off and said good night to everybody. When I got to the door, Miss Marion was blocking my way. "It's time to go home," she said, "but I can't go home, because I'll have nightmares. And if I have nightmares I won't sleep. Son, never again. I'm very drunk. Please see me home."

It sounded like a formidable project, and I looked around the room for some avenue of escape, but Don was nodding at me encouragingly.

"O.K.," I said. "But I've got to get home and study soon. Do you live far away?"

"Very far. Very near," she said as we started up Bourbon Street arm in arm. "Have something important to tell you. Should know now. Before it's too late. Moment of truth. Terrible thing. Are you acquainted with the story of the remarkable rocket?"

I told her I wasn't.

"An extremely sad story," she said. "Story of my life. Would you care to hear it?"

We were making slow progress up the street. "By all means," I said.

She produced a terrible frown, pursed her lips together, and whispered, "Phffft! That was it. Terrible thing."

"You mean that's the story?" I asked.

"That's the story," she replied. "And now I must pull myself together."

She paused, drew a few deep breaths, and recited:

"And the silken sad uncertain  
rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantas-  
tic terrors never felt before."

She had a hard time getting through the syllables distinctly, and she explained that it was more a sobriety test than a true recitation. "Here's a more personal reading," she said. "It was written by an ex-lover of mine who went to pot. Nevertheless, it has some merit:

"And how are you, Miss Marion?  
And where is Jean Laffite?  
And have you found the owlskin  
shoes  
You lost on Bourbon Street?"

She read with much intensity and deliberation, and remarked what a shame it was that there weren't any more stanzas. "But I believe in fragments," she said. "Most things are too long."

We had reached her doorstep. It was only a block and a half from the Café, and she had one more she wished to recite before turning in. She began:

"I sometimes think that never  
blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried  
Caesar bled;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden  
wears  
Dropt in her Lap from some once  
lovely Head."

She had her keys in her hand, so I



thanked her for the poems and started to go.

"Just a minute," she said. "You've heard the poetry. Now you must hear the facts. You've been hired under completely false pretenses. The Café is about to collapse. Any day now may be its last. I fired the afternoon bartender to cut down expenses. Now Don's hired you. Hopeless. If you want to keep the job, it's up to you. Out of my hands now." Then she outlined certain emergency measures that would have to be instituted to keep the Café from a final and total collapse. These included: immediate collection from the regular customers of all outstanding bar tabs (which ran into hundreds of dollars), immediate cash payment for all drinks even if the tabs had been paid (this would be a highly delicate matter), and a possible reduction in my own salary (which would be made up to me with interest once the Café was back on its financial feet).

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said. "Business seemed pretty good tonight."

"It was all an illusion," she said. "And now that you know it you're free to leave."

"I don't want to leave yet," I said.

"Suit yourself," she said. "I'm going to bed anyway."

"I meant the job," I explained. "I meant that I wouldn't leave the job."

"I should hope not," said Miss Marion. "That would be extremely cowardly."

I agreed to initiate the other emergency measures, and she promised not to cut my salary for at least two weeks. And, of course, I already had my first week's pay. She grew more hopeful after our talk, and asked me to recite a poem. I thought a bit and gave her the first verses that came into my head:

"It is sweet to dance to violins  
When love and life are fair . . .  
But it is not sweet with nimble feet  
To dance upon the air!"

"That's a good one," said Miss Marion. "You have the makings of a great bartender. But see that you have that shirt ironed tomorrow."

**I** THOUGHT it wise to let Don know that Miss Marion was safely home, so I stopped in at the Café to say good night. "Glad you stopped by," Don said. "An emergency's come up, and I have to go uptown for an hour. Could you take over while I'm gone? I don't like to leave Mr. Atkins here alone. He's a little old to handle the troublemakers."

"O.K.," I said, "if it's no more than

## OUTWARD

The staff slips from the hand,  
Hissing, and swims on the polished floor.  
It glides away to the desert.

It floats like a bird or lily  
On the waves, to the ones who are arriving.  
And if no god arrives,

Then everything yearns outward.  
The honeycomb cell brims over  
And the atom is broken in light.

Machines have made their god. They walk or fly.  
The towers bend like Magi, mountains weep,  
Needles go mad, and metal sheds a tear.

The astronaut is lifted  
Away from the world, and drifts.  
How easy it is to be there!

How easy to be anyone, anything but oneself!  
The metal of the plane is breathing;  
Sinuously it swims through the stars.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

an hour, but I should be home now, studying."

"Thanks," he said. "I wouldn't ask you if it wasn't important."

I went behind the bar and put my apron back on. Mr. Atkins took his off and started to walk out. "Where are you going?" I asked him.

"Home," he said. "I'm not taking any orders from a teen-age punk."

I did not want to be left alone at the bar, especially since it was busy. "You're not taking any orders from me," I told him. "I'm just here as your bouncer."

"My bouncer!" he said contemptuously, but the idea pacified him enough so that he put his own apron back on and remained.

The first troublemaker was not long in showing up. He was a stout, sweating fellow who ordered a double bourbon and, when I set it down, told me to put it on his tab.

"There's no more running of tabs," I told him. "Everything here is on a cash basis from now on."

"That'll be the day," he said.

I waited for him to produce some

money. He didn't. "That's eighty cents," I told him.

"I told you to charge it," he said.

"No cash, no drink," I told him. "Those are my instructions."

I reached to take back the drink, and he grabbed my arm, pinning it against the bar. This gave me an idea. "Look here," I said. "I'll tell you what. I'll arm-wrestle you for that drink. If you win, it's free. If you lose, you pay for it and buy me one, too. Fair enough?"

He gave me a withering once-over and accepted the terms with relish. I looked pretty skinny, and he didn't know that I'd been the champion arm-wrestler of my class. "Best two out of three?" he asked.

"That's right," I said, and we locked our arms in position on the bar.

I flubbed up the first round but I took the next two with ease.

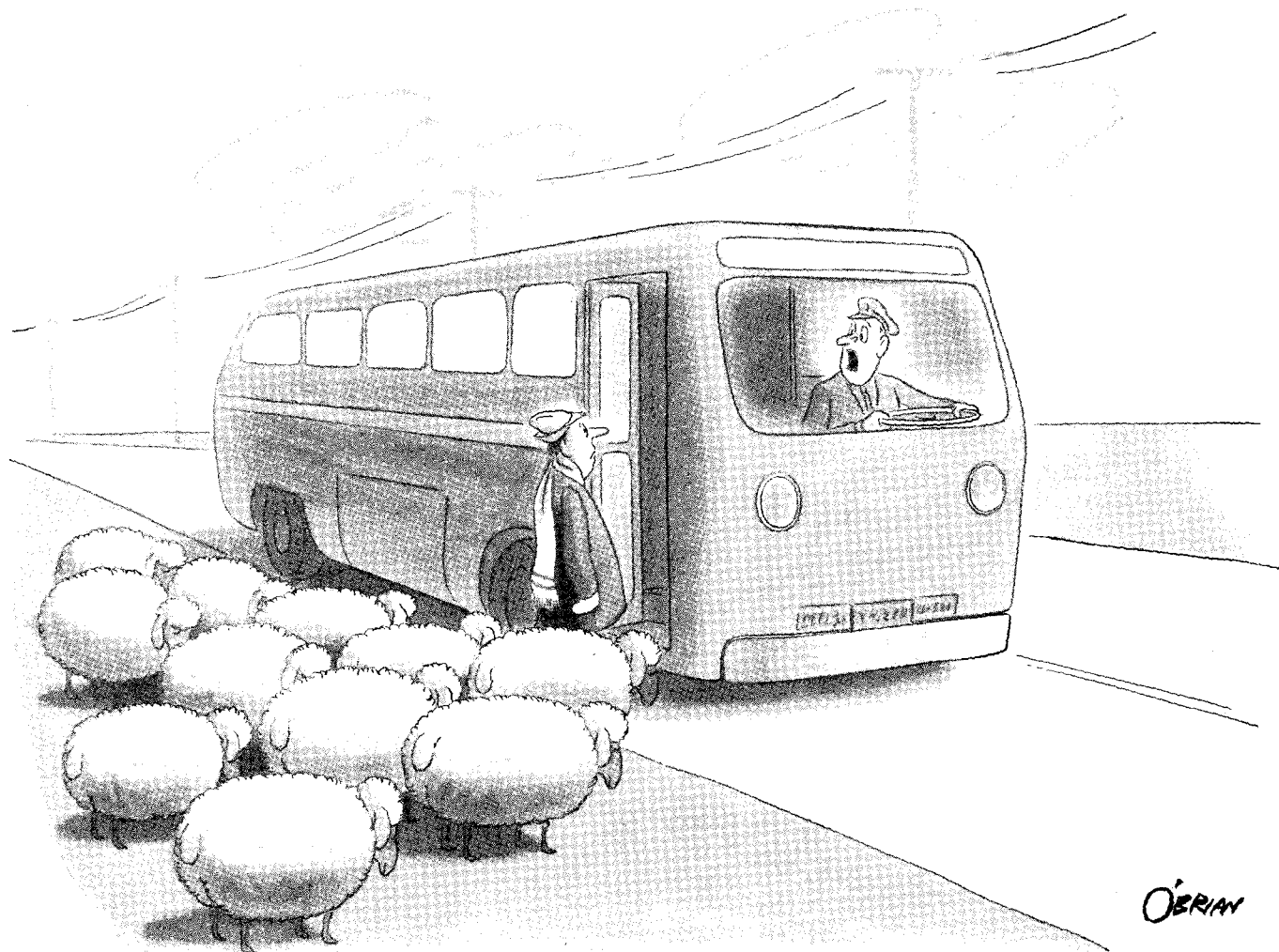
"I'll be damned," he said, forking over the money for the drinks. "You've got an arm like Popeye."

Even Mr. Atkins was impressed with the performance. "That's a big guy to beat," he whispered to me. "He's the senator's brother, and a big-wig in City Hall."

After trouncing the senator's brother, I got along fine with him. I even gave him a free drink, and he gave me an enormous tip. He left his calling card, too, when he went, and told me to get in touch with him if I ever needed help.







*"For the last time, no, no, positively no!"*

"You'd really like to take over here, wouldn't you?" Mr. Atkins asked. His tone this time was more that of curious resignation than malice.

"Don't worry," I told him. "You have nothing to fear from me."

When Don showed up, about two in the morning, he said that the emergency had been resolved, and insisted that I have a few drinks with him before we closed the place down. By four o'clock, Mr. Atkins had put away quite a few belts, too, and we parted on enthusiastic terms. Despite the long hours, I couldn't help feeling that my first night on the job had been a success.

THE next day, Miss Marion went out and bought me a drip-dry nylon shirt that I could wash out at night and put on each morning without ironing. I increased my tactful efforts to collect outstanding tabs and to keep no new ones from cropping up. My arm-wrestling prowess helped considerably. Word of the incident with the senator's brother spread round the Quarter, and in the next week I had to arm-wrestle almost every fellow in the neighborhood. I nearly always won,

though I'd throw away a round or two if my winnings threatened to become too oppressive. It could be exhausting, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that the Café was enjoying a fresh surge of popularity and prosperity because of my efforts. Though I got no increase in wages, I got no decrease, either, and I enjoyed many fringe benefits, such as free shrimp and tips on horses from the customers. Through a subtle combination of conversation and arm-wrestling, I managed to project a powerful father image, and, coming in to work, I often felt like a teacher taking over a class of boisterous but benevolent pupils. Don started going "uptown" more frequently in the evenings, leaving me in charge. If Miss Marion was on the wagon, she went home promptly at six. If not, she accepted my authority completely. In fact, she sometimes seemed to think that I *was* her father. Mr. Atkins had a hard time adjusting to the situation, and began to drink more heavily.

DURING the next six weeks, I managed to maintain my power at the Café, but the long hours on duty

(I seldom managed to get home before 2 A.M.) were starting to take their toll. My health was failing, and I developed a cough—a dry, nervous hack—for which small doses of bourbon proved the best remedy. I found it difficult to concentrate on my studies after work, especially on Proust, whose complete works I'd assigned myself to read in the original French. As I slipped farther behind my assigned quotas each day, I began to resent the Café's demands on my time and became sullen and waspish behind the bar. I often snapped at Mr. Atkins, and sometimes even at Don and Miss Marion. Mr. Atkins warned me that I was "riding for a fall," and Miss Marion suggested that I take a week's vacation to shape up. "You're becoming the personality on Bourbon Street most likely to split," she told me.

One Saturday night, I was seriously thinking of accepting her vacation offer, if only to catch up on Proust. I'd been up until four o'clock the night before, listening to jazz. The Café's fan had broken down, and the place was so crowded and hot that I was having trouble breathing. "I'll be right

back," I told Mr. Atkins. "Just stepping outside a minute to get a little air."

"Take your time," replied Mr. Atkins, who'd been staging a personal comeback during my spell of illness. "You're only in my way."

Outside, on the street, I collapsed on the nearest doorstep and dozed off. I was awakened by a couple of cops shaking me by the shoulders. One of them rolled up my shirtsleeves, while the other, wielding a powerful flashlight, carefully examined my arms. Being somewhat dazed, I got the idea that they must be admiring my powerful forearms. "Not bad, huh?" I asked, flexing my muscles. "I can beat anybody on Bourbon Street."

"He's clean," said the cop with the flashlight, flicking it off.

"Yeah," said the other. "But he sounds like a troublemaker. Better lock him up for the night."

The brief nap had brought on me a peculiar mood of relaxed serenity, and the idea of spending the night in a quiet jail cell, locked up from everything, was rather appealing. But when we got to the station house, the cops put me in the simple drunk cell, which was a communal affair and a total bedlam, what with some fellows singing and demanding drinks and others shaking the cell bars and demanding lawyers. I did learn from a relatively sober

inmate that a simple drunk charge was not serious. "They're really after the guys on pot and horse," he explained. "But if you haven't been mainlining it, there's no real problem. Simple drunks like us—they throw us out on the street again after eight hours."

Even the damp and raucous surroundings failed to dispel my detachment and serenity. Eventually, the more violent singing and shouting subsided, and I found a dry corner of the cell where I could stretch out on the floor, using my shoes as a pillow. As I lay there, listening to the snorings and lamentations, an alien sense of freedom came over me, and it dawned on me that I secretly hated my whole reading project and always had, and that all I really wanted to be was a successful bartender. The revelation filled me with such relief that I fell into a deep and transcendent sleep.

When they threw me out of jail in the morning, the first thing I did was to take Proust back to the public library, along with a slew of other books that were hopelessly overdue. Then I burned up all my reading notes and had a huge breakfast of grits and bacon and beer. I was feeling reborn.

That night, at work, I found that news of my arrest had leaked out, and I had to endure a considerable amount of sarcasm from the customers. "May-

be this'll teach you to lay off the stuff," growled Don. "Ought to save it for the days when you'll really need it."

My arrest did have one excellent result. Mr. Atkins was revelling in a new sense of identity and security; he felt that he had singlehandedly pulled the Café through some terrible crisis. "Why didn't you stick around?" he chided me. "We had quite a crowd."

I was longing to tell someone about my revelation, but it was obviously not the sort of thing you could just blurt out at somebody over the bar. My chance came hours later, when I had the honor of escorting Miss Marion home. We strolled in proud glory up Bourbon Street, and Miss Marion directed our steps as she sang:

"I'm gonna lay down  
my sword and shield  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside,  
and study war no more."

At her door, I told Miss Marion how I, too, had decided to study no more.

"Never thought you were much of a scholar," she said. "Nevertheless, you have become an excellent bartender. Most remarkable. I imagine you'll be leaving us soon."

"Leaving?" I said. "Of course not. New Orleans is my home now."

"Son," she said, "you're only a guest here, and a pretty poor one at that. Stop being presumptuous."

IN the next few weeks, I regained my health, and the Quarter was at its best. It was late summer, and though there is little change of season in New Orleans, the nights grew cooler and the days were still warm and clear. I explored with renewed enthusiasm the antique bars, the narrow streets, and the river coffeehouses. I was feeling young for the first time in years, and, in the luxury of my revelation, decided to risk an expedition north, just to look things over. "What the hell?" I wrote to Henry. "I can always bartend now, wherever I am, so what's the difference?" But I vowed to return to New Orleans soon, unencumbered by obligations to Proust or to anyone else.

It was a grateful promise, even from a bad guest, and one that, had the chance arisen, surely I would have kept.

—GROVER AMEN



"I'll never forgive you for this, and neither will Mother."

The rule in most cases is that the vehicle on the right has the right-of-way, regardless of whether it is on the right or left.—*Albany Times-Union*.

Wait a minute, we just heard a noise.



## LETTER FROM GUAM

AGAÑA, JANUARY 31

THE Territory of Guam is five thousand miles west of San Francisco and, by all reasonable standards of geography, must be considered part of the Far East. However, because Guam is also a bona-fide part of the United States, it costs twenty-five cents (the regular American foreign-airmail postal rate to the Pacific) to send an airmail letter from here to Japan, fifteen hundred miles away, but only fifteen cents (the regular European rate) to send an airmail letter to London, halfway around the earth—and, of course, only eight cents to send one to New York. Guamanians take such incongruities in stride. They would be happier, though, if more people knew not only what they are—true-blue Americans—but where they are. A couple who moved here from the continental United States a couple of years ago got to wondering after a while what could have happened to their household furnishings, which were supposed to follow them to Agaña, the capital of Guam. The shipment arrived twenty-three months late, having gone first to Accra, the capital of Ghana. Guam does not especially mind being remote—it seemed not to bother anyone on this tropical island that two weeks after President Johnson's election the single radio station here was still putting on taped forecasts of the outcome—but it would like its existence to be somewhat more widely recognized. At a recent monthly lunch of the Guam branch of the Propeller Club—a merchant-marine fraternity, of which the local president, Guam being Guam, is an airlines man—a member remarked that on his last trip to New York he had attended a national conclave of the organization. The announcement evoked only one comment. A voice from down the table called out, "Did they ask you where Guam was?" (The member said yes.) The question was one that travelling Guamanians are resigned to answering often.

This is a place where the phrase "when your ship comes in" has literal as well as figurative significance. Guam has little agriculture and less industry,



so just about everything needed by its residents—some thirty-eight thousand indigenes, and a like number of off-islanders, most of them members of the American armed forces—is imported. When a ship comes in, there is fresh lettuce, for a while, at Guam's markets and in its restaurants. For long stretches in between, Guam is a canned-coleslaw island. It is also an informal island, with a pleasant small-town flavor. The Governor generally has a tie on while he is in his office, but nobody wears a jacket (the average year-round temperature is eighty-one), and the news purveyed by the radio station is apt to include reminders to parents that their children's report cards will be handed out three days later and if they have any questions they should consult the principal. Everybody seems to know everybody else, and among the indigenes, most of whom are members of the Chamorro race and speak Chamorro to one another, a one-big-happy-family attitude prevails. In fact, so many Guamanians are other Guamanians' cousins that it has proved difficult to administer justice by jury trial here, because it takes practically forever to muster a suitable complement of jurors who aren't related in one way or another to the plaintiff or the defendant.

These days, things are being modernized in the Far East at such a pace that anyone revisiting any Asian capital city after an absence of several years is bound to be struck by its changed appearance. But since I was last here, in 1961, Agaña—a frontierlike town with one- and two-story buildings strung at random along a wide main

street—has been transformed for a special reason. On November 11, 1962, Guam was devastated by a typhoon called Karen. Wind velocities of two hundred miles an hour—more than twice what is regarded on the American East Coast as hurricane force—were recorded that day, and then the anemometers broke down. Automobiles sailed off over houses; houses—many of them quonset huts—sailed over other houses; and the air was filled with such lethal missiles as three-mile-a-minute coconuts, not to mention whole coconut

trees. Much of the normally lush foliage of Guam was stripped away, and, perhaps for the first time in the island's history, its trees had a bare, autumnal look. Miraculously, only nine people were killed, but around ninety per cent of the island's buildings were demolished. Not only did the power go out but so did most of the utility poles and lines; they just blew away. (The local *Times Weekly* recently suggested that Guam make appropriate observance of Karen's anniversary each November by cutting off all electricity except that needed by hospitals and by the police and fire departments, but the idea did not seem to arouse much enthusiasm.) The total damage was estimated at as high as sixty million dollars—this in a territory whose annual budget is only nineteen million. The continental American press paid little heed to Karen (when it comes to that, New England hurricanes do not cause much of a stir on Guam), but the administration in Washington at once declared Guam a major disaster area and allocated funds to it, first for relief and then for rehabilitation. Since most Guamanians had nowhere to live after the storm, the Navy put up several thousand tents, and a few hundred of them are still in use; the plan is to have everyone back in somewhat permanent quarters very shortly, though. According to the present schedule of reconstruction, Guam should be over the emergency by the middle of 1966, and, indeed, should be in better shape than it was before Karen. More than seventy million dollars will have been spent in all, a good part of it on up-to-

date—and typhoonproof—educational facilities. Actually, Karen has proved to have been an economic blessing to Guam. A construction boom that began after the war had pretty much petered out by 1962, and the outlook was bleak. Guam has never had much of an unemployment problem, largely because more than fifty per cent of its labor force works for one department or another of the local and federal govern-

ment. In this hot and humid climate ("Even the mildew mildews here" is a standard Guam joke), where the only air-conditioned rooms at Navy headquarters are one sheltering the admiral and one sheltering the lawbooks, the local folk have found it more agreeable to hold desk jobs than to engage in hard physical labor. Guam has reasonably fertile soil, and it once exported crops, among them pineapples, cocoa, and to-

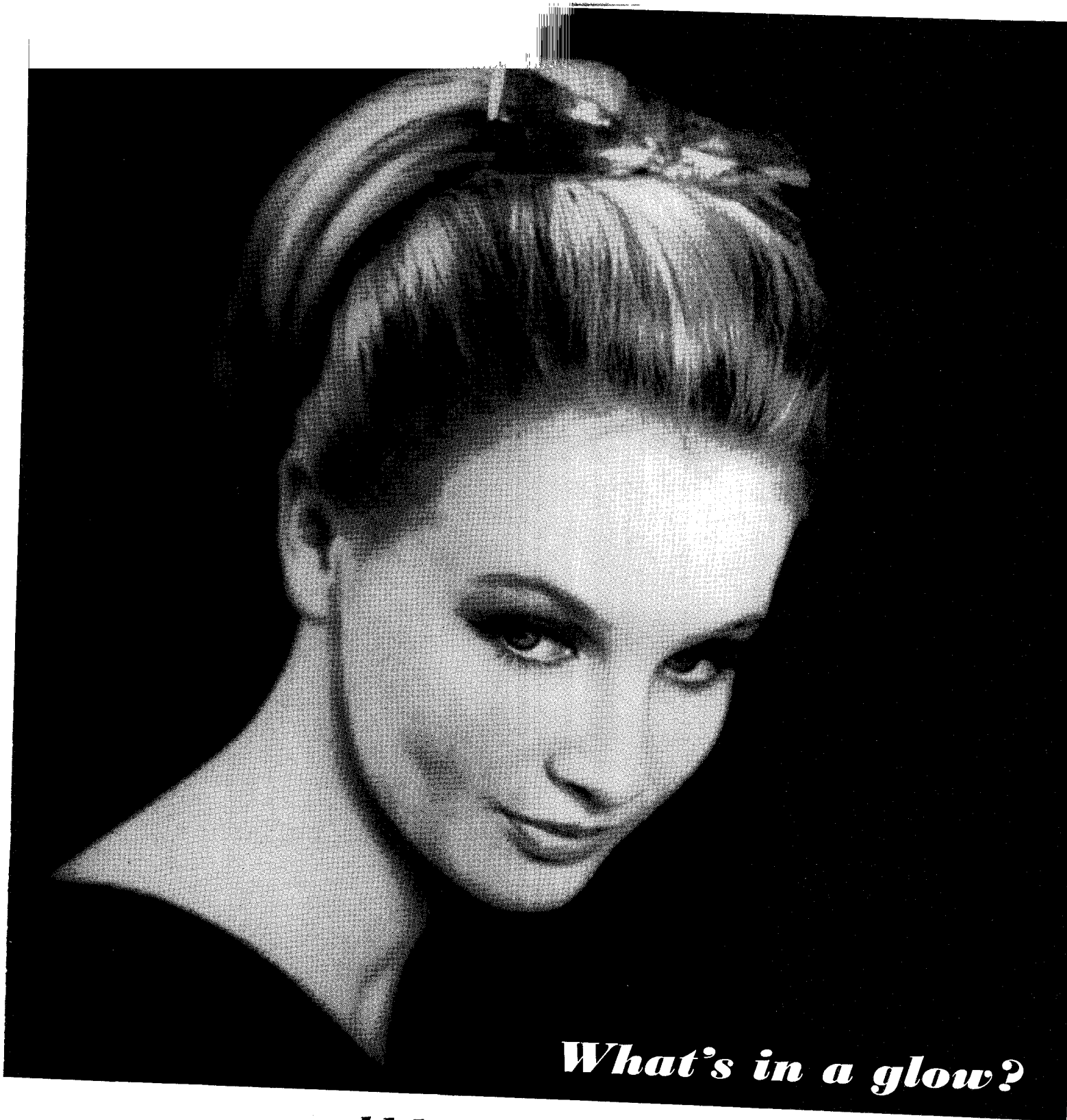
bacco, but the attractiveness of white-collar jobs has all but eliminated farming as a means of livelihood. Government now occupies the work time of more than ten thousand Guamanians; agriculture, forestry, and fishing together occupy that of only five hundred. (Many Guamanians, though, tend small subsistence farms.) Most of the skilled construction workers now busy here—and there are some seven thousand of them—are Filipinos, who have been a mainstay of the labor force since 1947. Of late, the local government has begun to try to redress the imbalance of its employment situation by urging Guamanians to acquire construction skills themselves, and last summer the federal government announced that alien labor—a euphemism for Filipinos, since Guam has no other alien laborers to speak of—would no longer be admitted to Guam. There was an immediate howl from local contractors, who protested that the inexperienced Guamanians couldn't possibly perform up to Filipino standards, and also that their own labor costs might go up considerably if they had to make a switch, because Guamanians would probably have to be paid according to American rather than Filipino wage scales. The ban was hastily lifted. Now the government of Guam has established an apprentice program in the construction trades, through which, over the next several years, it hopes to train local carpenters, plumbers, masons, electricians, and other specialists, so that the ubiquitous Filipinos can in due course be replaced.

GUAM's governor and his second in command, who is invested with the title of secretary, are appointed by the President of the United States and, like other American territorial officials, are responsible to the Secretary of the Interior. The first native Guamanian to be named governor was Joseph



"There's a plucky chap for you."





***What's in a glow?***

***could be love...could be***

## **Superglow Fluid Make-Up**

*The make-up that has a built-in glow from "Lumium", Monteil's patented light-reflector.  
It's the lightest, brightest, liveliest make-up you can wear.*

***Germaine Monteil***





### The incredibly comfortable British Blazer

You'll look positively dashing in this Coldstream Blazer. An air-loomed wool, woven in England by Hunt & Winterbotham. Incredibly comfortable, it's exclusive with Hart Schaffner & Marx. Its 6-ply basket weave keeps you air-cooled. Very correct with contrasting Bermuda Cord slacks. Famous for keeping a well-groomed look on beastly hot days. The Coldstream Blazer is priced at about \$95.00. The Bermuda Cord slacks, about \$40.00.

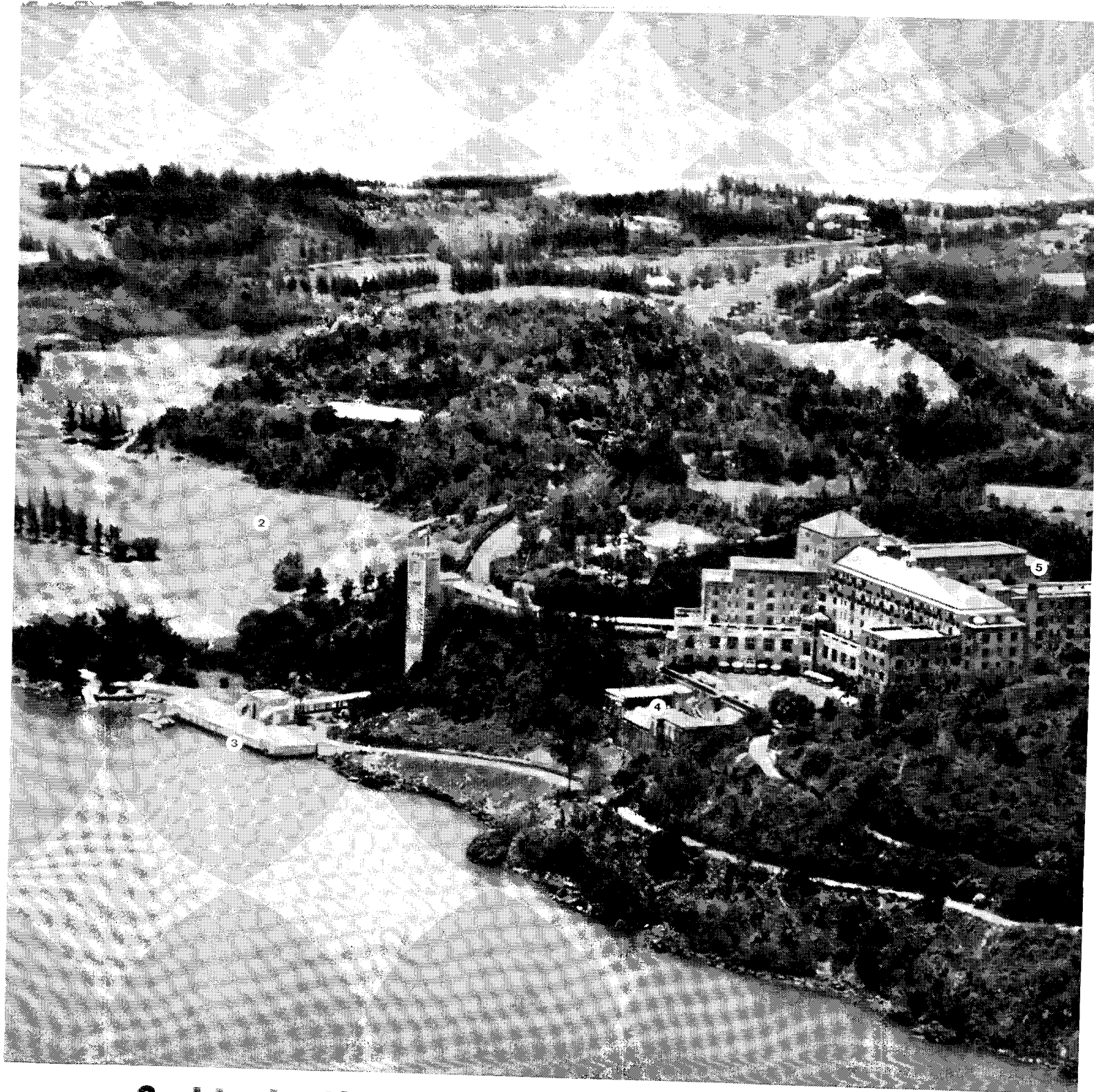


**Hart Schaffner & Marx**

Flores, a banker and the publisher of the *Guam Daily News*, whom President Eisenhower installed in 1960. Several months later, the Kennedy administration made what most of the Guamanians I've talked with consider the greatest federal goof in history by sending over a governor, Bill Daniel, who seemed to have no qualifications other than that his brother had once been Governor of Texas. The Guam Governor Daniel, to the mingled amusement and outrage of his involuntary constituents, changed the name of his official residence from Government House to Government Palace, brought in a number of peacocks to dress up the regal establishment, and, in a burst of zoological zeal, also imported armadillos and prize bulls. The armadillos were supposed to help Guam rid itself of some pesky African snails, which turned up here during the Japanese occupation and have multiplied alarmingly, but the Guamanians were afraid that the armadillos might multiply even faster, and shortly after their arrival they mysteriously disappeared—presumably thrown into the ocean. The bulls were supposed to improve the quality of Guam's livestock, and might have been quite acceptable if the Governor hadn't escorted a pair of them into his Palace and had his picture taken with them. The *Guam Daily News* ran the photograph with the caption "The one in the middle is the Governor." Today, to identify oneself as a Texan on Guam is to invite long, searching stares.

Governor Daniel, who set out on a round-the-world jaunt before his term expired, was succeeded by Manuel Flores Leon Guerrero, a forty-nine-year-old native Guamanian. Guerrero, the incumbent governor, is the son of a former musician in an American Navy band here and has been a farmer, a businessman, a legislator, and a bureaucrat. He belongs to the Democratic Party, which is affiliated with but not identical with its namesake on the mainland. The Guam Democrats had regularly dominated the island's unicameral legislature until last November's local elections, when the rival Territorial Party—more conservative than its opposition but by no means a political outpost of the mainland Republican Party—administered something of a drubbing to the Democrats. This upset afforded small comfort to off-island Republicans here, though, because while the Guamanians are American citizens, they cannot vote in our Presidential elections. They want to, and Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall has discussed the possibility of recommending





## Suddenly, there's a new Castle in Bermuda

(GRAND RE-OPENING FEBRUARY 26)



And the flag flies proudly over Bermuda's most complete resort, the Castle Harbour. It's now more beautiful than ever, after a multi-million-dollar improvement and expansion program. But there's one thing about this great hotel that needs no improvement—it's surely the best location in Bermuda.

See for yourself: One of the finest beaches in the resort world (1, above); (2) one of the two best golf courses on the island... the other's the adjoining Mid-Ocean Club course, and with our guest card you can play it too; (3) the complete Yacht Club; (4) the Castle swimming pool; (5) new swimming pool on the Garden Patio.

And here's the exciting inside story: colorful new Sea Venture Cocktail Lounge, new dining rooms, and a completely new look

to all guest rooms. Beautiful new lanai suites overlook the sea or the glamorous Garden Patio. The Rendezvous Room Night Club has been completely redecorated.

We could go on about the complete variety of sports, the night life, the remarkable personal attention, and the wonderful food. But wouldn't it be more fun to come to the new Castle—and see for yourself why it's Bermuda's most complete resort!

For reservations and information, see your travel agent. Represented by Leonard Hicks Inc. Offices in New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, Toronto, Washington, D. C., London, England. On the West Coast, contact John A. Tetley Co., Inc. in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle.

*The Castle*  
HOTEL, GOLF & BEACH CLUB  
Bermuda



*why does*



*Mr. Gene Cavallero, jr.  
choose to serve  
genuine imported  
polish ham  
at the Colony?*

Each dish served at the world-famous Colony Restaurant in New York must be superb. This is why when patrons order ham, Mr. Gene Cavallero Jr. recommends *genuine imported Polish Ham*. Careful selection and slow curing give it an unforgettable delicate flavor... instantly discernible to those who appreciate fine cuisine.

Available in 2 to 12-lb cans  
under the Atalanta, Krakus and  
Polo labels. Institutional sizes  
under the same labels and  
also under the Tala brand.



© 1964 Atalanta Products Corp.

that Congress grant them that right, but this is as far as things have gone. The Guamanians would also like to have a non-voting delegate in Congress, as Alaska and Hawaii used to have before they achieved statehood; in fact, the Guam legislature last year voted to send such a representative to Washington this coming spring, wishing all the while that the initiative had come from Congress. "What we've done seems awfully like inviting yourself to dinner," one Guamanian official said the other day. Apart from gaining the right to vote for President and to hang around Capitol Hill, most Guamanians have few burning political aspirations. Every now and then, somebody suggests that they ought to be appended to the State of Hawaii, but Guam is far from eager to abandon its independent territorial status and become an adjunct of an entity three thousand miles away. Anyway, Hawaii itself is so far from Guam that some Honolulu businessmen believe Agaña to be the capital of a foreign country.

It has also been suggested that Guam apply for statehood, but the very idea makes Guamanians shudder; being dependent on federal funds for their very survival, they can think of nothing they would like less than to stop being an economic ward of the national government and to assume the responsibilities of a sovereign state. Their continuing enjoyment of their relatively sunny current status was further beclouded by a 1960 resolution of the United Nations to the effect that, colonialism being an inherently bad state of affairs, all non-self-governing dependencies of U.N. members should have a chance to indicate by plebiscite whether they wanted independence. The notion of becoming a nation, on the order of one of the new African countries, strikes the Guamanians as absurd, but the U.N., egged on by various anti-American members, periodically brings the plebiscite business up again. A couple of months ago, for instance, a U.N. Special Committee on Ending Colonialism approved a report by one of its subcommittees that the United States grant Guam independence. The contention that the time was ripe for this libertarian gesture had originated with the Soviet Union. The *Guam Daily News*, though, swiftly came out with an editorial saying that "we do not want independence kicked down our throats," and urging Guamanians to let the United Nations know that "what we have been aspiring for is closer union with the United States, not for separation."

Until two years ago, when the Ken-



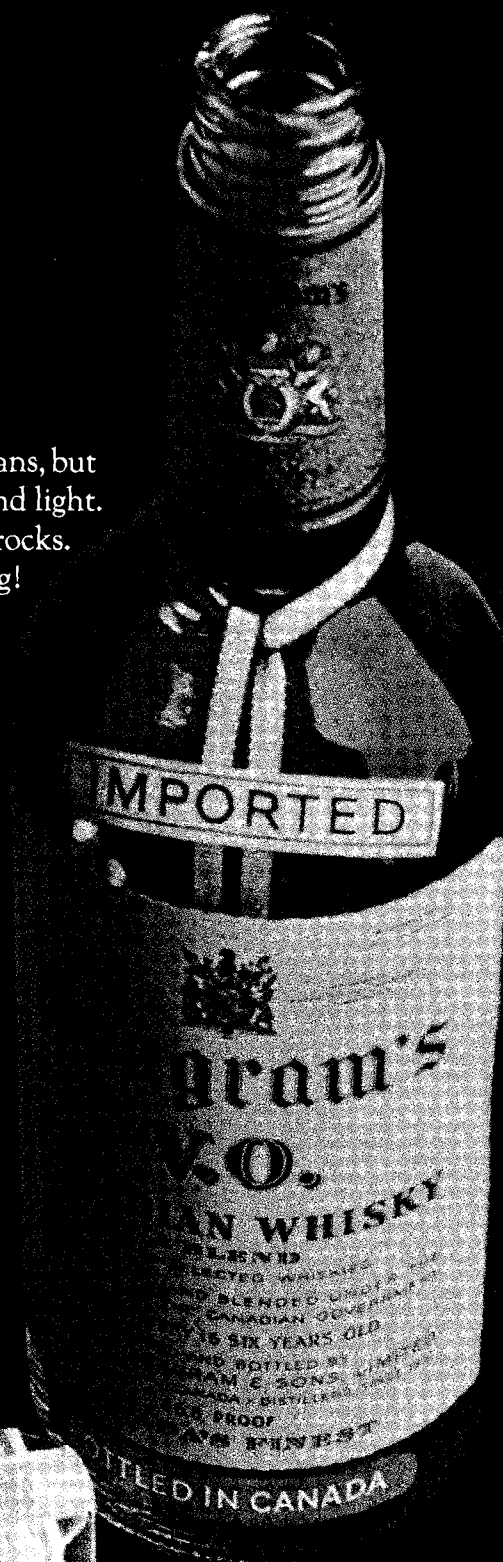


My husband introduced me to a  
really smooth Canadian last night!

I've always liked Canadians, but  
none of them ever tasted this smooth and light.  
So smooth, it even tastes good on the rocks.

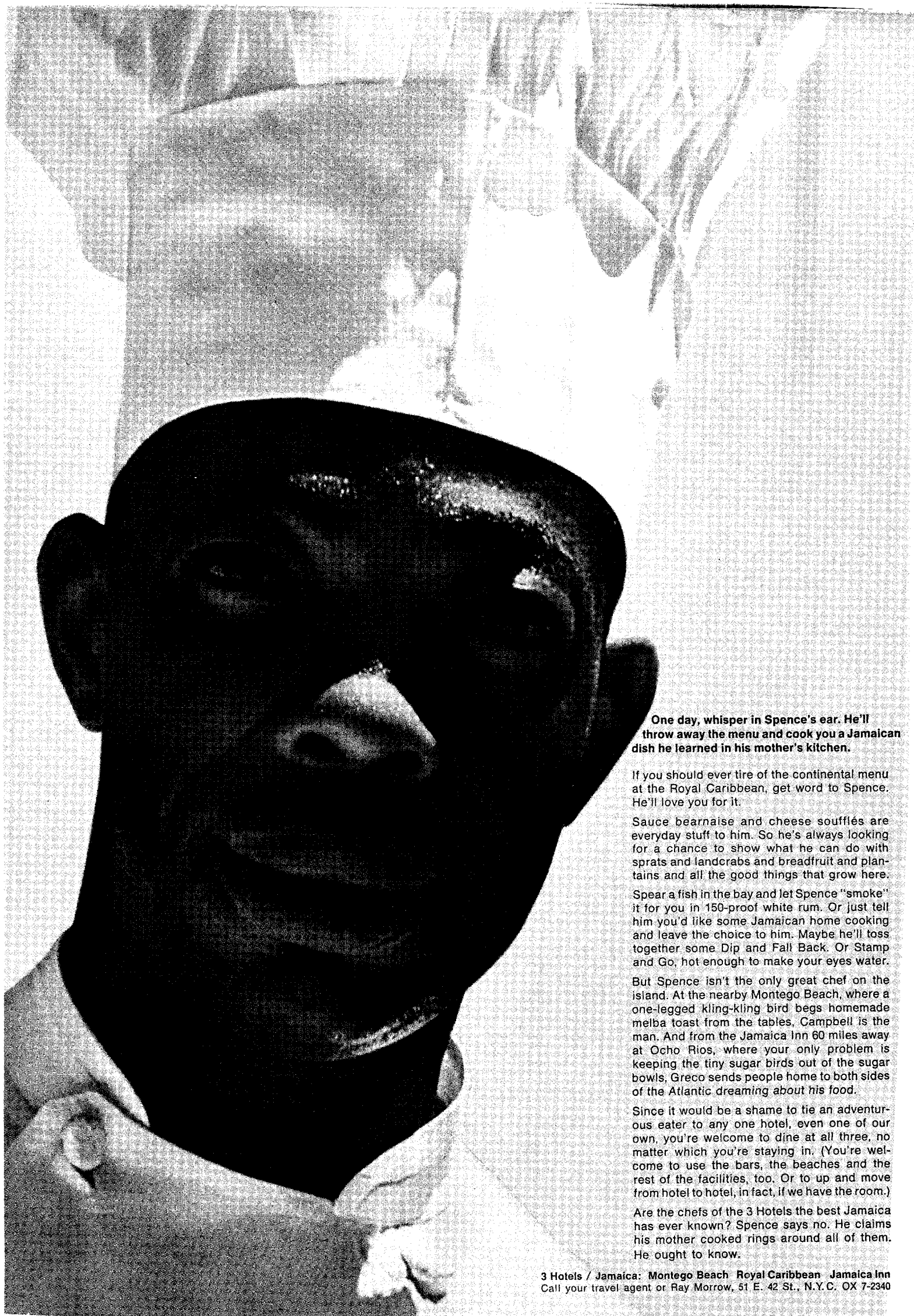
Oh...you knew it all along!  
Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's  
Canadian



CANADIAN WHISKY - 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) - SEAGRAM DISTILLING CO. LTD. - TORONTO, CANADA





**One day, whisper in Spence's ear. He'll throw away the menu and cook you a Jamaican dish he learned in his mother's kitchen.**

If you should ever tire of the continental menu at the Royal Caribbean, get word to Spence. He'll love you for it.

Sauce bearnaise and cheese soufflés are everyday stuff to him. So he's always looking for a chance to show what he can do with sprats and landcrabs and breadfruit and plantains and all the good things that grow here.

Spear a fish in the bay and let Spence "smoke" it for you in 150-proof white rum. Or just tell him you'd like some Jamaican home cooking and leave the choice to him. Maybe he'll toss together some Dip and Fall Back. Or Stamp and Go, hot enough to make your eyes water.

But Spence isn't the only great chef on the island. At the nearby Montego Beach, where a one-legged kling-kling bird begs homemade melba toast from the tables, Campbell is the man. And from the Jamaica Inn 60 miles away at Ocho Rios, where your only problem is keeping the tiny sugar birds out of the sugar bowls, Greco sends people home to both sides of the Atlantic dreaming about his food.

Since it would be a shame to tie an adventurous eater to any one hotel, even one of our own, you're welcome to dine at all three, no matter which you're staying in. (You're welcome to use the bars, the beaches and the rest of the facilities, too. Or to up and move from hotel to hotel, in fact, if we have the room.)

Are the chefs of the 3 Hotels the best Jamaica has ever known? Spence says no. He claims his mother cooked rings around all of them. He ought to know.

**3 Hotels / Jamaica: Montego Beach Royal Caribbean Jamaica Inn**  
Call your travel agent or Ray Morrow, 51 E. 42 St., N.Y.C. OX 7-2340

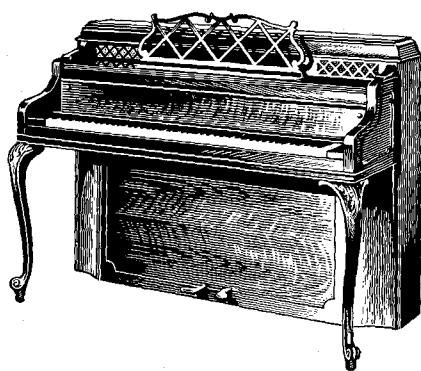


nedy administration did away with a policy that had been in effect since the end of the Second World War, Guam's detachment from the rest of the United States was attributable only in part to the island's remoteness. The Navy had been running the place, and nobody had been able to visit it without Navy sanction. Now any American can inspect this farthest-flung segment of his nation. Guam remains the westernmost military bastion we can call our very own (our armed forces elsewhere in Asia are there by sufferance of other sovereign nations, who—in theory, at least—could ask us to leave), but now the Navy's representatives here, and also those of the Strategic Air Command, which has a big base on the north end of the island, are positively hospitable to civilians, and the admiral in command of the area is doing his best to help the local government convert it into a tourist mecca comparable to Hawaii. "Guam Is Good, but Promises to Be Better," a Navy publication recently proclaimed, and the local Chamber of Commerce, presumably in order to stimulate the imagination of visitors who would regard it as thrilling to get close to danger, boasts that Guam is "only fifteen hundred miles outside the Bamboo Curtain of Communist China"—a distinction that tourists bound for Hong Kong or Macao might find something less than hair-raising. (Presumably because Guam at present services Polaris-equipped submarines, a Russian trawler has been hanging around this island inquisitively—only a few lengths outside the three-mile limit—for the last two months.) There has been talk here for years about attracting tourists, but at the moment Guam hasn't much to offer them. The only airport facility is a dingy quonset hut (a new one is in the works, though, as part of the over-all rehabilitation program), the only accommodations are provided by two motels with around a hundred rooms between them, and there is one sight-seeing company, with a fleet of two buses. Still, Guam is beginning to take halting steps toward its goal. The local government has allocated sixty thousand dollars for the sprucing up of a crushed-coral beach north of Agaña, a full-time tourism man has been recruited from Hawaii, and there is talk of a hundred-room Hilton hotel—or, better yet, a hundred-and-twenty-room hotel put up by local entrepreneurs, with a swimming pool and a tennis court. This past summer, Guam was host to its first convention—seventy women from eleven countries, repre-



It's on the verge of being rather popular.  
Better hurry.





## The Steinway is a thing of beauty

Its tasteful lines belong with any decor, and outlive fickle style changes. But Steinway beauty isn't skin deep, there is an inner glory. Steinway tone in vertical pianos is created with the same craft and care as in the famous Steinway Grands. This is the quality that inspires great artists to perform consistently on the Instrument of the Immortals.

Please send for our color catalog

STEINWAY & SONS 111 W. 57TH ST. NEW YORK



Tiffany wildlife for young people, by Beatrice Grover. Hand-painted on earthenware. \$17.50 the three-piece place setting.

### TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET  
NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS · HOUSTON

senting the Federation of Asian Women's Associations. In addition to conducting their business, the ladies rode carabaos and looked over the restoration of an old-fashioned thatched-roofed Chamorro village, which had been put together rather hurriedly. Prisoners were mobilized from the local jail to get coconut-palm fronds for the roofs, and the Governor's wife gave a thatching party, attended by eight hundred volunteer thatchers. At present, Guam's bona-fide tourists consist entirely of the passengers—a hundred and twenty-five of them, usually—on a small Australian cruise ship that puts in at Agaña for the day once a month. This spring, though, a *big* Australian cruise ship, with accommodations for thirteen hundred, has agreed to dock here, and already prospective greeters are agog with excitement. "It will be the greatest thing that has happened to Guam since Magellan discovered it," the Guam tourism expert told me. Another government official said, less extravagantly, that the arrival of the larger vessel would certainly mark the start of a new day. "We've got to get more things here to offer tourists, though," he added. "A pretty view and nice sunsets may not be enough. Maybe we could get somebody to build some charter boats for deep-sea fishing. You hit one of those *mahimahi* or skipjacks we have out here and it's really nice. Of course, we have good shopping here, being a free port, like Hong Kong. Why, one New Zealand woman on a cruise bought two electric rotisseries here—a hundred and thirty dollars' worth in ten minutes, just like that! But we probably need a little more. Maybe we could make a pretty good tourist gimmick out of our cockfighting—without spurs, I guess."

Guam suspects that the majority of the tourists who ultimately turn up will come not from the American mainland but from Japan and Australia. Those two countries have been trading with each other at an increasingly rapid clip, and Guam lies on the path between them. Since Japan is by far the more populous of the two, it is from Japan that Guam hopes to lure a really substantial number of wayfarers. Guamanians acquired a deep loathing for everything about Japan during that country's wartime occupation of the island, but now—like mainland Americans—they are modifying their stand. Last fall, the College of Guam added a course in Japanese to its curriculum, and a few weeks after that a delegation from Guam ceremonially delivered to Japan a Zero fighter plane (the Japa-





Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth; Dayton's, Minneapolis.

## The mark of a knowing woman

This exciting costume by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner  
with the mark of the world's best... pure wool

The way of knowing: the wool mark. When you see it you know the fabric's the world's best... pure wool. Bill Blass chooses white worsted twill, adds an accent of navy, to bring you a new ease and softness in the tailored costume. A pure wool that carries out



This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.  
to quality products made of the world's best... pure wool.

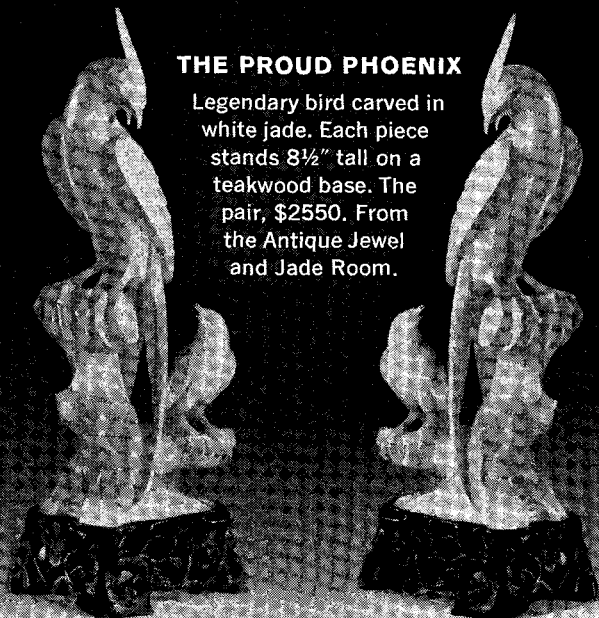
a designer's intentions with élan. Pure, soft, supple, shape-holding wool. To know you're getting the best, look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



# Cartier

## THE PROUD PHOENIX

Legendary bird carved in white jade. Each piece stands 8½" tall on a teakwood base. The pair, \$2550. From the Antique Jewel and Jade Room.



FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111  
CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH | CARTIER, S.A., PARIS | CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

nese didn't have a single one left for a souvenir) that had been discovered not long before in a swamp just a quarter of a mile from the center of Agaña, where a clump of tangantangan trees had grown up around and over it. (The plane was reasonably intact; it had apparently made a fairly smooth crash landing.) Guamanians forgive readily. They have forgiven Magellan, who, upon landing here in 1521, with most of his crew suffering from starvation and scurvy, ordered his abler-bodied seamen to murder a number of Chamorros who had paddled out to his ship with food and water for the ailing. (Magellan thought the natives were light-fingered, and therefore hung on Guam and its neighboring islands the name Ladrões—Islands of Thieves.) A few months ago, a Japanese newspaperman visiting the island reported coming upon a Guamanian who was willing to let bygones be bygones even though during the Second World War some Japanese had buried him alive and he had barely managed to dig himself free.

THE Japanese newspaperman was one of two dozen reporters and photographers who came here from Tokyo to cover the latest episode in a cliff-hanger serial story that has been diverting both Guamanians and Japanese for twenty years. In July of 1944, when the United States liberated Guam, the Japanese occupying garrison fled into the jungles. In accordance with the Japanese military code of that era, many committed suicide to avoid the dishonor of being taken prisoner. Many others were tracked down and shot, in subsequent months and years, by police posses who were called the Guam Combat Patrol. A few, determined never to surrender to their Emperor's Yankee enemies, escaped and hid out, sustaining themselves on the island's abundant wild fruits and on what additional provender they could steal. Early in 1962, in these pages, I wrote at some length about the adventures of the two most durable known stragglers—Bunzo Minagawa and Masashi Ito, a pair of Japanese enlisted men who were captured, not without a struggle, in May, 1960. They had been leading what they conceded was a thoroughly miserable life in Guam's boondocks for just two months shy of sixteen years. Minagawa and Ito, after their return to Japan and their absorption into a strange new postwar world (both got married, sired children, and became watchmen at a motion-picture studio), often said that



Bill Atkinson's Perennial Collection for Glen of Michigan opens charmingly. With a back buttoned Burlington skirt in oxford weave Dacron polyester and cotton from Galey and Lord, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 18.

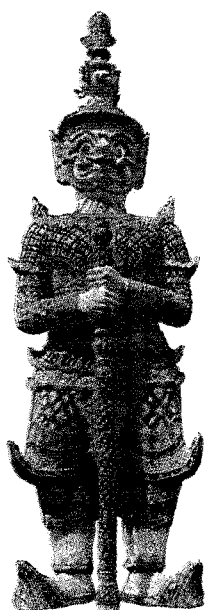
# Galey & Lord





## Now American Express offers you deluxe world touring for less than you pay to travel economy class on other tours.

New American Express World Tours give you spectacular days  
of traveling in the grand manner for as little as \$25 a day!\*



**Pinch yourself!** It's all true. American Express lets you circle the world for 40 glorious days—living first class all the way—and charges you less than other tours charge tourist class!

**American Express style means first class!** You stay in first-class hotels, like the Nile Hilton in Cairo, International in Kyoto, new Mandarin in Hong Kong.

You fly Pan Am Clippers. You eat first-class gourmet meals. And here's what else we mean by American Express style!

**Tour in depth.** Your American Express world tour is *more* than a cameo visit. Encyclopaedic guides await you. College professors have prepared informal on-the-spot talks on local customs, habits, history. You get to know countries in *depth*.

**Million-mile escorts.** Hand-picked escorts look after every need. Even to changing an itinerary. Most have been round the world twelve or more times. They're a corps of the most experienced travelers in the business.

**Exotic highlights.** Ride an elephant in the "Pink City" of Jaipur. Take tea with a hospitable

Kyoto family. Cruise the serene island-speckled Inland Sea. Dine on the Nile.

**How the 409 American Express offices aid you.** American Express has a worldwide network of 409 offices—more than anyone else. They keep your tour running smoothly, give up-to-the-minute local information, forward mail.

**Guide to world touring.** There are over 40 American Express tours going around the world, over 20 to the Orient, and 12 to the Eastern Mediterranean. All save you up to \$5 a day on land portion costs.

Below are five American Express style tours. Clip the coupon to browse your way around the world.

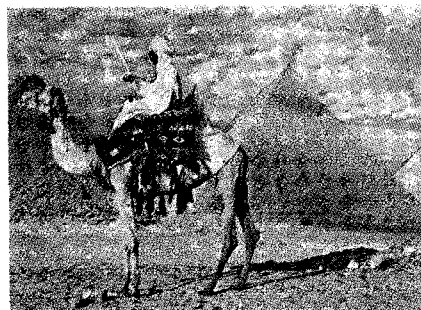
| Tours           | Days | Countries | Tour Cost | Total (incl. air fare) |
|-----------------|------|-----------|-----------|------------------------|
| <b>Deluxe:</b>  |      |           |           |                        |
| Orient          | 27   | 8         | \$760     | <b>\$1,750</b>         |
| E. Med.         | 28   | 7         | \$838     | <b>\$1,652</b>         |
| World           | 40   | 10        | \$987     | <b>\$2,310</b>         |
| <b>Tourist:</b> |      |           |           |                        |
| Orient          | 15   | 6         | \$305     | <b>\$1,295</b>         |
| World           | 23   | 9         | \$487     | <b>\$1,750</b>         |

\*Not including economy air fare. See box above.

**Hidden extras.** Many tours have budget-whittling extras hidden in their overall charges. American Express tours are

*all-inclusive.* No "optional" side excursions. No tipping. No hidden service charges. The prices given are for the tour—*complete*.

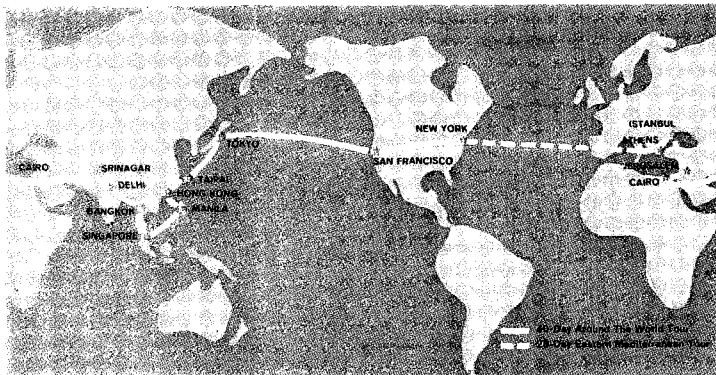
**The "granddaddy" of tours for people who've seen it all.** The American Express 63-day world tour is the most complete escorted tour in the world.



Discover 17 countries in depth—including 23 days in ancient Egypt, the Holy Land and Greece. \$3,155.

All these tours are available through your local American Express Travel Agency and fine travel agents everywhere. They'll give you full details and a colorful 32-page brochure. Or send the coupon below and you'll get the brochure by return mail.

**Discover the World—  
American Express style.**



AMERICAN EXPRESS

Mr. Peter Crone, American Express Co.  
150 E. 42 St., N.Y. 10017,  
(Phone: MU 7-3847)

Please send me complete details of  
around the world touring.

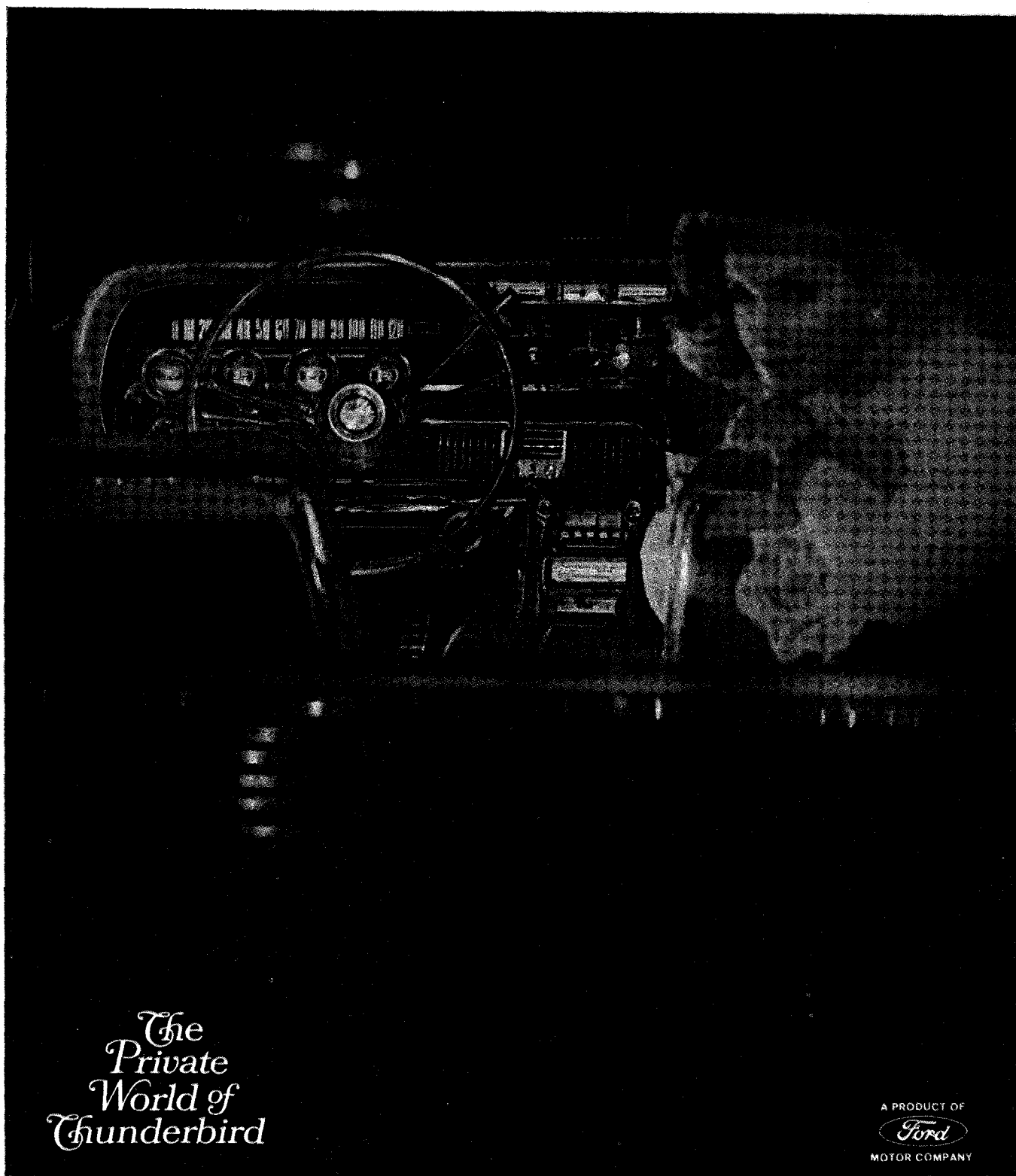
Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_





## The Private World of Thunderbird

A PRODUCT OF  
  
 MOTOR COMPANY

Ask the lady in blue what's so unique about Thunderbird for 1965. Better yet, take the wheel and see... the wheel that swings aside to ease your entrance. Thunderbird is designed to give you every convenience—absolute command. Cruise-O-Matic drive, 300 horsepower Thunderbird Special V-8, power steering, new sequential taillight turn signals and power front disc brakes are standard. Also: lights that tell you when fuel is low, a door is ajar... lights that signal when you are stopped off the highway... reclining passenger seat are but a few of the unique Thunderbird options. And once you take Thunderbird out on the road, you'll see why it's also one of the most exciting ways to travel. Here is motion so solid, so sure and hushed, it rivals the soaring feeling of flight... an experience unique to the Private World of Thunderbird. See your Ford Dealer. Discover the special feeling that only Thunderbird drivers know.

**Thunderbird** *Unique in all the world* 



they had no reason to believe there might not be other stragglers still roaming miserably around Guam, unwilling to give themselves up either because they weren't sure the war was over and were determined to go on fighting if they ever got a chance to, or because they were afraid they'd be killed if they were captured, or because they were ashamed of not having committed suicide when their war was lost. And from time to time something would happen on Guam to justify Minagawa's and Ito's contention. In April, 1962, for instance, a Guamanian reported that he had shot a stragglerlike fellow out in the jungle. By the time the local constabulary found the body, it was unidentifiable, having been found by wild boars first. But when the scattered bones were assembled and examined, it was judged that they might conceivably be of Japanese origin.

Back in Tokyo, this incident was of particular interest to the Repatriation Aid Bureau of Japan's Ministry of Health and Welfare. Ever since the Japanese surrender in 1945, it has been the Bureau's task to try to find and bring home the remnants, dead or alive, of the vast and widespread Japanese expeditionary forces. On and off, in the postwar years, the Japanese government had asked the United States for permission to send a search party to Guam, on the theory that any Japanese in hiding might come out if other Japanese besought them to. (The Bureau had twice sent expeditions to Lubang, a small island of the Philippines, where there was good reason to believe that two holdouts were at large, but both expeditions had returned empty-handed.) In July, 1960, shortly after Minagawa and Ito were flushed out, the Bureau, through the Japanese Foreign Office, asked the United States to comb Guam on its behalf. That November, the United States sent word back that there were no more stragglers on Guam—an assertion that anyone familiar with Guam's tangled undergrowth and its honeycomb of caves



PHOTOGRAPH BY TAYLOR LEWIS

## The Point.

The point is reality. The reality of all the little things . . . the many insistent echoes of a history that makes itself felt, heard, seen . . . and lived. They add up, in Williamsburg, to an enchanting haven of our colonial past where the eighteenth century lives on. When you come, enjoy a gracious stay at the Williamsburg Inn, Williamsburg Lodge, or The Motor House. And look for fascinating little things like this old newel post on a gate of yesterday.

*Where to stay:* Williamsburg Inn, from \$16 double. The Lodge, from \$12 double. Colonial Houses, from \$12 double. The Motor House, \$14 double. For complete information, free color folder or reservations, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or call Reservation Offices: New York, CIRCLE 6-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; Baltimore, ENterprise 9-8855.



COLONIAL  
*Williamsburg*  
VIRGINIA

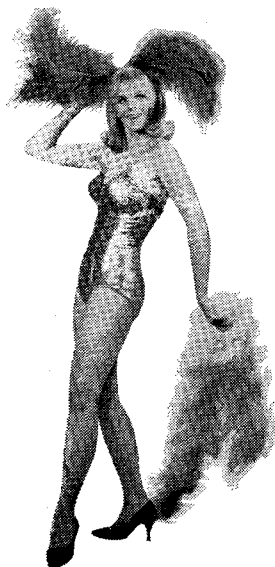
# “By George— 22 surprises and all in Amsterdam”



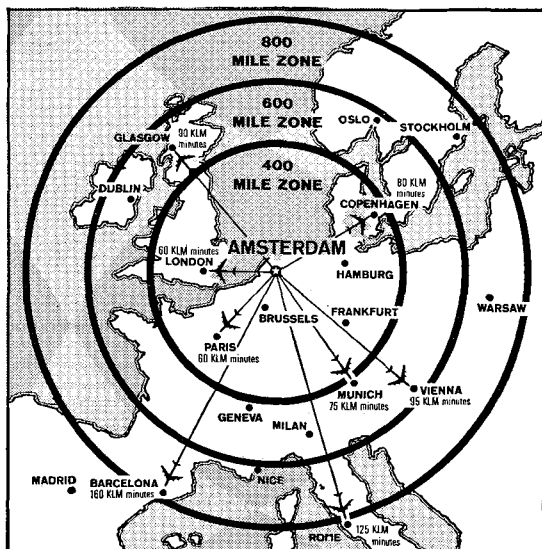
Reliable KLM brings you up-to-date on the surprises of Amsterdam. One of them will stand your hair on end. Read all 22 surprises, then clip coupon for “Surprising Amsterdam” guidebook.



**Surprising sights.** Amsterdam’s wooden Magere (pronounce it MOCK-huh-ra) Bridge is about 300 years old. It is one of Amsterdam’s most popular landmarks.



**Surprising nightlife.** Amsterdam swings. After-dark entertainment ranges from ecdysiasts (above) to avant-garde poetry readings.



**Surprising gateway.** Amsterdam is the hub of Europe. And note how quickly KLM can jet you to other major European cities. Example: London or Paris, 1 hour.

**T**ODAY, KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch can fly you to 40 cities in Europe. Each has its own special personality.

*But we're willing to bet that you will find Amsterdam the most surprising city of all.*

Here are 22 reasons why.

- 1. You can see the “8th wonder of the world”—Amsterdam’s Royal Palace.** This massive building is actually on “stilts”—13,659 wooden pilings driven 70 feet into the earth.
- 2. You can rent a European car and zoom around Holland’s finest speedway.** Track fee: 56 cents. Drive out to Zandvoort raceway (15 miles from Amsterdam) for some hair-raising thrills.
- 3. You can dine in the world’s skinniest restaurant.** Amsterdam’s *Green Lantern* is 3 stories high—and only 6 feet wide.
- 4. Amsterdam has twice as many miles of canals as Venice, more bridges than London.** You can take a 75-minute boat tour for just 60 cents.
- 5. Amsterdam is the most logical place to start your European tour.** Fourteen of Europe’s great cities are within an 800-mile circle of Amsterdam. (See map.)
- 6. You can have a rollicking “night on the town” in Amsterdam for under \$5.** Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs. A glass of jenever gin costs about 25 cents.
- 7. You can see the world’s most spectacular van Gogh collection for 15 cents.** Amsterdam’s Municipal Museum has 517 paintings and drawings that show the entire range of van Gogh’s work.



(Amsterdam continued)



**Surprising art treasures.** The self-portrait above is one of the 517 van Goghs in the Municipal Museum.

**8. You can rent a bike and join Amsterdam's fantastic bicycle brigade for about 85 cents a day.** Amsterdam has more bicyclists than any city in the world.

**9. You can undergo Europe's only official test for witchcraft.** At Oudewater, just 35 miles from Amsterdam, you can be weighed on the Witches Scale (circa 1550 A.D.).

**10. You can see a 400-carat U.N. emblem set with 5,180 diamonds at an Amsterdam diamond center.** You can also see the tiniest diamond ever cut—1/833 of a carat. Admission free.

**11. You can dine at a restaurant where a 21-dish rijsttafel feast for two costs about \$3.00.** This fantastic treat includes Javanese meatballs (*Perkedel Djawa*), curried chicken, fried cocoanut, shrimp chips.

**12. Amsterdam is one of the continent's most perfectly preserved large cities.** Not one brick or stone can be removed without permission of city officials. Consider the old church on Westermarket Street where Rembrandt was buried in 1669. It looks just as it did the day it was built—in 1620.

**Surprising sounds.** Amsterdam is a city of musicians. It has one of the world's great symphony orchestras—and more barrel organs that any city in Europe.

**13. You can visit the Anne Frank House.** The attic rooms remain the way the Frank family left them. Open daily.

**14. You will hear more barrel organs and carillons in Amsterdam than in any European city.** Music is *everywhere* in Amsterdam. Huge barrel organs serenade you. Street bands play. Carillons chime in on the hour and half-hour.

**15. You can buy a car tax-free at Amsterdam Airport—and save enough to pay for your European vacation.** Buy a Mercedes-Benz 230 SL Roadster, add on shipping cost to New York and duty—and you *still* save \$1,700.

**16. You can hear one of the six best symphony orchestras in the world for as little as \$2.** That's the price of a good seat at a performance by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra.

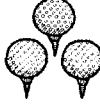
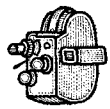
**17. You can visit Aalsmeer and see 320 acres of greenhouse blossoms.** Aalsmeer—next door to Amsterdam Airport—is the center of European flower growing.

**18. You can rent a boat, with an English-speaking skipper, and tour Holland by water—\$4.75 a day.** Holland has 4,000 miles of navigable waterways. The rate above is per person, party of six.

**19. You can have your portrait painted on a Delft plate by a Dutch artist.** At the Royal Factory in Delft (only 40 miles from Amsterdam), you can be immortalized on porcelain. Simply give the artist a photograph to work from.

**20. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in Europe.** The Dutch learn English at school, and love to practice it—a blessing when you need advice or directions.

**21. You will find a dozen ancient castles near Amsterdam—including Muiden,** where a Count was murdered in an upstairs bedroom over 700 years ago. Visit the wine cellar and drink a toast to the Count's ghost.

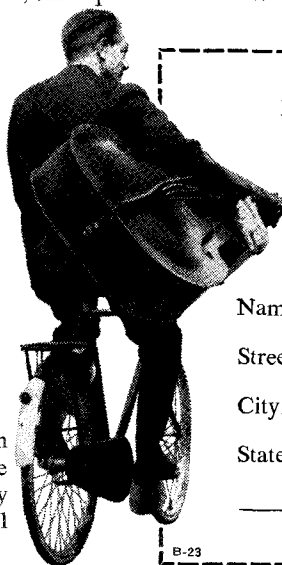
|                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <br>Liquor:<br>150 brands,<br>savings up to \$7 | <br>Cameras:<br>32 brands,<br>savings up to \$194          | <br>Watches:<br>savings up to \$142             |
| <br>Tape recorders:<br>savings up to \$166      | <br>Perfume:<br>21 brands, savings<br>up to \$30 per ounce | <br>Golf balls:<br>savings up to<br>\$6 a dozen |
| <br>Cigars:<br>savings up to<br>\$22 on 100     | <br>Movie cameras:<br>savings up to \$201                  | <br>Binoculars:<br>savings up to \$70           |

**Surprising bargains.** You can now buy a bottle of tax-free Scotch at Amsterdam airport for \$2.

**22. You can find Europe's best bargains in Amsterdam.** Antiques are as much as 80 percent cheaper than in the U.S. Note other bargains (above) in Amsterdam Airport's tax-free shopping center.

### New "Surprising Amsterdam" Guidebook

Reliable KLM has just published a 192-page guidebook to Surprising Amsterdam. You'll find a surprise on almost every page. You'll also find hundreds of valuable tips and shopping hints. Pick up a free copy from your travel agent. Or, use the handy coupon below.



KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, G.P.O. Box 1869, N.Y., N.Y. 10001

☐ I enclose 25¢ in coin or stamps to cover handling and mailing costs. Please send my free copy of KLM's new guidebook, "Surprising Amsterdam."

☐ Please send free KLM booklet, "KLM Vacation Guide—1965."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

(My travel agent is)



ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES



OUR SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR



THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS. \$2.00

## Baker Furniture, Inc.

### CABINET MAKERS

302 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

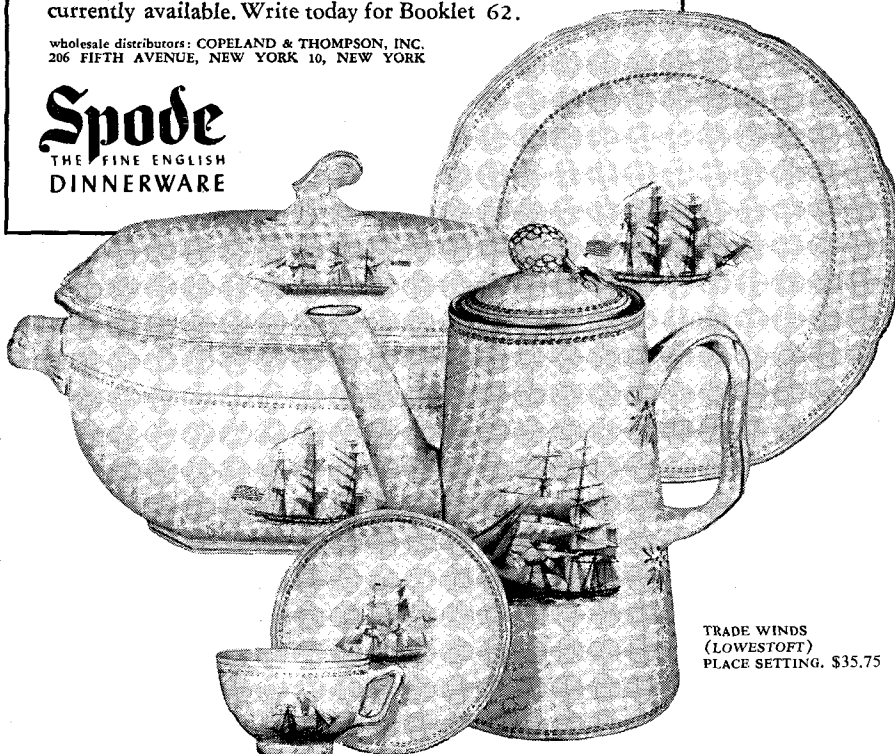
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES  
DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

## DON'T WAIT TO INHERIT SPODE

The gallant ships of the China Trade sail again, as authentic decorations on Spode Lowestoft. In Chinese lacquer red with a gold edge, Trade Winds is a collection of conversation pieces for use at table, on the wall, or in the china cabinet. It is but one of a hundred and more Spode patterns currently available. Write today for Booklet 62.

wholesale distributors: COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC.  
206 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

**Spode**  
THE FINE ENGLISH  
DINNERWARE



TRADE WINDS  
(LOWESTOFT)  
PLACE SETTING. \$35.75

could hardly be expected to take as definitive. In July, 1962, after the wild-boar incident, Japan once more asked the United States to look around. It was August, 1963, before a reply reached Tokyo, and the answer was the same: No more stragglers on Guam.

At 6 A.M. last August 26th, a twenty-five-year-old Guamanian named José George, who drove a truck for a company that sold coral to construction firms, went to a dump at a Naval Communications Station on the northeast part of the island to deposit a load of trash. The area is off limits to Guamanians who have no business there, but, like other restricted sections of the island, it is not infrequently invaded by trespassers. Scavengers forage in Navy dumps, and poachers wander through woods adjacent to them, hunting deer out of season. Once, two illicit hunters fatally shot one another in such an area, each thinking he had a bead on a deer. Recently, one Guamanian was fined two hundred dollars and given sixty days in jail for hunting at night on a military reservation (he was a second offender), and another was indicted for first-degree murder after allegedly shooting a federal Fish and Wildlife agent who had nabbed him and was trying to disarm him. (He was tried before a jury and acquitted.) José George, however, was authorized to use the dump at the Naval Communications Station, and he often went to it. On the morning in question, he was surprised to see a scrawny, long-haired, raggedly clad figure bending over, with its back to him, and picking at the refuse. (The pickings can be good, for the Navy is prodigal with its garbage; not long ago a Guamanian policeman making a routine check of the dump found six loaves of bread, twenty pounds of sliced ham, and a mess of chicken—none of it spotless but all of it edible.) As George later recounted the story, the scavenger stood up at his approach and turned and faced him. He realized then that it was not a woman, as he had thought, but a long-haired, bearded, and—he was convinced—Japanese man. The intruder began to run away, limping, and George leaped from his truck and took out after him. He would have caught him if he hadn't stopped at hearing a shout behind him. He looked back, and there was another man, similar in appearance to the first one, crouched behind a pile of debris and aiming a rifle at him. The crouching man pulled the trigger, but there was only a click. Now George took to his heels. He





***Does anyone else  
know why we slice  
beans on a slant?***

You can always spot a know-it-all. Especially if he's green, dressed in leaves, and several times taller than anyone else around.

And on the subject of what to do with summer-fresh green beans, the Jolly Green Giant can be downright dogmatic.

Slice them on a slant, he says.

He keeps pointing out that slicing beans bite-size and on the diagonal exposes more of the fresh inner bean.

Of course, the Green Giant is more than just a big talker. He's got the beans to back him up.

So whenever he starts in to tell about his Green Giant Kitchen Sliced diagonal cut green beans, go along with him. Even try some, if he suggests it.

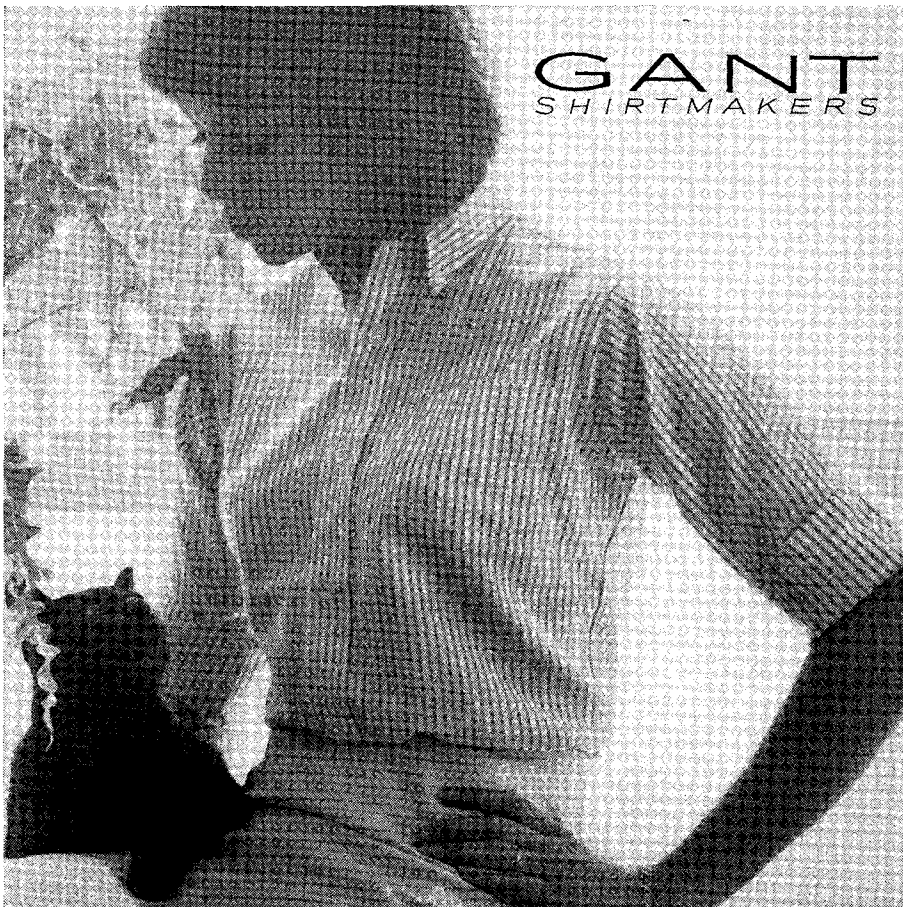
Out of respect to his great knowledge. And size.

***Green Giant®***  
Good things from the garden

\*Green Giant and Kitchen Sliced are trademarks of the GGCo.



Pray do. Years now, Hair Spray DE Pantene has been the secret chic of Europe's natural beauties. Because it is the one. The one with o-Panthenol. In consequence: Pantene takes less to do more. Deep-conditions while it does. Does it all lightly, discreetly. Now it is here. Two ways. Normal or Super-Soft, for dry, tinted or bleached hair. \$2 the container, plus 10% federal excise tax. Mail orders to Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N.Y.C. Add 45¢. The Pantene Company, 340 Kingsland Street, Nutley, N.J.



**for women, Gant makes shirts, not blouses**

...in this luxuriant cotton oxford. Burgundy, blue or green stripes. About \$7.50 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

clambered back into his truck and sped to the nearest Navy sentry post. When he got there, he was so shaky that he had to sit down and compose himself before he could give a coherent account of what had happened.

The *Guam Daily News*, which has become blasé about straggler sightings over the years, ran the story the next day without making much of a fuss over it. The reaction in Tokyo, when the news was relayed there, was quite different. People wrote letters to the editors: If there were Japanese soldiers still at large who had committed no crime and had merely been faithful to their Emperor's injunction not to capitulate as long as the breath of life remained in them, what did the government propose to do about rescuing them from their plight and returning them to a land of peace and plenty? Whatever was to be done, it was the Repatriation Aid Bureau's job to do it, but the Bureau, being concerned with the aftermath of war, had long been a stepchild of a government trying to forget that that war had ever occurred. The Repatriation officials therefore had only limited funds at their disposal, but after examining their resources they concluded that they could allocate two and a half million yen—about six thousand dollars—for an expedition to Guam. They wanted to make sure first, though, that such an expenditure was justified, and they addressed urgent inquiries, through the American Embassy in Tokyo, to the government of Guam. The official United States position, the Japanese learned, was unchanged. Aside from José George's unsupported testimony, there was not a shred of evidence of any stragglers. The police on Guam, however, had found George's story both unshakable and persuasive. (There had been talk of giving him a lie-detector test, but, as the Guam police pointed out, he hadn't been accused of any wrongdoing, and it would have been an affront to his feelings to subject him to polygraphic examination.) And now that Guam was no longer under tight Navy wraps, the United States had no objection to letting the Japanese look around. So on September 9th the Repatriation Aid Bureau began to organize a search party.

Since 1960, the Bureau had kept in touch with Minagawa and Ito, and now it planned to include one of them in the expedition—not both, for, as the Bureau well knew, the two men had become estranged in their long years of shared loneliness on Guam, and though they now worked for the same com-





**And when they get to Europe they always take the train!**

From Albany to Agadir, Anchorage to Acapulco — experienced travelers choose the most interesting ways to travel. But, in all the world there is nothing to compare with the comfort, the interest, the service, the food, the convenience and the low cost of traveling through Europe by train.

Ask the experienced traveler!

Ask your travel agent about the wonderful train travel values he has for you.

You'll be surprised how much more comfortable you'll be and how much less it will cost if you take the train in Europe.



**See Europe the *real* way—by railway**





**MOYGASHEL®**

Perfection of Irish linen . . . coupled with the craft of Nardis . . . a three-piecer designed for Young Moderns In The Know. Suit and blouse color-coordinated in yellow, blue, pink. 6 to 16. About \$55.

**NARDIS**

Bullock's, Sherman Oaks  
Joske's, Houston  
Margo's, Dallas  
Street's, Oklahoma City

pany in Tokyo, they hardly ever spoke to each other. Ito was a little the stronger of the two, but he had a slight stammer, which might make communication with unseen auditors in the jungle difficult, and, anyway, in the Bureau's view Minagawa was a little the smarter. So Minagawa was invited to go back to Guam. He at once agreed. His children are quite young (his daughter, Humeo, is two and his son, Yoshibumi, only a year old), but his wife and he both felt strongly that he had a duty to go—that the stragglers, if there were any still on Guam, had been his comrades-in-arms, and, just as it was the responsibility of the Japanese government to succor them as soon as possible, so it was his personal responsibility to use his jungle expertise on their behalf. "They are my brothers, and they are having a wretched time," he said. "They don't deserve to suffer any longer." The Japanese government dug up some twenty-year-old Imperial uniforms for Minagawa to wear on Guam—it was reasoned that a straggler spying him thus fraternally clad might be more likely to come out of hiding—and his wife gave him some carnations to take along and put on any Japanese graves he might come upon in his wanderings. He was scheduled to go to Guam on September 18th and search for four weeks. The Bureau sent an advance man there to make suitable arrangements for the hunt, and it prepared a batch of leaflets to be scattered around the area in which José George had spotted the two gaunt strangers. The leaflets contained pictures of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo and other nostalgic Japanese sights, and many words of comfort and encouragement, telling, in Japanese, how Minagawa and Ito had been repatriated and returned to a "happy home life with their wives and children as respectable members of society," and saying also:

The Pacific War ended on August 15, 1945. Nineteen years have passed since the end of the war, and Japan, as a respectable country in Asia, is now on friendly terms with the United States.

Learning that you are alive on Guam Island, all the people in Japan were surprised and glad about your miraculous survival, and they are praying for your early return to Japan. . . .

There is absolutely no danger to your lives. You will not be treated as prisoners of war. Please answer our appeal. . . .

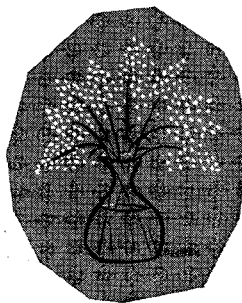
To facilitate a reply, it was arranged to have each leaflet encased in a plastic

bag along with some up-to-date Japanese newspapers, a blank sheet of writing paper, and two pencils. The idea was that the stragglers could write their names and home addresses on the blank sheet, along with the names of their closest relatives. If any straggler did that, the Repatriation Aid Bureau planned to bring his loved ones to Guam and let them call out to him over a loudspeaker. The Repatriation Aid Bureau also assembled tapes of well-known Japanese sentimental songs, and five hundred non-governmental Japanese who wanted to help convened at the Singing Voice Coffee

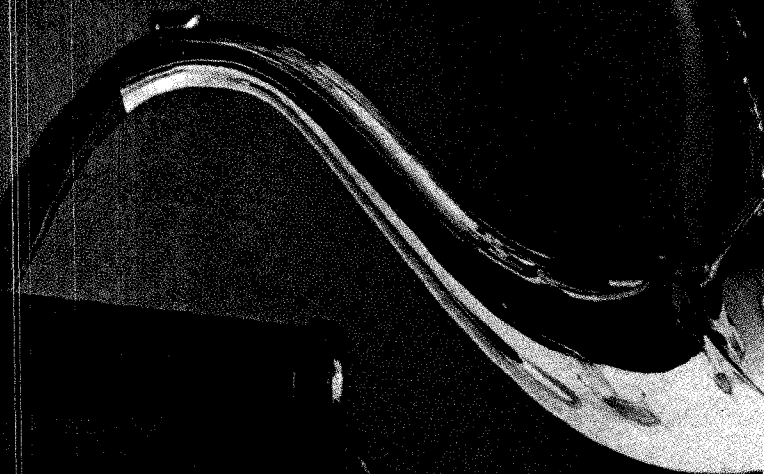
Shop, in the Shinjuku section of Tokyo, and made a special recording of a choral hymn that had been composed for the Tokyo Olympics. The Repatriation Aid Bureau pigeonholed the recording, however, reasoning that any Japanese who had gone into hiding on Guam in 1944 would only be con-

fused by talk, or song, of Olympic Games, since the last information he would probably have had about any Olympics would have been about the ones that were scheduled to be held in Tokyo in 1940 but were cancelled because of the war.

**W**HILE the Japanese search party was getting ready, there was a good deal of activity on Guam. On August 27th, the day after José George's unsettling encounter, a hundred and twenty-five United States Marines and thirty Guamanian policemen spent nine and a half hours tramping around the environs of the Navy dump. The police found a Japanese-type gunny sack containing a few bones, with bits of meat attached; the Marines found two camp sites that seemed to have been used not very long before. That same day, a Navy helicopter crisscrossed the area. Aboard it, calling down reassurances through a loudspeaker, was Edward G. Tsutsui, a Hawaiian-born nisei who works in a Navy warehouse on Guam and is the island's No. 1 Japanese interpreter. (He had served as intermediary during the questioning of Minagawa and Ito immediately after they were found.) The following day, Tsutsui cruised along the northern coast of Guam aboard a Navy tug, again calling out through a loudspeaker; search parties in the jungle ashore said they could hear him clearly. To encourage any stragglers who might happen to peer







Never serve the coffee without the Cream...Harvey's Bristol Cream



An after-dinner drink should be sweet...but it shouldn't get sticky about it. Harvey's Bristol Cream doesn't. The sweetness of this rare imported sherry is subtle, its lightness is refreshing. Small wonder so many people enjoy it before the meal as well. For the perfect after-dinner drink, never serve the coffee without Harvey's Bristol Cream®. Just chill before serving. **John Harvey and Sons, Ltd.**

© 1963, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.





## '65 CHEVROLET—Now see why we

Looks high priced from where you're sitting, doesn't it?

And when you come closer, it looks even more so. Luxurious. Roomy.

Only its nameplate tells you it's a Chevrolet.

So all that's high priced about it is—its looks.

And if you want to compare this car with any on a basis other than appearance, try interior room. This one's got it. In fact, the '65 Chevrolet is the roomiest we've ever built.

One reason is its all-new perimeter-type frame design. The frame surrounds the passenger compartment, which is lower and roomier *inside* without a lot of extra width *outside*.

We also moved the engine forward. This, along with the new frame, lowers the driveline tunnel. So that hump on the floor is 25% narrower and a lot lower for extra foot room. And new curved glass in the side windows is one of the reasons why there's over three more inches of shoulder room, front and rear. (To say nothing of what it does

for Chevrolet's smart new look!)

But no more on appearance—the picture takes care of that. *Luxury* is the big word in every '65 Chevrolet—even in low-cost Bel Airs and Biscaynes. The handsome instrument panel keeps things where you can see and reach them. Color-keyed interiors have fine-textured fabrics, plush vinyls, rich, full deep-twist



*Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan in Danube Blue.*



## compare it to expensive cars

carpeting and foam-cushioned seating.

Of course luxurious Impala models like the one above feature their own elegant appointments. And Impala Super Sports boast a dashing center console, sporty front bucket seats, special instrumentation and distinctive identification.

That famous Jet-smooth ride is even better now, too. We've put new

Full Coil suspension, that rugged new frame, a new wider tread and over 700 sound and vibration dampers between you and the road.

Then, you can tailor this exceptional car to your individual taste. Order AM-FM Stereo radio, for example. Or Four-Season Air Conditioning. Or Tri-Volume Horn. Or power steering, brakes, seats, and

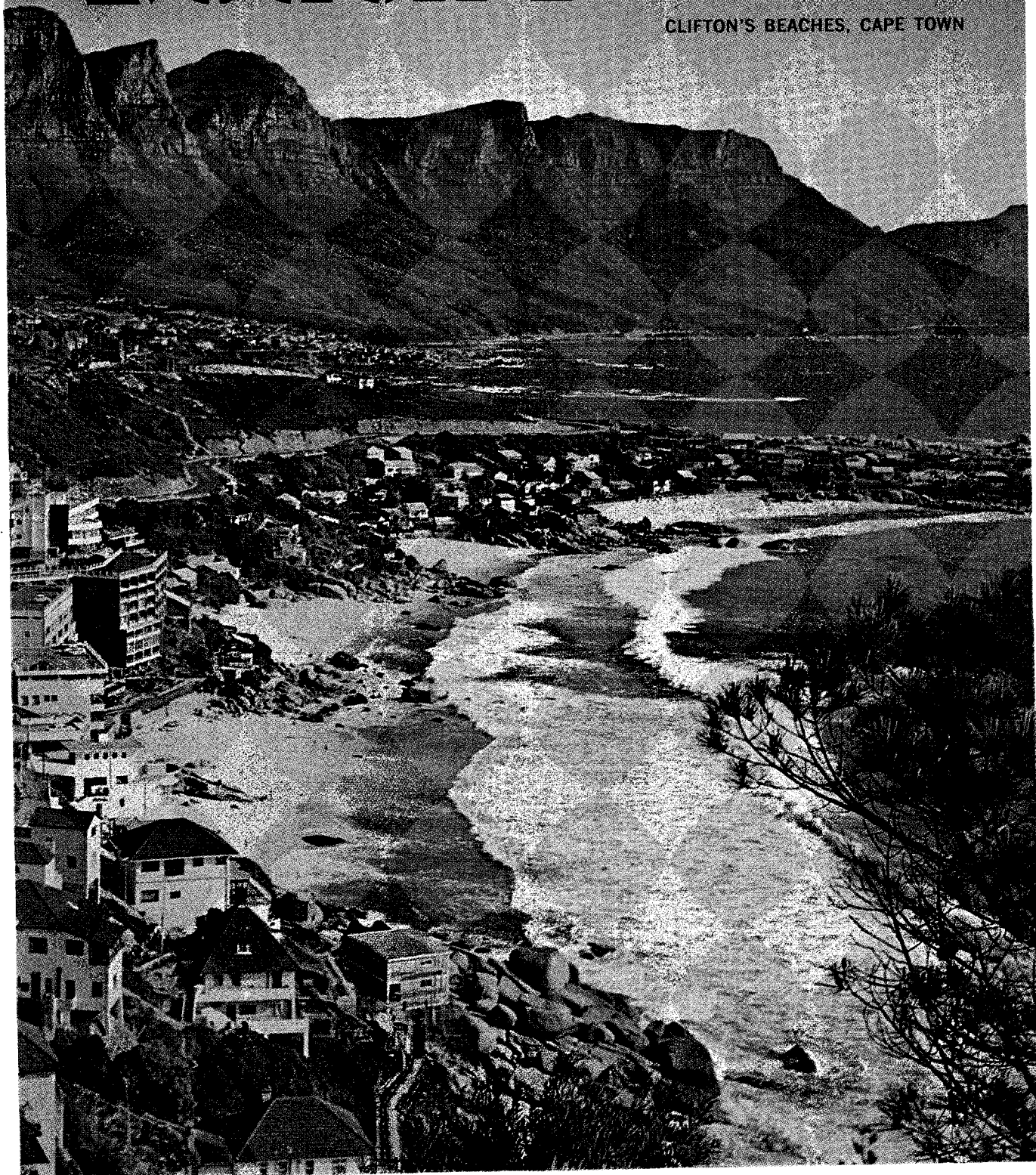
windows—and more. The list is as long as the extra miles of pleasure you'll get from it. Your Chevrolet dealer has it....Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





# SOUTH AFRICA

CLIFTON'S BEACHES, CAPE TOWN



Consult your Travel Agent. For beautifully illustrated literature, write to South African Tourist Corporation at the address nearer to you: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020 / 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212



out at the tugboat, the Navy agreed to pull down the Stars and Stripes that normally flew at its stern and substitute the Rising Sun. (A Japanese flag flying from an American naval vessel! What would a straggler think? What, when it came to that, might some American congressmen think?) Without waiting for the Repatriation Aid Bureau's leaflets to arrive from Tokyo, Tsutsui wrote out messages in Japanese, which were scattered here and there. He promised the stragglers that he would drive to the dump every afternoon for twenty-one straight days, rain or shine, in a car flying two flags—that of Japan and that of the American Red Cross. He would stay there, he pledged, until sundown, and he begged the Japanese to throw their weapons away and come out with their hands up over their heads. "Do not be ashamed of this small act, and be assured that you will not be prisoners," he wrote. "May God bless you and guide you." Tsutsui's wife, also a Hawaiian-born nisei, affixed some of the messages to bowls containing rice, pickled plums, and pickled radishes. It was hoped that if these Japanese delicacies proved unalluring, the sound of a feminine Japanese voice might turn the trick, so Mrs. Tsutsui and seven other Japanese women living on Guam took turns broadcasting siren calls over a loudspeaker mounted on top of a police car. "We decided to use every means," Tsutsui said.

The chief of the Guam police, Captain José C. Quintanilla, was in charge of the hunt at the start, but then he began having trouble with an old ulcer, so he pretty much turned over his end of things to a hardboiled thirty-seven-year-old sergeant, Mariano C. Cruz, who had been a member of the Guam Combat Patrol twenty years earlier, and had been credited with a number of confirmed kills of Japanese stragglers. In those days, the police had a more forthright approach to the matter of keeping the jungle peace, and would fire in the direction of any unexpected sound. By 1964, Sergeant Cruz's attitude had changed greatly. "I feel very sorry for these Japanese," he said not long ago. "I'm always praying that they'll change their minds and come out, so we can send them home to have a good time for whatever remains of their lives. If I can ever make that possible, I'll be a proud sergeant." The Sergeant and a squad of his men found some newly stripped coconut husks on September 4th; they thought that might mean something. Two days later, their search was interrupted by a typhoon named Sally—a mere hun-



**How dramatic of The Drake  
to be close to the theaters**



**and how nice it is  
to come home to.**

The Drake rises majestically at Park Avenue and 56th Street in New York. Step out in any direction. Everything worth your attention is immediately at your command: theaters, shops, the business centers, galleries, the glittering night world.

When you return home to The Drake of today, the good feeling persists. Charming additions and tasteful new decor end your day on a high and luxurious note. These are among the reasons interesting people come to The Drake. And come back and come back and come back.

THE *Drake*

where the interesting people stay

IN NEW YORK: at Park Avenue and 56th Street • Phone (212) HA 1-0900



**'Arden for Men' is the greatest thing  
Elizabeth Arden has done for women.**



Elizabeth Arden's princely Hand and Bath Soap for men, with the Sandalwood scent women remember; 1.50 to 6.00, plus tax; at

**Arden for Men**

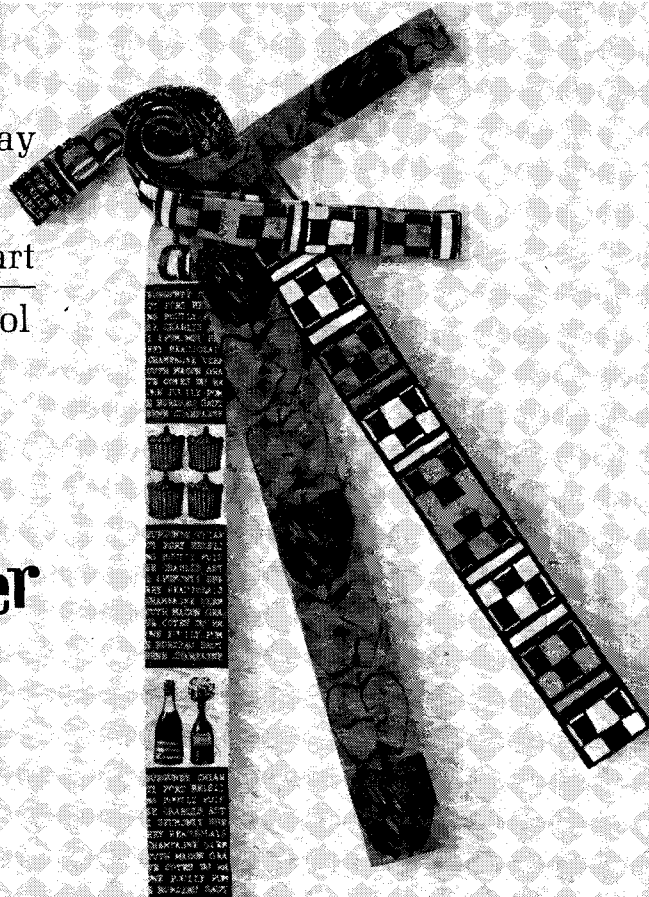
1 East 54th Street

fastest way  
to start  
a flame  
in his heart

play it cool  
with  
roosters.



**rooster**



JACOB REED'S SONS, Philadelphia and branches • FAIRFIELD DEPARTMENT STORE, Fairfield • WELLS & COVERLY,  
Syracuse and Troy • THE FELL COMPANY, Chicago's North Shore • ROSENBLUM'S, Jacksonville and other fine stores... 2.50  
ROOSTER CRAFT, INC., 10 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK

dred-mile-an-hour blow, but blustery enough to deter a posse. The day after that, as the winds died down, the first wave of correspondents from Tokyo hit the beaches of Guam. Their assignment here meant that they would probably miss the Olympics back home, but they said buoyantly that if an honest-to-goodness live straggler materialized, they'd be on top of a story *bigger* than the Olympics. Television crews arrived from Tokyo in due course, and one channel sent Ito—stammer or no stammer—as a commentator. He stayed for a couple of weeks and went back to air his impressions, which were noncommittal.

Minagawa and two Repatriation Aid Bureau men reached Agaña on September 18th. After being given a rousing reception at the airport and paying a courtesy call on the Governor, Minagawa and his party moved out into the countryside and set up camp. Minagawa, who ought to know, thought that a likely haven for stragglers was one of the many caves that pock the cliffs along Guam's northern shoreline, and he joined forces with Cruz's patrol. The veteran Japanese straggler and the veteran killer of Japanese stragglers had a good deal in common, for they both felt at home in the jungle. Just a couple of days after Minagawa's arrival, he was making his way down the face of a cliff when a search-party colleague at the top dislodged a stone. It rolled down and caught Minagawa squarely on the forehead, and he had to be taken off to a hospital for seven stitches and two days of bed rest. The injury—worse than any he had incurred in the sixteen years of his first stay on Guam—didn't seem to dismay him, or even to slow him down. He hadn't smoked at all while he was a straggler, and he smokes heavily now, yet he could make his way along slippery trails and through dense, clutching shrubs and vines with such agility that not even Sergeant Cruz could keep up with him. Minagawa was not impressed by his own fleetness and surefootedness. In the old days, he pointed out, he and Ito customarily carried all their possessions on their backs—the "bearded snails," they called themselves then—so why shouldn't he make good time now, when he had nothing to tote but a canteen? The Japanese press corps, however, were taken aback at not being able to keep in sight the fellow they were supposed to be covering; the photographers ultimately had to stage many of the shots they got of him, and he was impatient about indulging them, because it took





## Mr. Monk, Ed, Joe, Cal, Mike and **SuPima**<sup>®</sup>

WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS

What a morning. Milkman, valet, newsboy and Western Union—all in the foyer at once. Doesn't matter. Mister Monk—Julius to his friends—takes it in stride. Had a fine night in his handsome pajamas by **Weldon**. Claims they always keep him asleep, because they're properly fashioned of a SuPima cotton fabric from Lowenstein. Now why should that make a

difference? Well, SuPima, woven from superior pima cotton grown exclusively in our own great Southwest, is softer, silkier, lighter, more comfortable. It not only looks better, it feels better, too. Want to wake up feeling better tomorrow? Wake up to SuPima today! At fine stores everywhere. SuPima Association of America, Empire State Bldg., N.Y., N.Y.

SUPIMA IS THE REGISTERED CERTIFICATION MARK FOR PRODUCTS MADE OF SOUTHWESTERN EXTRA-LONG STAPLE COTTON.



## CAN A PIANO KEEP SINGING IN THE RAIN?

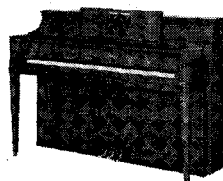
**YES! IF IT'S A MASON & HAMLIN WITH THE EXCLUSIVE TENSION RESONATOR.** Mason & Hamlin pianos laugh at changes in temperature and humidity that would distort the tone of an ordinary piano. The sounding board in every Mason & Hamlin holds a perfect crown through the most extreme climatic fluctuations. An exclusive patented device called the *tension resonator* makes the difference. Steel rods fastened to the frame are pre-set at the factory to the exact tension required for perfect, permanent crowning of the sounding board.

It shouldn't surprise you that Mason & Hamlin is the only piano in the world with a tension resonator.

What comes out of a piano is determined by what goes into it. And Mason & Hamlin puts more into a piano than anyone else. More time. More experience. More love.

### Mason & Hamlin

East Rochester, N.Y.,  The Signature of Quality Pianos



FOR CATALOG OF  
STYLES AVAILABLE  
WRITE DEPT. C

time he could have spent on his trek. This trek was a largely silent one, for he did not think that any Japanese would respond to a human voice. In his opinion, whatever stragglers there were would have to be surprised and seized, as he himself had been.

As the search went on, there were flurries of excitement. On September 29th, in a coastal cave overlooking the Air Force's bathing beach on the west side of the island, two Japanese knapsacks were discovered. The owners' names were in them. One of the men, the Repatriation Aid Bureau in Tokyo ascertained, had died in 1945, and there were witnesses to his death; the other had been reported missing on Saipan, about a hundred miles to the north. The knapsacks contained, between them, pretty much what one would expect a soldier or sailor to carry: an undershirt, a pair of dirty handkerchiefs, a wallet, a little money, an out-of-date season railroad ticket, a good-luck charm, a toothbrush, a bandage, a cigarette case, a spoon, a piece of camouflage cloth, and the stump of a candle. The candle was wrapped in a scrap of an English-language comic strip—I saw it but I couldn't identify it from the fragment—in which one character was saying to another, "Don't be afraid, I've come to help you." The most interesting aspect of this find was that the knapsacks and their contents were in excellent condition, and dry. Without human attention, could they have stayed that way for twenty years? Minagawa thought not. Moreover, the knapsacks were free of ants, and *that* impressed Sergeant Cruz. He told me that if he doesn't check the linen closet in his house every two or three months, ants will devour his towels. "This in a cement-block house!" he said. "What would you expect in an open cave?"

Other bits of evidence—or what seemed evidence to those of the searchers who were convinced of the existence of stragglers—kept turning up. In one cave, a searcher found an old Japanese *sake* bottle filled with comparatively fresh *tuba*, a mildly alcoholic drink made from the fermented sap of coconut trees. In another cave, in an area where there was no game and thus would logically be free of poachers, Minagawa one day discovered six palm fronds that had evidently been used, fairly recently, for bedding. Three days later, he revisited the cave, and now there were *sixteen* fronds. What was one to make of that? And how could one account for the strange experience, not long afterward and not far



**IT'S OLD—**

**IT'S NEW—**

**IT'S OUT  
OF  
THIS  
WORLD!**

**CAMPARI**

**ITALY'S MOST VERSATILE  
APERITIF**

Enjoy—Enjoy—Enjoy Campari 1—on the rocks, 2—with quinine water or the new bitter lemon, 3—with equal parts gin and sweet or dry vermouth. A golden recipe booklet is attached to each bottle. Enjoy—

48 PROOF—IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY **AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.** NEW YORK, N. Y.





Bonwit Teller, New York; John Doyle Bishop, Seattle; Halle Bros., Cleveland.

## The mark of a particular woman

This distinctive dress by Anthony Blotta with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Worthy of note... the wool mark. When you see it, you know the fabric is the world's best... pure wool. For this beguiling design, Anthony Blotta chooses Naked Wool in a black and white check. Light-as-air Naked Wool. Comfortable in any climate. Easily



shaped into a chic two-part dress, bias-cut and softly-tailored. So capable at keeping up appearances. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

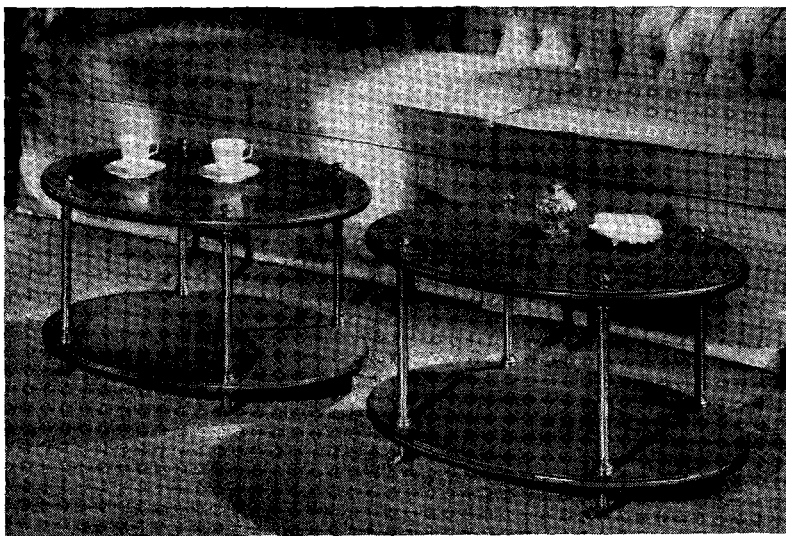
This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.  
to quality products made of the world's best... pure wool.





The imported one  
**BEEFEATER**  
**BEEFEATER**

BEEFEATER GIN • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • KOBRAND, N.Y.



Mix or match with stunning effect . . . and here's a striking demitasse table from Brandt's Pennfield group. Blends with furniture of any style or period! Top and shelf are of selected cherry veneer; brass posts, casters and finials are in rich antiqued brass. Burlwood finish. Top 28 x 20 1/4 in, ht 15 1/2 in. About \$79 in fine furniture or department stores. Send 10¢ for folder showing complete Brandt line.



The Brandt Cabinet Works, Inc., Dept. 58, Hagerstown, Md.

off, of a Federal Aviation Agency man, Homer L. Willess, who made a sudden turn while driving home one night and transfixed in his bright headlights, only twenty yards away, a scarecrowlike, long-haired, bearded man in ragged clothes, and wearing homemade shoes, probably fashioned out of rubber tires? The man had limped off into the woods after a moment's startled pause. Willess couldn't chase him without a flashlight (that would have been a risky thing to do at best, and particularly so if the fellow had had a gun nearby), but he did report the incident to the local police. The patrolman on duty at the station tried at once to get in touch with Sergeant Cruz but couldn't reach him (Cruz, after a hard day's searching, was at a party), and so let the matter ride until morning. Accordingly, Minagawa didn't get to the scene until almost twelve hours after Willess had seen his man. Minagawa was furious. He knew that grass trampled by feet becomes upright again quite soon. Even so, he was able to track this apparition for a while, but then the trail dwindled into nothingness.

Throughout the hunt, there was a measure of skepticism on Guam. A restaurant that normally charges three dollars for a steak posted a sign advertising a seven-course dinner for a dollar seventy-five—"For Stragglers Only." (It has subsequently made a similar rib-tickling offer to crew members of the offshore Russian trawler.) The principal Repatriation Aid Bureau man on Guam thought the accumulated evidence very flimsy and the chances of finding anyone alive very slim, and he and Minagawa almost came to blows in consequence, Minagawa demanding angrily why the expedition had been mounted in the first place if there was so little confidence in its potential accomplishments. Rumor spread that the whole straggler business had been cooked up—or rehashed—by Guam's new tourist bureau, in order to attract the Japanese newspapermen, and in fact they were shepherded all around Guam and exposed to glowing commentaries on its natural charms. A conspicuous dasher of cold water on Minagawa's hopes was a Japanese psychiatrist, Dr. Yoshiro Yase, who was on Guam doing research on amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, a neurological ailment to which Chamorros are peculiarly susceptible. Dr. Yase revealed that he had run across some victims of the disease who were quite unlike conventional Guamanians. Some of *his* people, the Doctor said, were shy and reclu-





Arrival at Kindley Field. Family photographed with four members of Her Majesty's Customs.

## Bermuda extends a relaxing British welcome to every member of your family.

Today the crowds, the smog, the traffic jam seem a million miles away. You're in Bermuda. Actually, less than two hours from New York by jet. Or two days by leisurely cruise.

As long as you stay in British Bermuda, you'll not see a hotdog stand, a penny arcade, a billboard, or an overcrowded beach. Or a car driven much faster than 20 m.p.h.

That's Bermuda's unhurried British way. It happens to make for a perfect vacation. You see new places, do new things, meet new people. But above all, you renew yourself.

**Bermuda lets you choose your own pace.** Feeling lazy? Go ahead. Beachcomb the day long. Stretch out on clean coral sand. Gaze at

score of activities beckon. You find yourself playing golf. Hauling in a marlin. Skipping a fast sailboat. And you wonder what happened to the overworked "you-that-was."

**Island of discovery.** As you putt-putt around Bermuda by motor-bike, you come across one surprise after the other. Perhaps a bit of history. Bermuda was born in 1609, and parts of it seem to belong to an ancient world.

Explore a pirate's cove. Or an underground cave, with crystal stalactites and stalagmites. See the semi-tropical riot nature carries on with trees like Fiddlewood, Screw Pine, Napoleon's Plume. And flowers—Oleander, Jasmine, Hibiscus—the air is sweet with them.

Underwater explorers find the brilliant life of the coral reefs—brightly coloured fish, sea horses, sea fans and sea anemones—a most exciting world. There are many ways to see it—from glass-bottomed boat to scuba diving.

**Excitement after sundown.** After dark, the island becomes a pleasure party. One hotel vies with another to entertain you. Pubs and

clubs are alive with the magic of calypso.

Here again, choose your pace. If you'd rather listen to surf pounding and the song of whistling frogs than a wild drumbeat, dine in



a quietly elegant waterside restaurant. Or relax in moonlight on your own terrace.

**Did you bring the children?** There are a thousand things for teens to do, in Bermuda. And endless fun for tiny people, too. (Best of all, there's a bountiful supply of babysitters to care for little ones while you take off.)

**Escape the hullabaloo—**come to Bermuda and live as you please! Choose a charming guest house. Or a cottage colony where you'll dine in the main house and have breakfast brought to you. Or a glamorous hotel.

Ask your travel agent about Bermuda's variety of accommodations. Or write Bermuda, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 2 • 111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.



blue sky and water the colours of jade, turquoise, lapis lazuli. Be deliciously private—we have beaches-for-two, family-size coves, and vast reaches of pink, uncrowded sand.

You could spend your whole holiday on the beach. But once Bermuda's in your soul, a





# Nobody has to build a boat this good but Chris-Craft.

Boat building is a lot easier (and cheaper) for other companies.

For instance, look at all the time they save by not "moisture-grading" their lumber as Chris-Craft does. We select from six degrees of moisture content for wood parts, depending on location in the boat. This keeps expansion down to a minimum.

And, of course, you need fewer hands in the plant when you paint only the wood that shows.

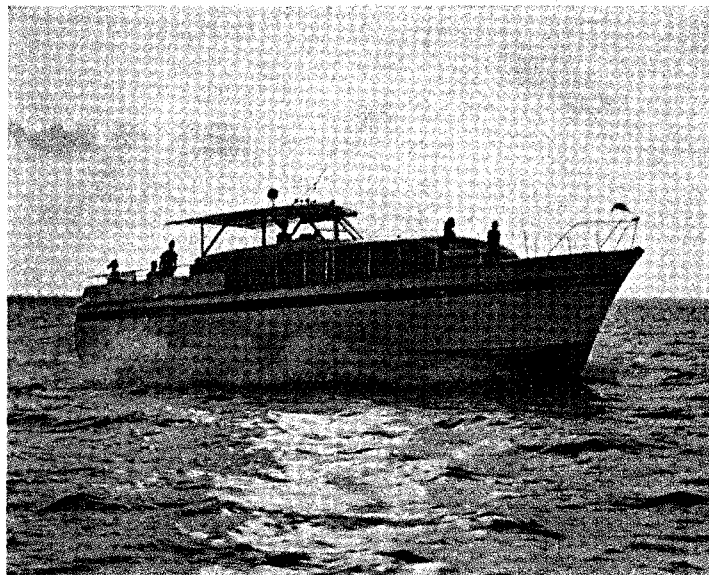
And so what if your mahogany isn't a fantastically high grade grown in just two islands in the Philippines? Who else would know the difference anyway?

You can cut a lot of corners and still come up with a great looking boat.

Trouble is, you can't hide a weakness for long. Age a boat in salt water or buck a few storms in it and you'll know if the builder let you down.

Chris-Craft has a reputation for not letting boat owners down. And that's a lot to live up to.

Chris-Craft builds sport boats, sailboats, cruisers, yachts, from 16 to 65 feet, marine-plywood Cavaliers, steel or aluminum Roamers, full-lapstrake Sea Skiffs, planked Philippine mahogany Chris-Craft, and fiberglass cruisers, sailboats and runabouts. Write Chris-Craft Corp., Pompano Beach, Florida.



New 57-ft. Constellation, sleeps twelve, has twin engines (diesels optional). From \$88,575. F.O.B. price subject to change.



sive, lived in the jungle off wild fruits, never cut their hair or shaved, and dressed in tatters. "I would never have believed there were such people on Guam if I hadn't seen them," Dr. Yase told me.

The original plan had been for the Japanese expedition to remain on Guam for only a month, but—in large part at Minagawa's urging—the departure date was delayed a week, until October 24th. Just before Minagawa gave up the search, he went back to one of his and Ito's old haunts to look for a rifle he had once cached. He didn't find it, but he did find some gloves of his, and some tire-rubber sandals, a bottle of salt he'd distilled from sea water, and two gunpowder barrels in which he had stored dried breadfruit. Earlier in his tireless quest, he had come upon a good many skeletons. He took one bone from each, for use in a mass symbolic funeral service back in Tokyo, and he also pinpointed the position of the rest of the bones, so that the Guamanians could retrieve them. When these were all collected, they amounted to quite a pile—two hundred pounds of bones altogether. Nobody knew quite what to do with them. Finally, our Navy packed them reverently in three big crates, with a Japanese flag wrapped around the bleak, bleached contents of each box, and sent them by ship to Japan.

**M**INAGAWA, who became a straggler at twenty-three and is now forty-three, is sure that a man could live in and off the jungle until the age of sixty, and he stands ready to go back to Guam and search further whenever any more clues are found. The problem, of course, is to decide what constitutes a clue. Guamanians living in remote areas periodically report the theft of chickens and bananas. Have stragglers taken them? There can be no certainty one way or another. A few weeks ago, an Air Force sergeant on a weekend outing with his wife left her in their car while he climbed a hill to take a snapshot of a handsome vista. At the summit, he flushed an odd-looking man, short, thin, and nearly naked, who dived into a clump of bushes and vanished. Other people have reported spotting footprints in generally untrodden areas or wisps of smoke drifting up from unfrequented caves. Scavengers? Poachers? Sufferers from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis? In view of Minagawa's personal history, it would seem presumptuous for anyone else to declare flatly that they *couldn't* be Japanese stragglers. Minagawa has

## Presenting the absolutely perfect Bermuda vacation:



### Luxuriate at THE BERMUDIANA:

Feel lush, plush and palatial in the heart of Hamilton. Be balconied with a harbour view or overlook the lavish gardens and king-size pool. (Did we say luxuriate? Every lovely room with private bath, telephone, fresh hot and cold running water). Lunch in the Terrace Room or poolside. Nights are for dining and dancing in the magic Moongate Room or Sunken Garden, where Bermuda's brightest stars shine by dark. Turkish baths, beauty and barber shops—everything. A world of air conditioned splendor—and it's only a short stroll from Hamilton's exclusive shops.



### Play at the BELMONT GOLF & COUNTRY CLUB:

Bermuda's newest air conditioned hotel. Smart yet sportsmanlike. Famous Belmont 18-hole championship course and everything else from olympic pool to tennis to skittles. Warwick Room or Cedar Court for dancing, live-it-up limbo or calypso. Stunning views of Great Sound. Only ten scenic ferry minutes to Hamilton.

### Or steal away to HARMONY HALL:

Succumb to informal Bermuda. Unwind in an air conditioned oasis that lives up to its name. A pink and white cottage-style hotel in 7½ flower-splashed acres. Loaf by the garden pool. Dine with an extraordinary French accent. Linger in the Gombey Room. (Smooth dancing and hot calypso.) South Shore location, five taxi minutes from Hamilton.



### And get in the swim at our magnificent BEACH CLUB:

Bermuda's blue waters and pink sands are yours. South Shore ocean swimming from a powdery 1,000 ft. long beach. Dining room, bar, changing rooms—all privileges and facilities of this beautiful club are yours. Free transportation included, of course.

## If you can tear yourself away from one, you can enjoy all three (beach club, too!)

This is the fairest exchange on the world's fairest island. The 3 reasons you've got to go to Bermuda. Stay at one hotel and exchange dinners and facilities at the other two. If you think this is like getting 3 Bermuda vacations in one, you're right. (Unless you count our Beach Club as a fabulous fourth!) Come soon, but remember—you may never want to go home.

Carroll F. Dooley, Managing Director

#### Color folders and rates:

See your Travel Agent or ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC. Representatives • 1270 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y., N. Y. 10020 • PL 7-2444 • Chicago • Miami • Toronto • London

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION



THE BERMUDIANA  
HARMONY HALL • THE BELMONT



# driest thing since prohibition



Cora makes the driest Martinis (or Gibsons) in the world. Manhattans? Cora Sweet is the ultimate in Manhattans. As an aperitif or on-the-rocks? Try Cora Bianco sweet white.

## CORA VERMOUTH

Sole Importers: Thompson Cellars Co.  
Louisville, Ky.

no doubt about who these jungle wraiths are. Neither has Sergeant Cruz, with twenty years of hunting—first homicidal and now humanitarian—to back up his opinion. Both are unswervingly convinced that Guam still harbors Japanese soldiers—and maybe a good many. “If these people stop wandering around and stay in one place long enough, I’ll find them,” Cruz told me. “It makes me so mad that people who are *not* looking for them usually see them. Now, if I see them, I’m not taking any chances with them. One kid reporter from Tokyo wanted me to go out after them at night with a gun and a flashlight. I said, ‘Negative.’ I told him, ‘You’re too young to know what Japanese soldiers can be like.’ All I ask God is to give me just one chance to see a straggler in daylight. I’m not going to harm him. I even had my men turn in their carbines for pistols, so that the sight of a big weapon wouldn’t scare anyone. If a straggler starts running away from me, I’ll chase him to kingdom come, because if anybody’s going to get him back to Japan, I’d like it to be me.” Whether inspired by fact or fancy, straggler hunts on Guam may well continue for another generation or so, by which time, if the island is lucky, the place will be aswarm with tourists, their cameras loaded to record the end (if, of course, it proves to be the end) of this curious footnote to military history and this shining testimonial (if, of course, the presumptive witnesses come forth) to the toughness and tenacity of mankind.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

### DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION (LEGISLATIVE DIVISION)

[From the New York State Legislative Report, a digest of bills introduced]

Prohibits person under 15 from operating mechanically propelled vessel on navigable waters, instead of person under 10 unless accompanied by person over 14, under person between 15 and 17, instead of 10 and 14, allowed to operate if accompanied by person over 17, instead of 14, with owner not to knowingly permit operation by person under 15 instead of 14, unless accompanied by person 17 instead of 14. A.I. 2173 Lerner (R).

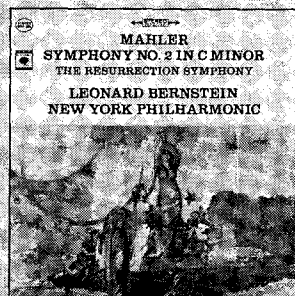
In our culture, more variation in the behavior of adult women is allowed; therefore, more leeway is permitted in the behavior of female children. For example, a physician would not be concerned if a woman came to consult him in shorts but would be alerted if a male patient appeared wearing a dress.—*Minnesota Medicine, Journal of the Minnesota State Medical Association.*

Especially if they were together.

### THE SOUND OF GENIUS



ML 6034/MS 6634\*



M2L 295/M2S 695\* A 2-Record Set



ML 6009/MS 6609\*



ML 6016/MS 6616\*



ML 6007/MS 6607\*

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

\*Stereo

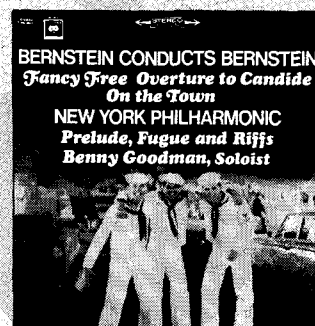


# Bernstein on the light side of Bernstein

It's an absolute frolic. Listen to the light side of Leonard Bernstein in an exuberant, high-spirited new Columbia Masterworks album. Hear him conduct his "Fancy Free" ballet and dance episodes from his Broadway musical "On the Town"—both based on the delightful premise that sailors on leave and on the chase are fun. They are. Listen to the overture to Bernstein's musical version of Voltaire's "Candide," reflecting all the wit and sophistication of this marvelous satire. And experience the excitement of Bernstein jazz as Benny Goodman joins

him to play "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs." So if you owe yourself some unrestrained enjoyment—and who doesn't?—settle the debt with this album, "Bernstein Conducts Bernstein."

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS 



ML 6077/MS 6677\*



© COLUMBIA  MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.





## SLOW DIVE

**W**HETHER Steve Brodie actually took a calculated header off the Brooklyn Bridge some eighty years ago is moot; at any rate, his alleged feat promoted him, after he was dredged out of the East River alive and kicking, into the pantheon of our parochial heroes. I suppose the old Bowery, of which Brodie was a denizen, was a dreary, brawling, witless locale, but over the years, owing to the sedulous efforts of playwrights and songsmiths awash in self-induced nostalgia, it has acquired a patina of romance, and the producers of "Kelly," which closed after one performance at the Broadhurst last week and which had to do with the Brodie legend, seem to have had high hopes of capitalizing on the conditioned reflex of an audience yearning for the good old days that never were. I am sorry to have to say that "Kelly" had very, very little to recommend it. The book and the lyrics were trite, the music was inconsequential, and the choreography was preposterous. The responsibility for the dancing and direction was taken by Herbert Ross, but Eddie Lawrence, who wrote the original book and lyrics, and Moose Charlap, who composed the original music, more or less disengaged themselves from the enterprise by entering into litigation with the producers on the ground that their work had been tampered with. However that may be, the piece revealed Kelly (né Brodie, of course)

as an ambitious young Irish-American, who wanted to make a splash (what else?) in his community to prove not only that he was not as mousy as he seemed but was able to win the hand of a girl whose father had no use for him. Upon hearing of Kelly's proposal to jump off the bridge, a leading gambler of the Bowery made a bet that our boy would survive the stunt. The gambler attempted to insure his wager by manufacturing a dummy to substitute for our hero, the idea being that the dummy could be tossed off the bridge and Kelly could subsequently be insinuated into the river, to emerge triumphant on the Manhattan shore. Ah, but the gambler reckoned without Kelly's

father, a man who was proud of the fact that the Kellys had been kings in the old country, and was full of determination to make his son take an honest dive. The pseudo-Irish dialogue, particularly when Wilfrid Brambell, as Kelly's da, was involved in it, was mostly blather, and the other members of the cast—Don Francks (as Kelly), Anita Gillette, Jesse White, Mickey Shaughnessy, Leon Janney, and Eileen Rodgers were prominent among them—never seemed happy with their lines. The Bowery and the bridge were represented in sets by Oliver Smith. They served their purpose.

**"BOEING-BOEING,"** at the Cort, is a play, by Marc Camoletti, that has been running for several seasons in Paris and, in an adaptation by Beverley Cross, for several seasons in London. Perhaps it is risky to argue with success, but let me be a little daring and come right out with the declaration that "Boeing-Boeing," at least in the Cross version on view here, is an unmitigated bore. The farce has to do with a Paris architect who is simultaneously engaged

to three airline hostesses—one American, one French, and one German. Because of the nature of their work, the three are seldom in Paris at once, but one day—as if you didn't know—they all happen into his apartment at almost the same time. And then what a scurrying about to keep them from assembling in the

living room, in which "Boeing-Boeing" is set! There are seven doors leading out of this living room, one of them a silent swinging door giving access to the kitchen. As I watched "Boeing-Boeing," I grew fond of this door, as one might grow fond of a quiet goose in the midst of a honking gaggle. Those six other doors—when the play finally got going, after a palaver between the architect and a friend from the country, in the course of which everything about the peculiar ménage was spelled out in interminable detail—were slammed so often that I began to wonder whether my eardrums would hold up under the barrage. Although Ian Carmichael, who plays the rural chum of the architect, throws



himself into his role with what seems to be desperation, he is plainly up against an item that cannot be galvanized. Gerald Harper, who plays the philanderer, and Joanna Morris, Susan Carr, Diana Millay, and Maureen Pryor, who play the three hostesses and a cook, are in the same boat. If you want to see some really entertaining variations on polygamous hanky-panky, I'd recommend that you visit "The Captain's Paradise" when it is next revived at your neighborhood movie house. It has everything that this business hasn't.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

## OFF BROADWAY

*Top Bananas*

**T**HE Moscow Art Theatre, after an absence of forty-one years, has opened a four-week season here with a surprising and lively production of Gogol's "Dead Souls," adapted by Mikhail Bulgakov from the novel. It is a peculiar mixture of the strange and the traditional, the broad and the subtle. My first impression, as the play got under way, was that the actors seemed awfully remote, as, indeed, they were. The City Center, so essential to the well-being of us all, is really too big and barnlike for a troupe whose every gesture, inflection, and expression counts. This report can be only an incomplete one, in any case, because if one listens to the voices of the translators over the little transistor radios that the management has provided, one of course misses the voices of the actors, and I don't know "Dead Souls" nearly well enough to risk losing any of it even for the pleasure of hearing Gogol's words as they are meant to sound. All the words are actually Gogol's; Mr. Bulgakov has subtracted and rearranged, but he has not added. The translators, by the way, are Miki Iveria (F) and Edward Greer (M), and they couldn't be better, as they balance between reading and performing. There is also a helpful scene-by-scene synopsis in the program. The play opens with a prologue, set in Moscow, in which Chichikov outlines his plan to travel around the country buying up from various landowners those of their serfs who have died since the last census and on whom they expect to pay taxes until the next one, and then using the contracts for these "dead souls" as collateral on a mortgage. The time is the early nineteenth century, when a Russian landlord's wealth was reckoned by the number of his peasants rather than by the extent of his acres. The first scene takes place in the gov-



The man of accomplishment knows there is only one Lincoln Continental.



A PRODUCT OF  MOTOR COMPANY • LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Mr. Ernest S. Marsh, President of the Santa Fe Railway System. The automobile is the Continental limousine, custom converted by Lehmann-Peterson.

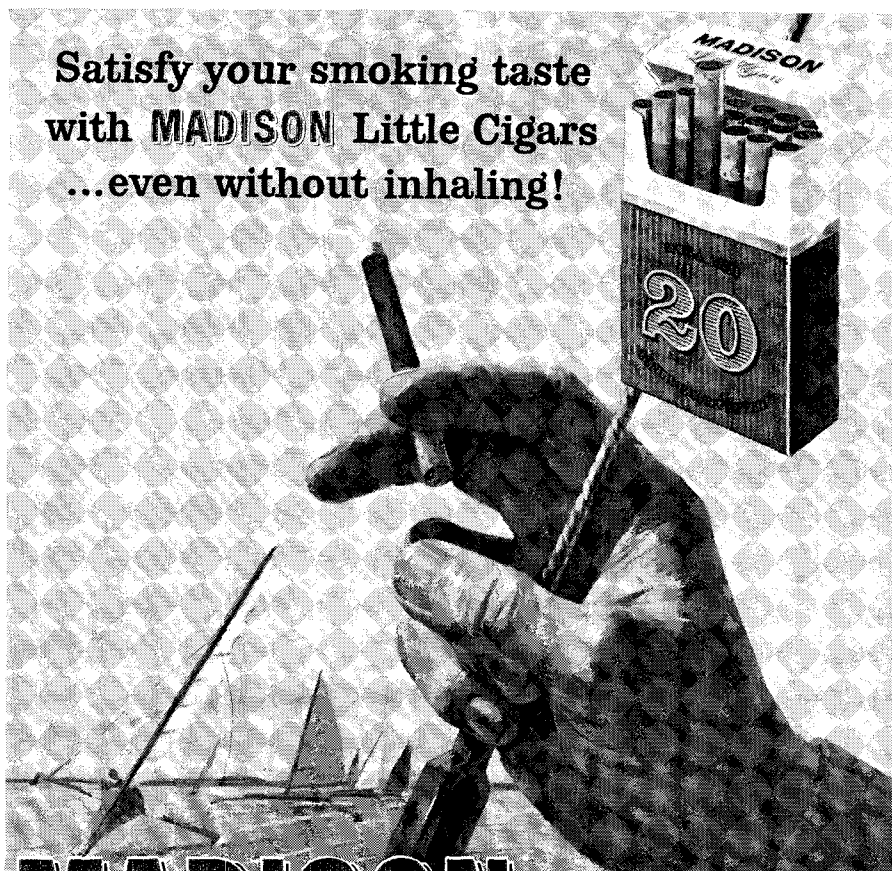
Lincoln Continental is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. It is the automobile owned by more and more men of accomplishment. It distinguishes them among fine car owners. What does your car say about you?

 LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.



Satisfy your smoking taste  
with **MADISON** Little Cigars  
...even without inhaling!



# MADISON LITTLE CIGARS

• Satisfying cigar taste • Slim, trim cigarette size • Genuine Cork tip

HONOR YOUR FRIENDS...AND YOURSELF



## Imported ORDER OF MERIT

Every drop 15 year old Canadian Whisky

*In gold threaded flacon with velvet sack*

A BLEND • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

ernor's mansion in the province where Chichikov journeys from one estate to the other pursuing his peculiar mission. When Chichikov is announced, the governor, a benign dotard with a most impressive paunch, is seated at a table, singing to himself and happily embroidering. He is rather fussed at having to change his gold brocade dressing gown for an official-looking coat, but he juts out the paunch and is ready for anything. (Victor Stanitsyn does some amusing clowning here.) Chichikov gets round him at once by the most outrageous flattery, and the governor then invites him to a party at which he meets all the local gentry, or what used to pass for gentry in the Russian sticks.

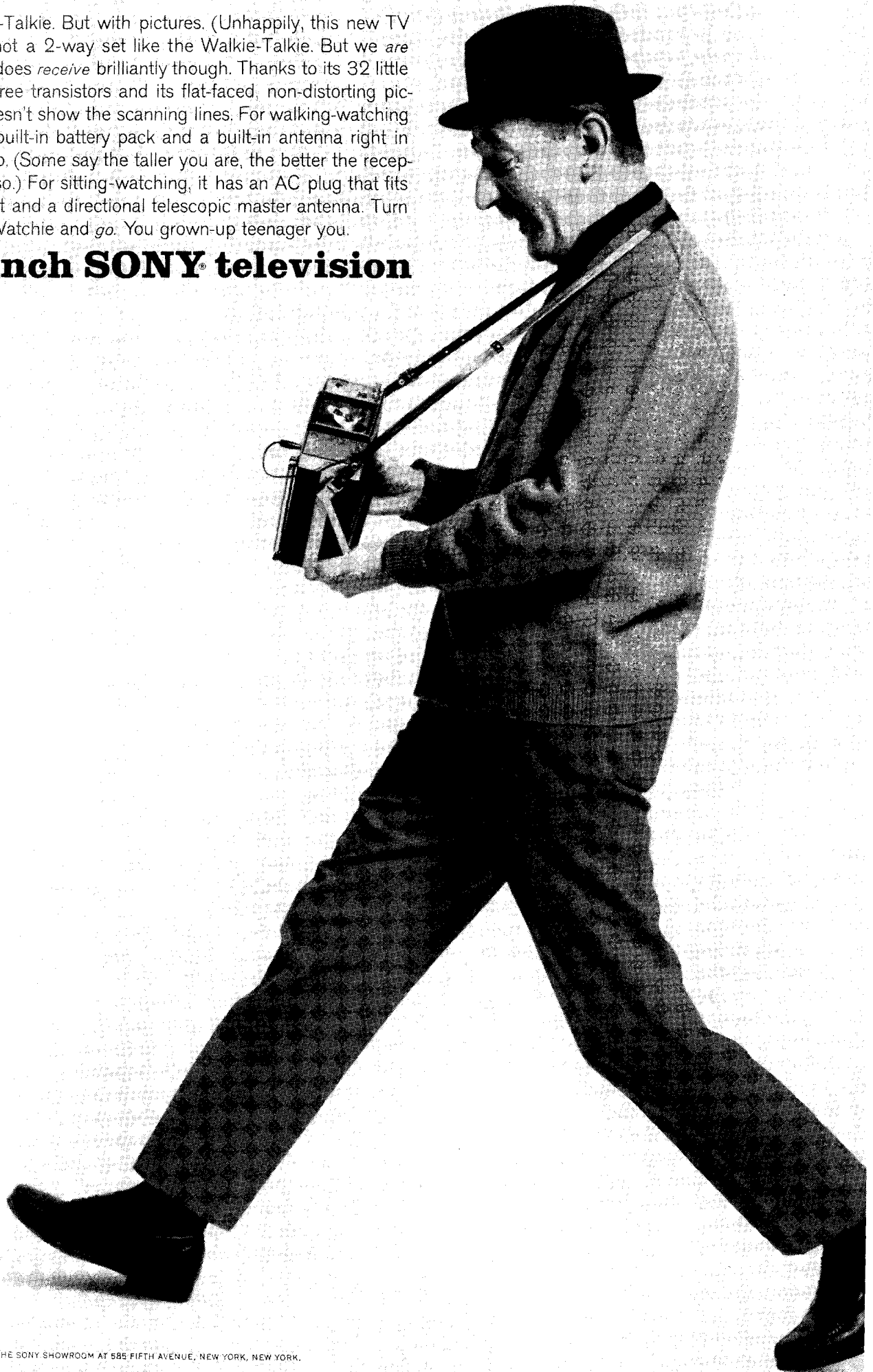
After the party, most of the play, like most of the book, is set in the houses of the various landlords. "Dead Souls" is, in effect, a series of portraits of the rural landowners of Russia, and a richer and more satiric and comic series cannot be imagined between covers, or, to a certain extent, on the stage. Only to a certain extent, though. The acting, for all its marvellous rightness of detail, at times seemed to me barely to skim the richness that Gogol provided, and the broadness I referred to earlier does take some getting used to. In Vladimir Belokurov's buttery performance, Chichikov, the arch-rogué who almost out-smarts everyone, serves more often than not as the straight man to a passel of vaudeville headliners. Among them there is Manilov (Mikhail Kedrov), an effusive silly ass, who is so taken aback by Chichikov's proposition that all he can do is stare and gasp "Ha! . . . Ha! . . . Ha!" and pull little tufts of his hair. And there is his wife (Galina Kalinovskaya), a lady of matching silliness, who coos and simpers and almost squeals with devotion and hospitality. There is Sobakevich (Alexei Gribov), a dour, cynical, crafty fellow, who bargains ceaselessly for his dead and, in a terribly funny moment, finally exchanges, in a flash that is quicker than the eye, a receipt for Chichikov's rubles. There is a dreadful old miser (Boris Petker), completely taken in by our swindler, who accuses his servant (Anastasia Georgievskaya) of stealing a clean piece of paper, so that she, bent double with toil, has to search for it, and finds it beside a pile of rags on the floor. There is a senile landlady (Anastasia Zueva), dim-witted, distrustful, and bent even doubler (the company puts in quite a lot of old-fashioned bent-knee work), who looks more like a drab overstuffed ottoman than like any female on earth, and who gapes at Chi-



# The Walkie-Watchie

Son of Walkie-Talkie. But with pictures. (Unhappily, this new TV development is not a 2-way set like the Walkie-Talkie. But we *are* working on it.) It does *receive* brilliantly though. Thanks to its 32 little long-living, heat-free transistors and its flat-faced, non-distorting picture tube that doesn't show the scanning lines. For walking-watching it operates on a built-in battery pack and a built-in antenna right in the shoulder strap. (Some say the taller you are, the better the reception. But it's not so.) For sitting-watching, it has an AC plug that fits in your wall outlet and a directional telescopic master antenna. Turn on your Walkie-Watchie and *go*. You grown-up teenager you.

## The 4 inch SONY® television







# DELMONICO'S



Elegant, quiet, agreeable surroundings



Friendly people, no push buttons



Grand cuisine



Great swinging bar



Beautiful view of Park Avenue



Instant room service



Rolls Royce with bar and phone to fetch you



Telephone: ELdorado 5-2500



59th Street and Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



in motion, in fashion... the pleated skirt suit, this softly tailored by Oscar of Beverly Hills in crisp English basketweave wool, sand beige, 8 to 16 sizes 175.00 mail orders (add 55¢ for shipping) to union square san francisco or to 3240 wilshire, los angeles or telephone your nearest i. magnin & co store

## I. MAGNIN & co

SAN FRANCISCO • SACRAMENTO • PALO ALTO • OAKLAND • SANTA CLARA • CARMEL • FRESNO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE  
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • LA JOLLA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA ANA • SANTA BARBARA • PHOENIX

chikov, opening and closing her mouth like a fish. Above all—partly because of the boisterous clowning of Boris Livanov in the role—there is the swaggering, engaging, and infinitely dangerous Nozdrev, fourflusher and spiller of the beans. Mr. Livanov, the very model of fake innocence, bounds about the stage, his arms swooping in wide flourishes, as he embraces Chichikov or breaks into a jig or treats us to a solo on a hurdy-gurdy. He is funniest in his attempts to con the super con man into paying a high price or into swapping something or into gambling, and his indignation when he is caught cheating at checkers is boundless.

The exuberance of the whole company, combined with its technical accomplishment, is something to see, and the visit of the Moscow Art Theatre is surely a theatrical event of the first magnitude. About this rather puzzling performance I have a few queries and wispy ideas but no real conclusions, unless just having a good time, which I certainly did, can be considered a conclusion. Gogol, for all the glorious humor of his characterizations, was always able to stop just this side of caricature. As his characters are portrayed here, they are cartoons. Is the company deliberately presenting a nineteenth-century comedy in the nineteenth-century manner, with expansive fooling, with everything laid on the line, and with flamboyant makeups as a kind of added joke? Or is it doing something else? Gogol was a man of the world, and it seems to me that the targets of his satire were a bunch of smug, ignorant, stingy hicks who more or less owned Russia and whom he saw as louts. What we get in the play, I think, is a slight shift to a serf's-eye, rather than a gent's-eye, view of the same men and women, whose behavior thus becomes so incomprehensibly heartless and outlandish as to seem almost demented. It occurred to me that the fact of the Revolution and its aftermath might also have given "Dead Souls" an extra, and extra-Gogol, spin, making it, by implication, more didactic (a kind of object lesson), though less pointed and less really tragic, than it was meant to be. Maybe, maybe not.

The production follows the direction that Konstantin Stanislavski gave it over thirty years ago. Everything is clear, and much is pleasing to the eye. There are quite a few Stanislavski alumni in the cast, among them Mme. Zueva and the Messrs. Stanitsyn, Kedrov, Gribov, Petker, and Livanov. Next week, "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Three Sisters."

—EDITH OLIVER





# MUMM'S

## THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

*Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry • The classic champagnes of France*

G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWN & CALDWELL







Whisperjet



# What's behind Eastern's new look?

Look.



Behind the striking new upswept look of Eastern is a new comfort, a new elegance and quiet. It's part new Whisperjet, part charming stewardesses in their smart new uniforms.

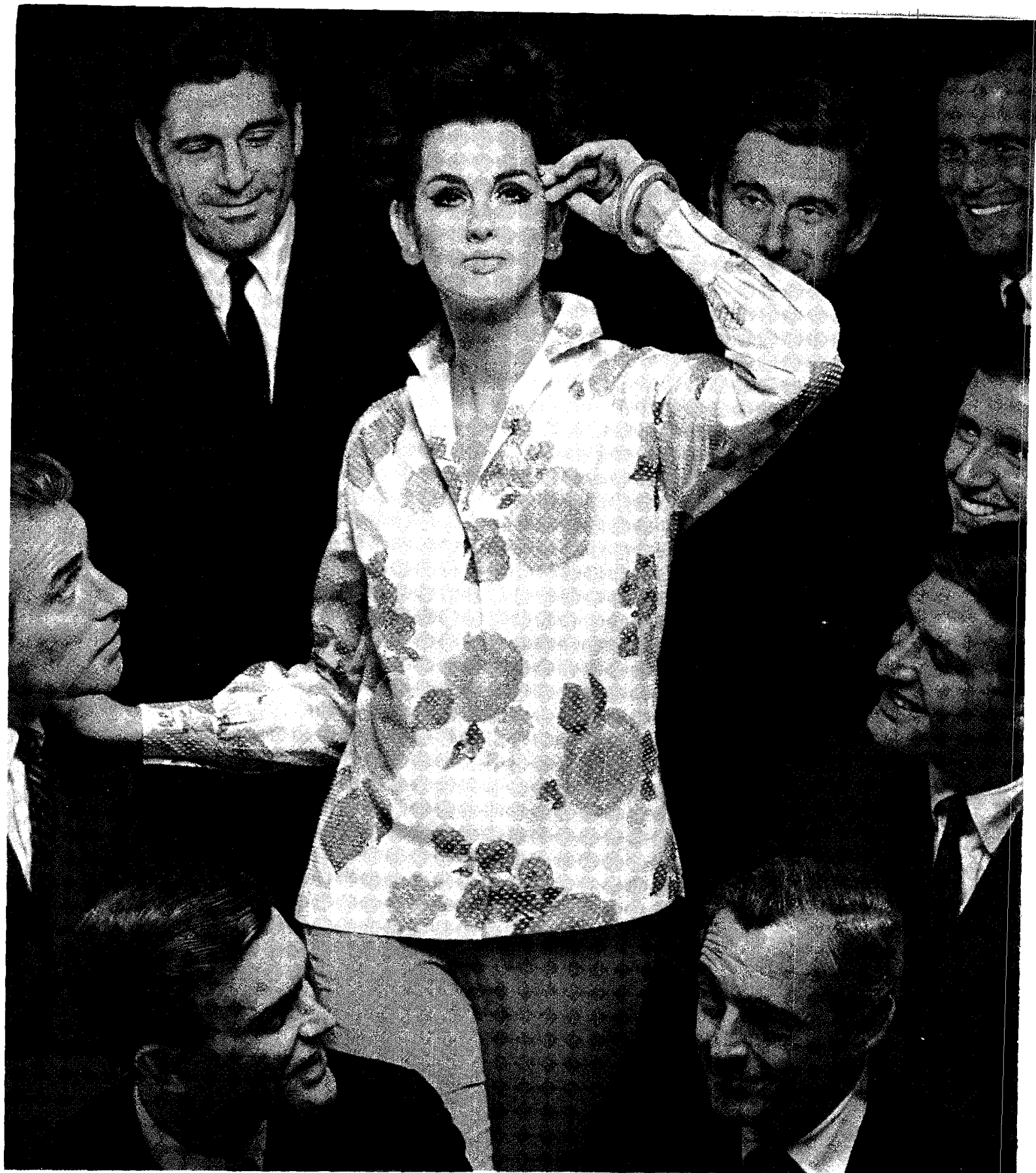
It's Falcon Lounges to wait in and Ground Hostesses to look after you. And starting March 1st, Famous Restaurant flights with dinners prepared by Voisin, The Pump Room, Masson's of New Orleans, and other famous restaurants.

It's the dozens of new things we're doing to make Eastern the finest airline you've ever flown on. The many new ways we are finding to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern." Whisperjet is a service mark of Eastern Air Lines, Inc.



**EASTERN**  
See how much better an airline can be





## There's a **L**ady in the house!

She's the most beguiling sight this side of a flower garden. She's a talented creator of fashion. She rediscovered the flattery of printed dotted swiss. You guessed it. She's Lady Manhattan®. Utterly charming in this 100% cotton in-or-outer shirt! Audi-

ence rating: total approval! In your choice of several pastel colorings. In sizes from 8 to 18. About \$7.00. Priced slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

At these and other fine stores: MACY'S, New York; BAMBERGER'S, Newark; STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Philadelphia; JORDAN MARSH, Boston; HECHT CO., Baltimore and Washington, D. C.; DAVISON-PAXON, Atlanta; SANGER-HARRIS, Dallas; MEIER & FRANK, Portland. Also available in Canada.

*Lady Manhattan*®



# THE RACE TRACK

## A Run of Three



THERE was more bad news than good from Hialeah last week. Sadair, whose earnings of \$498,217 last season set a new high for two-year-olds, fractured the coffin bone in his right front foot and has been retired permanently, and Bold Lad, the top juvenile of 1964, popped a splint on his right foreleg and is temporarily on the shelf. A popped splint, if you didn't know, is what horsemen call a bony growth that develops on the cannon bone, between the knee and the ankle, and can be caused by the most trifling of accidents—a horse's twisting his leg, for instance, or merely stomping—as well as by the jarring that comes from running on hard ground. It varies in size from an unsightly knob as big as a walnut to a lump so small that it can be seen only on close examination. If it's near the knee, it can cause lameness. The treatment for it is known as firing. A veterinarian skilled in orthopedic surgery probes into the membrane around the cannon bone with an electric needle, and this stops the growth of the splint. Firing isn't really as inhumane and painful as it sounds, because the leg is anesthetized with Novocain before the operation. A lot of the horses racing these days—some of them topnotchers—have been fired for splints. The next time you go to a paddock or visit a stable, look at the legs of the runners and you'll be surprised how many of them bear the little pockmarks that are the scars of the treatment.

Bold Lad's injury was discovered after his final workout for the Bahamas Stakes, which was run early last week, and with him out of the way the race was a lively scramble, the winner turning up in Sparkling Johnny, with Battle Star second and Umbrella Fella, the favorite, third. As for Bold Lad's splint, Bill Winfrey, who trains him for the Wheatley Stable, says that it is no bigger than a dime, but I doubt whether he will run for the Flamingo on March 3rd. He was fired last Friday, and it's not likely that he will be put in training for at least a fortnight, so there would hardly be time to wind him up for the race. Sadair's case is a curious one, for apparently nobody in his stable knows how his mishap came about. It seems,



Okay,  
lose yourself  
in the magic—  
but then...

You'll lose yourself in the magic Bahamian world of diamond clear waters, white beaches, and wistful nighttime breezes.

But when atmosphere alone becomes not enough—and it does—you'll want *something* to do. That's when we become unique!

Grand Bahama Hotel—the Bahamas' largest, friendliest, and most complete resort—gives you the best of both worlds: incredible beauty and an almost endless choice of activities and pleasures from which to choose, all of them right there, not miles away.

There's golf, fishing, dress-up evenings, casino cruises to the New World Riviera... the list goes on and on. Actually there are 57½ things to do... just for fun. Find out! See your Travel Agent. He'll tell you about them. Or send us this coupon.



Your name \_\_\_\_\_

and address \_\_\_\_\_

the city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ and zip \_\_\_\_\_

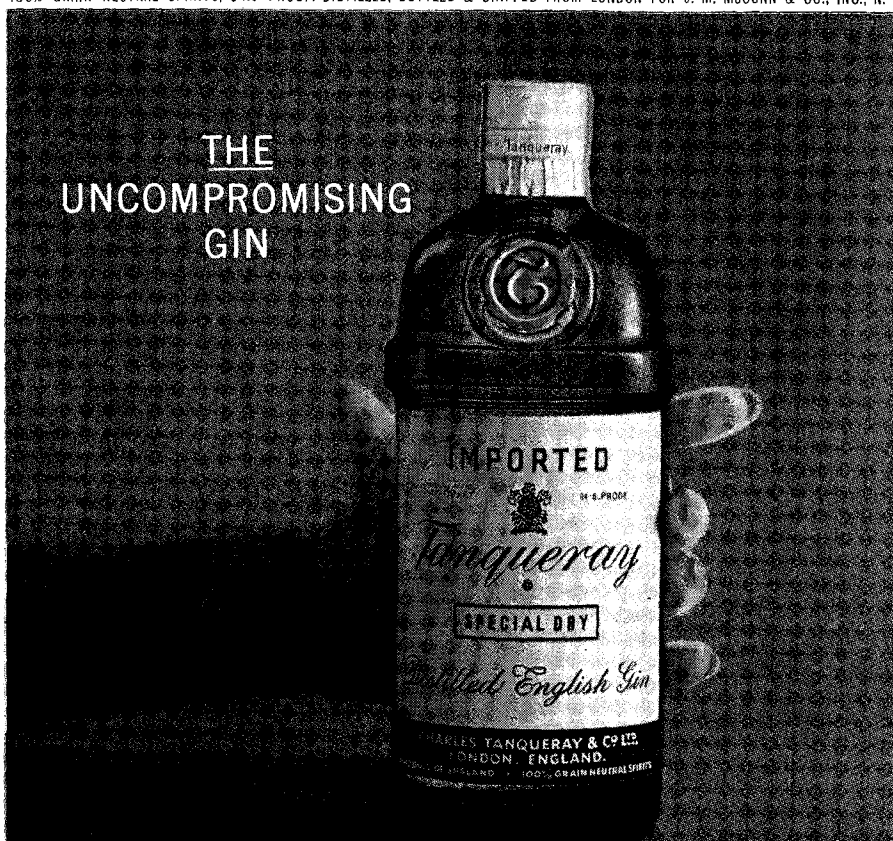
**GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB** *Jackpot* RESORT  
WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS

U. S. Address: P. O. Box 59-2375-BF, Int'l. Airport, Miami, Florida 33159

In New York City call PL 5-2087.



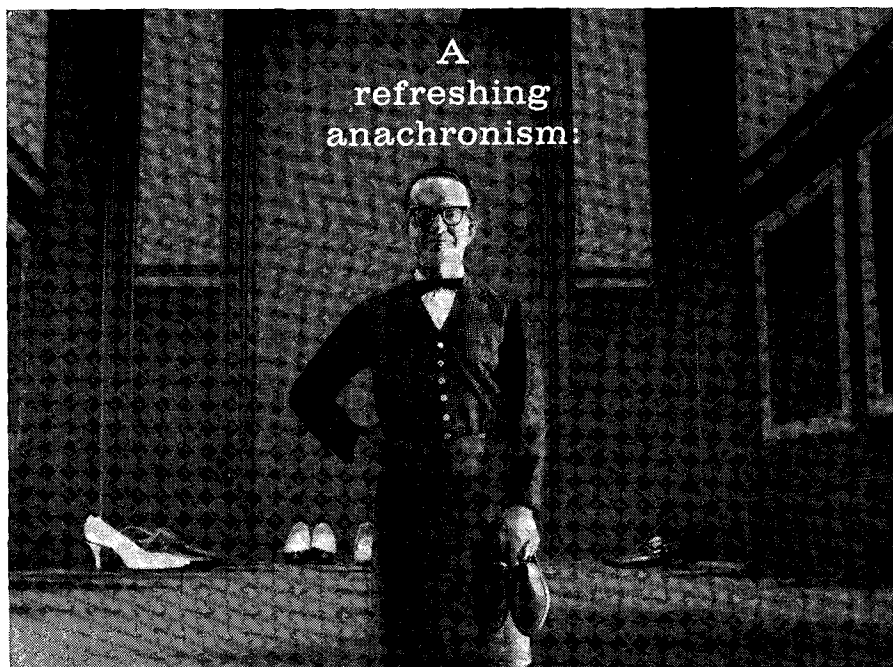
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF, DISTILLED, BOTTLED &amp; SHIPPED FROM LONDON FOR J. M. McCUNN &amp; CO., INC., N. Y.



## THE UNCOMPROMISING GIN

Tanqueray's indomitable flavour cannot be smothered... by vermouth, by tonic, by juice. Heroic in defense of its English character, and of its British antique green bottle.

(TANKER-RAY)  
**Tanqueray**  
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN



## A refreshing anachronism:

The Stanhope, smartly modern right down to its air conditioning and television, still practices the almost-lost art of service without servility... exactly in the manner of Europe's grand hotels. You'll find a "boots" to collect your shoes each night for brush-

ing; a butler to supervise that special dinner in your suite; a baggagemaster to shepherd you through customs or put you on a plane. Oh, happy self-indulgence!



Frank C. Bromber,  
General Manager

# THE STANHOPE HOTEL

Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

though, that he has a peculiar way of standing cross-footed in his stall, like a ballet dancer, and it's thought he may have tried a fancy step while galloping. By the way, Open Hearing, whom Winfrey also trains, chipped a sesamoid bone in the course of winning the Jasmine Stakes not long ago, and is done with racing. Remember the old saying that bad luck runs in threes?

**Y**OU can put Sunstruck down as the most improved of the older racers at Hialeah. Fifth in the Royal Poinciana on opening day, he rolled home by five lengths in the Royal Palm a week later, beating some useful sprinters, and last Saturday he led a dozen handicap horses all the way in the Seminole, the prep for next weekend's Widener. It was close, though, for Sunstruck passed the post scant inches ahead of Piave, and Point du Jour was only a neck behind. If you care, Chateaugay was eighth, three lengths back of Roman Brother, who had been running at Santa Anita.

**R**ECENTLY, the holders of tickets on the twin double at Bowie raised a row when a favored runner in the get-rich-quick gimmick was scratched at the last minute. The rum-pus wasn't comparable in size or destructiveness to the one at Roosevelt Raceway a couple of years ago, but in order to make sure that there would be no more demonstrations of the sort the Maryland Racing Commission has barred the twin double from all tracks in the state. So far, this hasn't affected the mutuel handle at Bowie; \$2,110,468 was bet there last Saturday. For the record, Tilmar, an 8-1 chance, beat Terminator and Amastar in the Southern Maryland Handicap, the first stakes race of the meeting.

**C**OLONEL MARTINGALE hazards the guess that as a result of the shenanigans in the legislature at Albany for the past month, the passage of a bill this year legalizing off-course betting in New York has no more than a 50-1 chance.

—AUDAX MINOR

## CREATIVE PEOPLE!

Make something out of your head. We will trim it to size or supply you with more lumber if necessary....

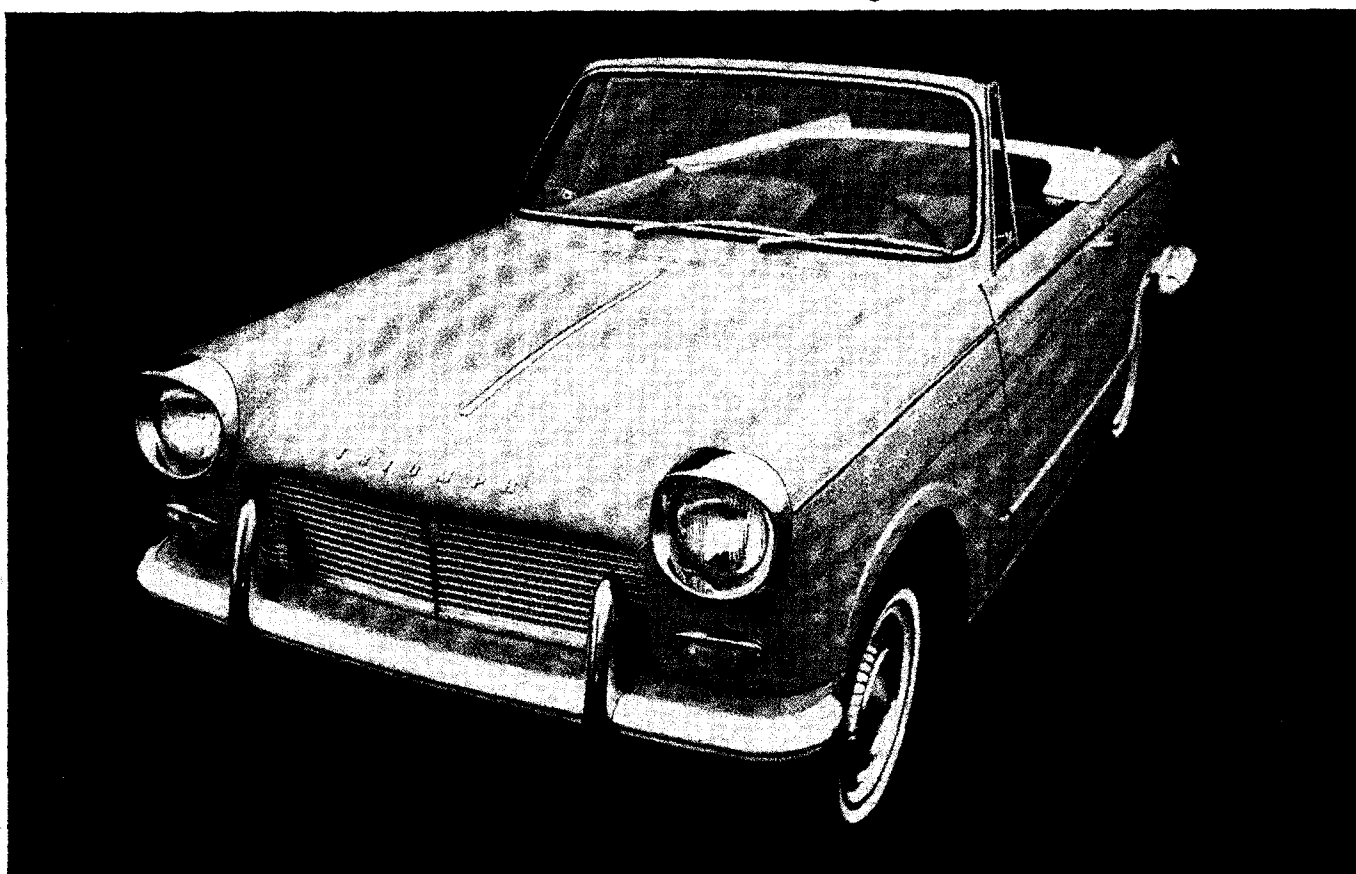
Up the creek in Mill Valley  
MILL VALLEY LUMBER CO.  
129 MILLER AVE.

—Adv. in the Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.  
First sensible suggestion we've had in months.



**Most good-looking  
convertibles are expensive.**

**The new 1200 is only \$1949\***



**M** We have the best-looking economy convertible around. Long, clean lines. Top folds out of sight. Walnut dash. It's also the lowest-priced convertible in the U.S. Most people can't believe it.

The beauty's more than skin deep, too. The new Triumph 1200 gives you 20% more horsepower. Gives you more get-up-and-go in traffic, more zip on hills, more power while passing. Does well over 80 mph. Pretty hot for an economy car, hey?

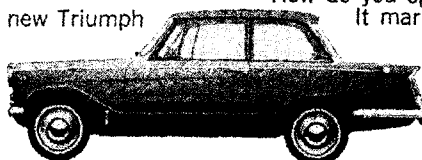
It handles like a sports car. (Several English racing cars use the 1200 front end components.) Four-speed stick shift. Four-wheel independent suspension.

Practical, too. Built for a family of four. Driver's bucket seat adjusts to 72 different driving positions. Loads of leg, head and luggage room. Steering wheel is adjustable.

How do you spot this hot new 1200? By the new grille. It marks the best all-around economy car going. The economy car designed and engineered by the people who make the famous TR-4.

We have a snappy sedan, too. Roomy. Solid. Fast. Does everything the convertible does. So handsome it puts other economy cars to shame. It's only \$1699\*.

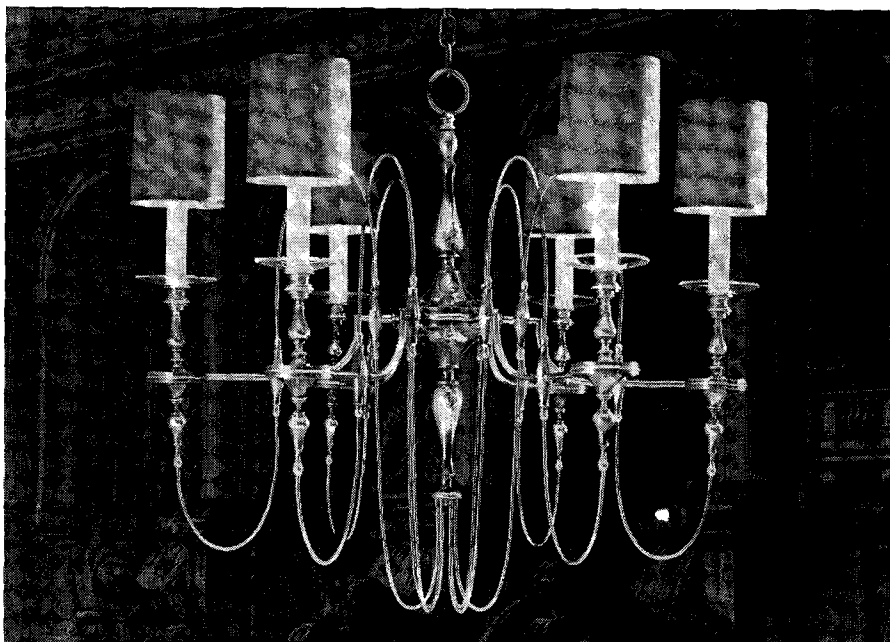
Who says an economy car has to look like one!



**Triumph 1200**

\*Suggested retail price PDE plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., N.Y. 6, Canada: Standard-Triumph (Canada) Ltd., 1463 Eglinton Ave. W., Toronto 10, Ont.





**Old world** craftsmanship is only one of the outstanding features of this magnificent new chandelier in the best Lightolier tradition. Gracefully executed in a mellow, burnished non-tarnishing silver finish and highlighted by your choice of red or white candles. Matching shades optional. A light, rhythmic touch of elegance for any setting. By Lightolier... for over 60 years the symbol of quality and craftsmanship in both decorative and functional lighting.

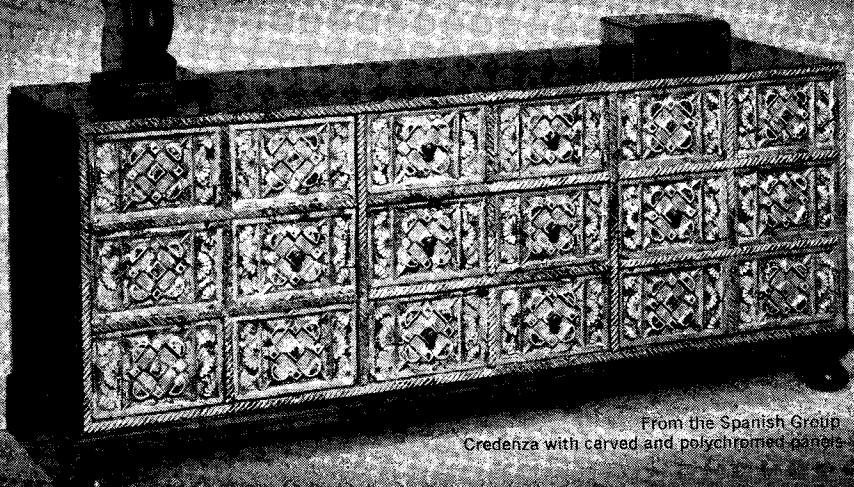
### **LIGHTOLIER®**

11 East 36th St., New York City  
Chicago • Dallas • Los Angeles

Distinctive chandelier and lamp innovations available through decorators and dealers to solve lighting problems for interiors of any decor.

## John Widdicomb

For more than a century  
makers of fine furniture  
in traditional and modern idiom



From the Spanish Group  
Credenza with carved and polychromed panels

Visitors are welcome at the John Widdicomb Showrooms accompanied by a dealer or decorator

|                                                                   |                                                                |                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| <b>NEW YORK</b><br>205 East 58th St.                              | <b>PHILADELPHIA</b><br>2301 Chestnut St.                       | <b>GRAND RAPIDS</b><br>Exhibitors Bldg. |
| CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • DENVER • INDIANAPOLIS | PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO |                                         |

## THE CURRENT CINEMA

### *Truth-Telling*



**I**N an autobiographical press release got up to accompany the local showing of the Italian movie "Red Desert," its director, Michelangelo Antonioni, assumes a deceptive air of brisk common sense. "Why this title, 'Red Desert'?" he writes. (The chief settings of the picture, which is the first he has made in color, are a factory and some domestic interiors in Ravenna.) "I have been asked this question many times during the last few months. Originally I had thought of 'Blue and Green,' but then I felt that it was too closely related to the color idea. So I decided upon 'Red Desert.'" End of much-sought-after explanation. Readers of it not only remain in the dark but are made to feel that the darkness has been deepened by the gratuitous introduction of the mystery of "Blue and Green," which, like "Red Desert," has no apparent connection with the picture and is left equally unaccounted for. We might suspect Antonioni of pulling our legs with suave and negligent double-talk if it were not that this sample of his one-step-forward-and-two-steps-backward method of exposition is so like his movies, which are very far indeed from being intended as teases; it's only in the degree to which they fail that they resemble ungainly pranks.

The fact is that Antonioni has been engaged for many years now in a daring, humorless, often anguished attempt to work out on film Yeats's hopeful maxim to the effect that man cannot know the truth but can embody it. The difficulty with the attempt appears to be that, from one picture to the next, Antonioni becomes more and more impatient at having to display his particular hard-won truth in dramatic terms; as living creatures, we are almost helpless not to act, but he would evidently like to sweep away the misleading importunities of mere actions, which is to say of mere plot, in favor of a revelation of some underlying passionate but immobile sensibility that he sees as truly us. Such a revelation lends itself nicely to lyric poetry, but how is it to be achieved in what are, by their nature, *moving* pictures? It is obvious that Antonioni hasn't yet found out and may never find out. Meanwhile, from the





Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin, West Coast; H. P. Selman's, Louisville, Ky.

## The mark of a pampered woman

This spectacular suit by Teal Traina with the mark of the world's best... pure wool

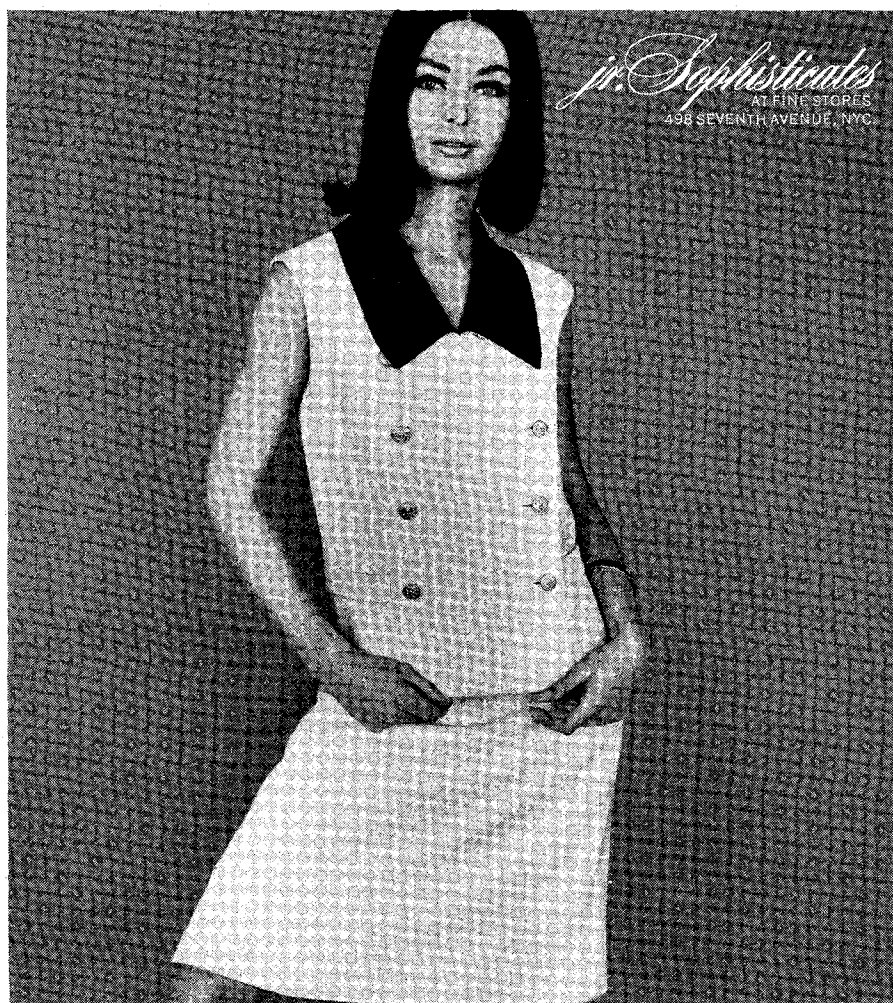
The best of everything: fabric that bears the wool mark, the mark of the world's best... pure wool. The design by the inspired Teal Traina, a squander of chic for spring. A striking worsted tri-color plaid... bias-cut, artfully balanced to give you the tailored look with a new soft-



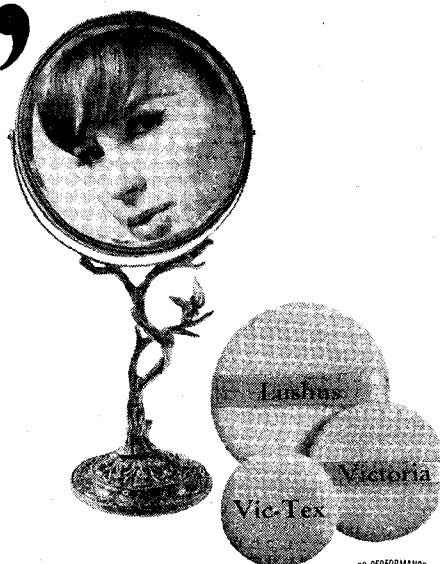
This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc. to quality products made of the world's best... pure wool.

ness. A softness of line, of look, of feel that only pure wool can give, only pure wool can keep. Pamper yourself a little. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.





“Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than putting a soiled powder puff on a clean face?”



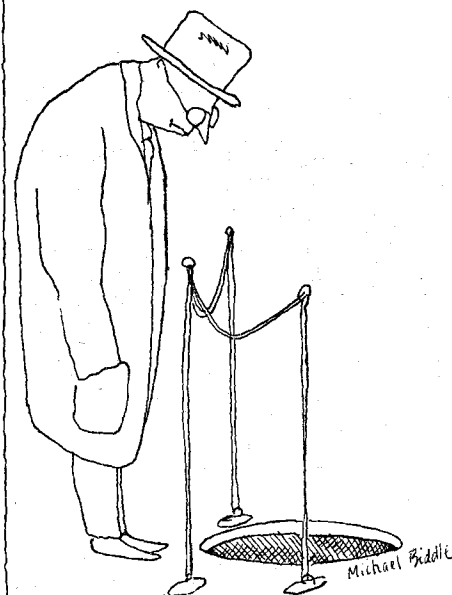
LUSHUS, VICTORIA, VIC-TEX POWDER PUFFS—HYGIENICALLY CLEAN.  
AT ALL LEADING COSMETIC COUNTERS.  
VICTORIA-VOGUE, INC., NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, TORONTO

★  
Good Housekeeping  
GUARANTEES  
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

dazzling “L’Avventura” through “La Notte” and “Eclipse,” his pictures have been marked by an increasing paralysis on the part of their leading figures; he has turned the Aristotelian “action is character” topsy-turvy, making it read “character is non-action,” and in “Red Desert” the paralysis comes close to being complete.

The protagonist of the picture is a beautiful young woman (Monica Vitti), the wife of a successful, personable engineer and the mother of a handsome little boy. She has been in a motor accident and is now continuously depressed, but what genuine connection there may be between the accident and the depression we never learn. Most of the picture consists of Antonioni’s camera following Miss Vitti with lap-dog devotion as she moons miserably about the factory and its environs. She meets and is infinitesimally drawn to her husband’s old college friend (Richard Harris) and begins to moon miserably over him as well. Her husband goes off on a trip, the little boy frightens her by feigning illness, and she makes love, ever so joylessly, with her husband’s friend. The picture ends with nothing changed, not even for the worse. Antonioni’s pleasure in manipulating Technicolor and the occasional vivid scenes he sets up and then abandons cannot compensate for the irritating absence of plot and the prevailing dryness of tone. Boredom seeps into our bones, and even Miss Vitti’s mask of fastidious sensuality fails to keep us from dozing.

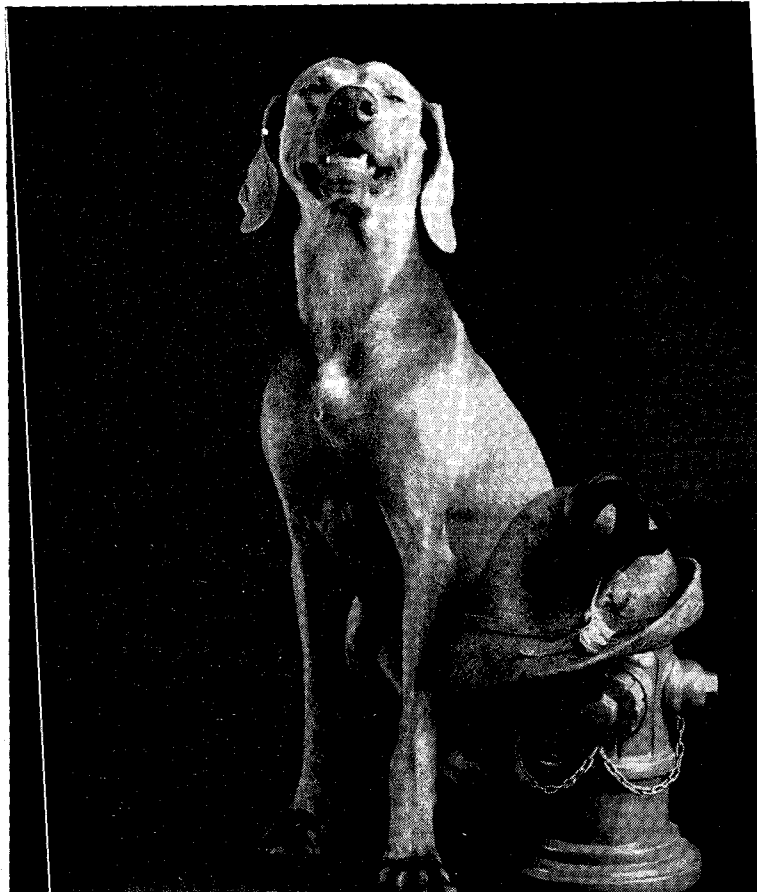
“SYLVIA” is a conventional Hollywood picture, starring Carroll Baker and George Maharis, and if I found it—in its modest, mindless fashion—appealing, I have no doubt it’s because I saw it immediately after “Red







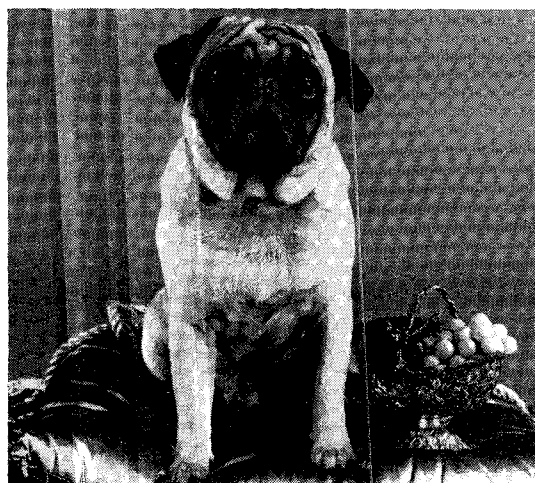
Take a long look at what you get besides transportation on the fabulous S.S. France. It's the most civilized way to go to Europe. It's amazingly inexpensive, just 6¢ a mile. Compare this with any other means of "getting there."



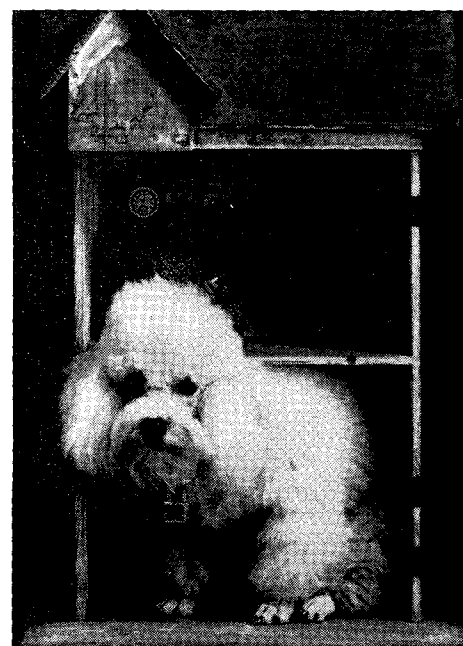
**Joie de vivre.** The warm, gay, elegant ambiance of France. Dancing, music in a French café. A chance to meet new friends, practice your French, go shopping in Paris, get a French hairdo. Learn the art of leisure from the masters.



**Elegant living.** Five American breakfasts. Mid-morning bouillon. Five French luncheons. Tea each afternoon. Five French dinners. Vin rouge et vin blanc with luncheon and dinner, compliments of the line. Served in magnificent salles à manger with French Line service par excellence.



**Spacious rooms and suites.** Beautiful, thick carpets, air-conditioned, soundproofed. Swimming pools, saunas, golf, gymnasium. A palatial theatre—seats 700. Loads of deck space. Priceless works of art by Braque, Picasso, Utrillo, Dufy, Hillaire, Idoux, Jean Picart le Doux.



Oh, come on out—five days of leisurely living in France will do you good. There's nothing else like it on land, at sea, or in the air. It could easily be the most exciting part of your trip. And it costs less per mile than renting a car, riding a cab.



**Five days of glorious living in France. French food. French service. French atmosphere. Joie de vivre. as little as 6 cents a mile\***

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT SOON

**DEPARTURES** from New York to Southampton and Le Havre: Apr. 15, Apr. 29, May 13, May 27  
Première crossing New York to Cannes via Gibraltar and Naples— March 6

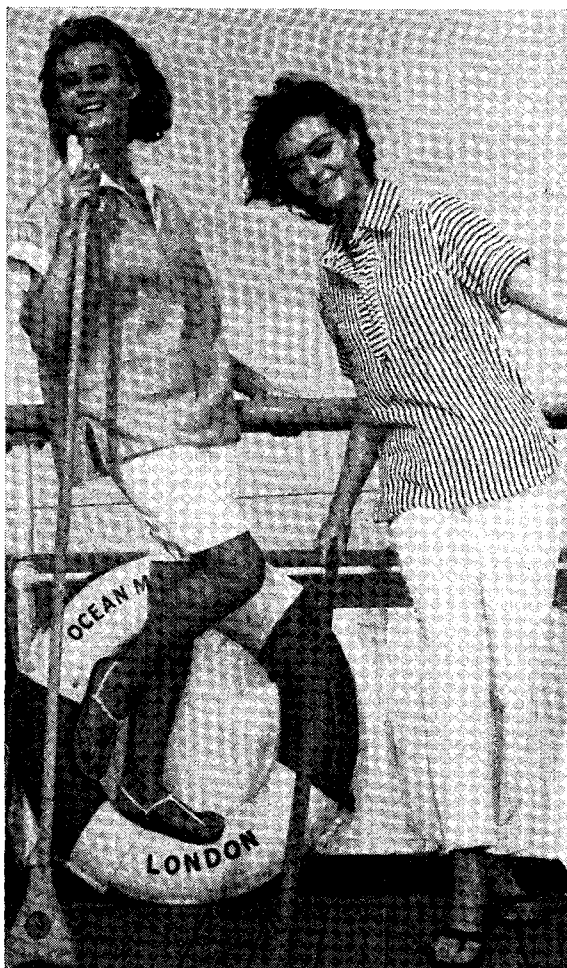
**OFF-SEASON RATES:** Tourist for as little as \$223; First Class for as little as \$418.

\*Based on 1/2 round-trip off-season Tourist fare to Southampton—even less with 15% or 25% reduction excursion rates.

**French Line®**

610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.





Photographed aboard the Furness Bermuda Line's "Ocean Monarch."

#### REVERSIBLE SHIRT

(far left) Our sea-going shirt in classic "faded blue" denim reverses to white terry. Convertible collar and side vents. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **\$8.95**

#### TERRY BERMUDAS

(far left) White terry Bermudas fashioned to flatter and fit. Buttoned waistband, fly front, side pockets. Sizes 10 to 18. **\$6.95**

#### STRIPED SHIRT

(near left) Woven pin-striped terry in a shirt which is all classic and altogether wonderful. Rollup sleeves. Black stripes on white. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **\$8.95**

#### TERRY SLACKS

(near left) Our slimming pants fit marvelously well and have a jillion places to go! Fly front, buttoned waistband. White terry. Sizes 10 to 18. **\$8.95**

Add 35¢ each for shipping.

Send for color catalog.

**THE TOG SHOP**

LESTER SQ., AMERICUS, GA.

Desert" and was starved for good, old-fashioned scenes of confrontation, betrayal, accusation, and forgiveness. A rich man intends to marry a good-looking and seemingly wellborn girl, about whose past he is unable to discover a single hard fact. (The screenplay, by Sydney Boehm, doesn't make it clear how the girl has managed to duck successfully questions that any fiancé might put to any fiancée.) The rich man hires a private eye to investigate the girl's past, which turns out, little by little, shocker by shocker, to be one of remarkable violence and squalor. What that dear, clean-cut, prize-rose-growing girl went through between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five is calculated to make us shake our heads in wonder and dismay, and shake them we do. I'm glad to say that the picture has a happy ending for everyone except the rich man, but then the rich are notoriously incapable of happiness. Besides Miss Baker and Mr. Maharis, the cast includes Joanne Dru (who is *very* good), Peter Lawford, Viveca Lindfors, Edmond O'Brien, and Ann Sothern. The director was Gordon Douglas, who has kept the sensations coming at the rate of about one a minute.

—BRENDAN GILL

To vacation here is to come  
to intimate terms with leisure.  
If such an arrangement  
would embarrass you,  
you're better off elsewhere.

Your travel agent knows. Call him.  
Or call New York office: PLaza 2-9100  
London office: BELgravia 5411



**BALMORAL CLUB**

CABLE BEACH

NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS

Hotel Corporation of America

#### WINTER: THE CITY: A BALLAD

Asphalt is hard as stone;  
afternoons are colder.  
You are the Dark King's own;  
I am his ex-soldier.

Subways smell of must,  
gutters of water.  
You're the Betrothed of Lust;  
I'm the bold courtier.

Sealed traffic prowls the street;  
crowds exhaust the air.  
You shiver in your sheets—  
I discover where!

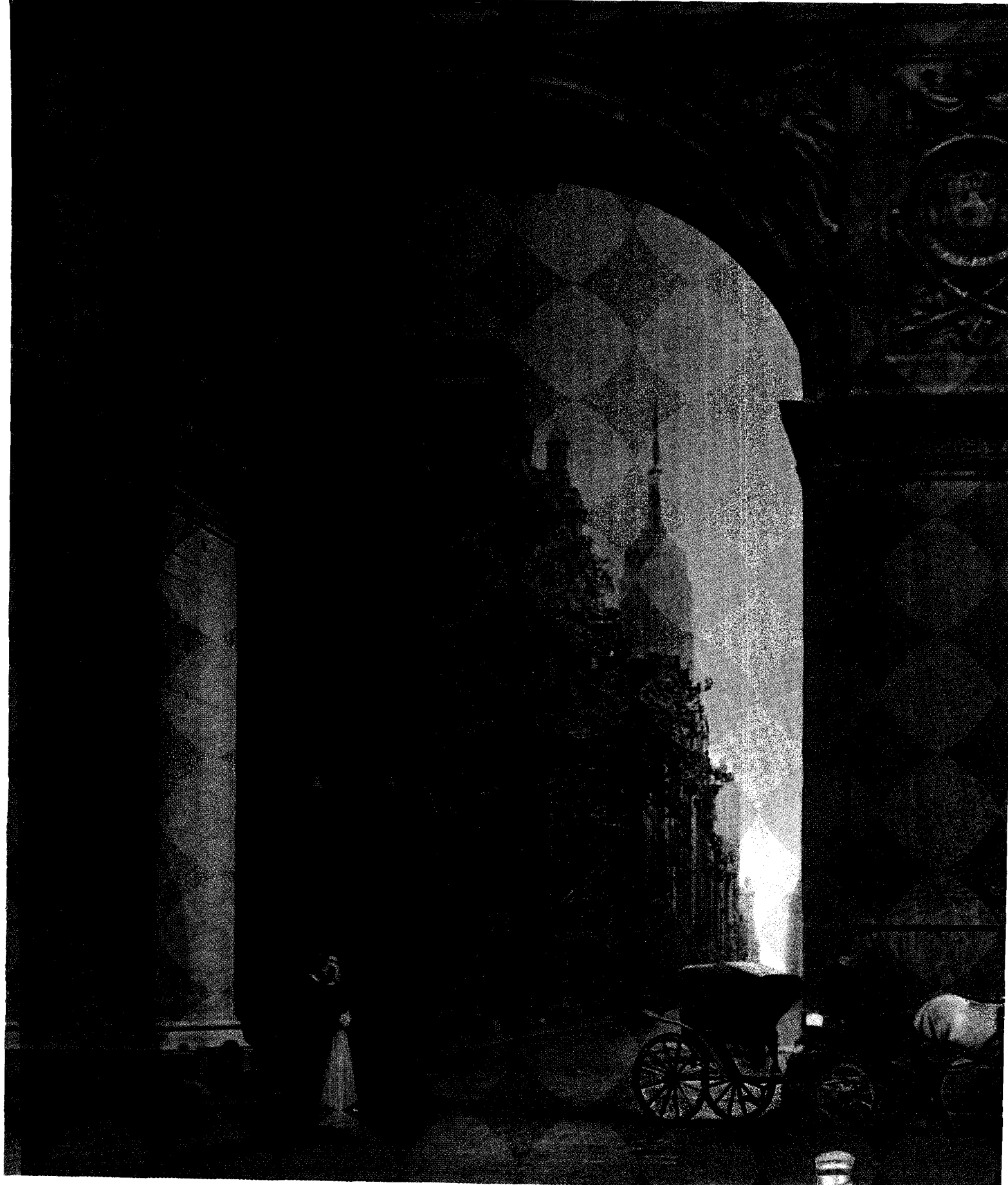
Skyscrapers guard the park;  
black snows enfold you.  
I'll come when it's dark,  
and hold you, hold you.

—GERALD JONAS

Felipe Alou, ex-Giant outfielder, and rookie pitcher Clay Carroll signed their 1965 contracts with the Milwaukee Braves. Alou was a disappointment to the Braves last year, hitting .253 while playing 121 games at first base in the outfield.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

He'd be a disappointment to any team.





*Evenings that memories are made of—  
so often include*

**DRAMBUIE**

*THE CORDIAL WITH THE SCOTCH WHISKY BASE*

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 80 PROOF

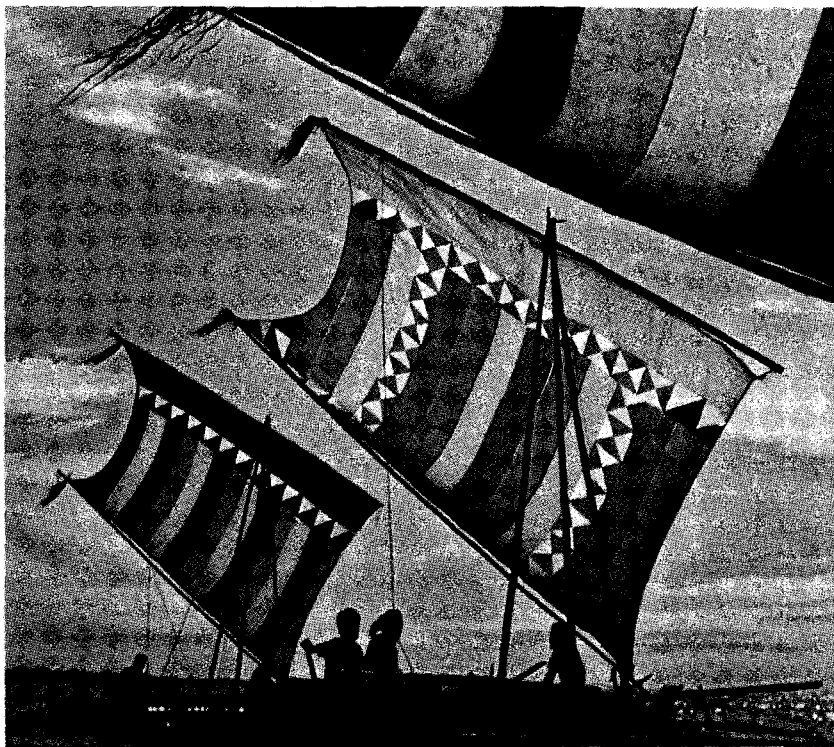


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

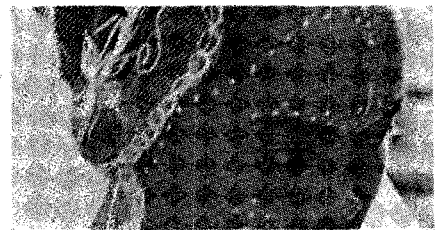


# NEXT TRIP SEE ZAMBOANGA

Stand at the edge of the Sulu Sea and watch the Moro vintas, with cargoes of fresh pearls aboard, sail in from Tawi-Tawi. Or Borneo. Have breakfast on the terrace of your hotel (fruits with names like mabolo, duhat, atis, mangosteen). Or pick them off the trees—on your way to the Sultan's palace. Buy black coral bracelets and antique swords. Swim at Taluksangay—and explore the floating villages where sea gypsies live (it's almost impossible to figure out where the music seems to be coming from).



Enter a Moslem temple. But take off your shoes first. And don't leave Zamboanga without buying some pearls. They're a bargain. You'll find exciting cities everywhere in the Philippines. Zamboanga is just 2½ hours by air from Manila. PAL jets you by the fastest route from San Francisco to Hawaii, then non-stop to Manila. And on to Hong Kong in 105 minutes. Service aboard PAL's DC-8 fan-jets is magnificent—luxurious meals and famous hospitality. If you send in the coupon for information on PAL's Orient tours, you may end up knowing how to see more than most tourists ever get to see. It's something to remember, next trip to the Orient.



## PHILIPPINE AIR LINES



PHILIPPINE AIR LINES, c/o KLM, General Sales Agent,  
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

- ☐ Please send me complete tour information.  
☐ Also send your full-color guide to island-hopping, shopping, and sightseeing in the Philippines.

name \_\_\_\_\_ phone \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_

name of your travel agent \_\_\_\_\_

NY265



# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



IN the twenties, women kicked off those constricting Victorian corsets; in the forties, they emancipated themselves from hats (though they promptly became slaves to hairdressers); in the sixties, a new emancipation is setting in—from all those hours under the dryer and the interminable combing and teasing that go on between appointments. There survives, however, the age-old female determination to look delicious around the face and head—something the straight hairdos of today can accomplish only for very young women who are pretty to start with. And there exists now an equal determination to make the head feel carefree and relaxed, which means a return to millinery adornment for most of us. Rising to this opportunity, our custom milliners have gone all out in creating wondrous things—sometimes bumptious or imposing and sometimes dissemblingly meek—that are almost always impossibly light in weight, even when one body of straw is superimposed on another, as so often happens in their construction. (The way featherweight balis and semi-sheer straws are being used proves that two bodies can live as lightly as one.) Besides, many milliners are completely doing away with wires and other reinforcements, which makes hats as packable as kerchiefs.

As for simple, tailored stuff, Sally Victor has evolved what she calls Free Form detail for double-bodied brimmed bali and panama hats of medium size; this involves an upward, rounded crease (well, I guess it's really a ridge) that starts low on the crown and slants out to the edge of the brim—an agreeable quirk that gives piquancy to her wide ingénue bonnet-cloches. Sculpture, that's what it is—no wires, no blocking, no hatbands, only perfection. As for the straws employed in the scheme, I saw these cloches with a bright-gold top and an orange underbody, with a top of Persian turquoise and sea

foam beneath, in pale pink with deep rose beneath. Emme and her co-worker Anello also like bumpy outgoing lines on their round crowns. In this case, twelve ridges come down from the top in orderly array, making it look like an aspic mold. This brand of crown dominates a group of bali hats in what Emme and Anello describe as their "new neutral" shade—a very pale primrose yellow that is supposed to go with everything. Crowns like this can top jockey shapes with a visor, Anzac types that are turned up sharply at the side (this goes back to the men from Down Under in the First World War), Bretons, and so on. Adolfo is celebrated for taking men's hats and turning them into devices for flirtatious females. I am thinking of his Planter hats, of double-bodied bali, which are really sailors with high crowns, creased from fore to aft, and medium brims, usually dipped a bit in front. One, white on top and cranberry beneath, is encircled by a wide band of cranberry, pink, and white grosgrain. Others may be wrapped in chiffon that matches the facing of the brim, putting them far away from a working-plantation look. Lilly Daché, an expert in soufflés (hers *never* fall), does soufflé brims on her tailored hats, which are made of a straw

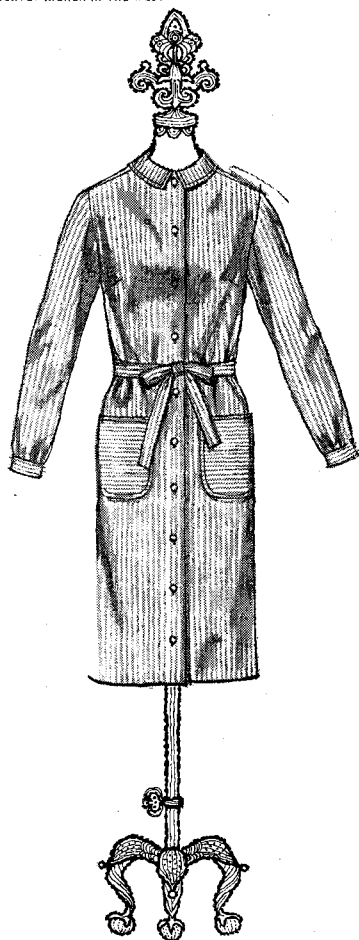
cloth that is gauzy and semitransparent. They are double-bodied, with plenty of air space between their two brims until they join at their edges. I saw quantities of jonquil yellow or pale taupe on the underbrims and the tailored bands, but the crowns and the upper brims are white. The shapes are several, from deep curved-brim cloches to dipping sailors. Mr. John, never one to duck anything (except brims over one or both eyebrows), makes small downward-rippling cloches of linen lace. One is beige, with a red-and-white striped ribbon band; the ribbon alternates with the lace in the construction of his inevitable scarf. He, too, is clever about making masculine shapes coquettish. His 'Enry 'Iggins wears a crown that is almost London bobby in height, and its two-inch brim is turned up in back and down in front. The simplest 'Iggins is of milan, with three holes at each side for ventilation. There are also versions in his famous printed stitched-all-over silks that manage to look like cottons, as well as in shiny black lacquered straw studded with jet beads, to go with your theatre suit.

Lots of really frail but huge turban hats that let the light through do double duty, in that they encase hair that has gone limp in the ocean and yet, being





PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



## Well-Informed

Not a dress for shilly-shallying. A dress for the Huntley-Brinkley follower, the volunteer-er, the informed, the responsible . . . a dress without dimness or indecision. A shift in shape, it's sashable with a self sash. The firm fabric is Arnel triacetate and cotton, strongly striped in Pink, Brown, Blue, or Yellow. Sizes 6 to 16.

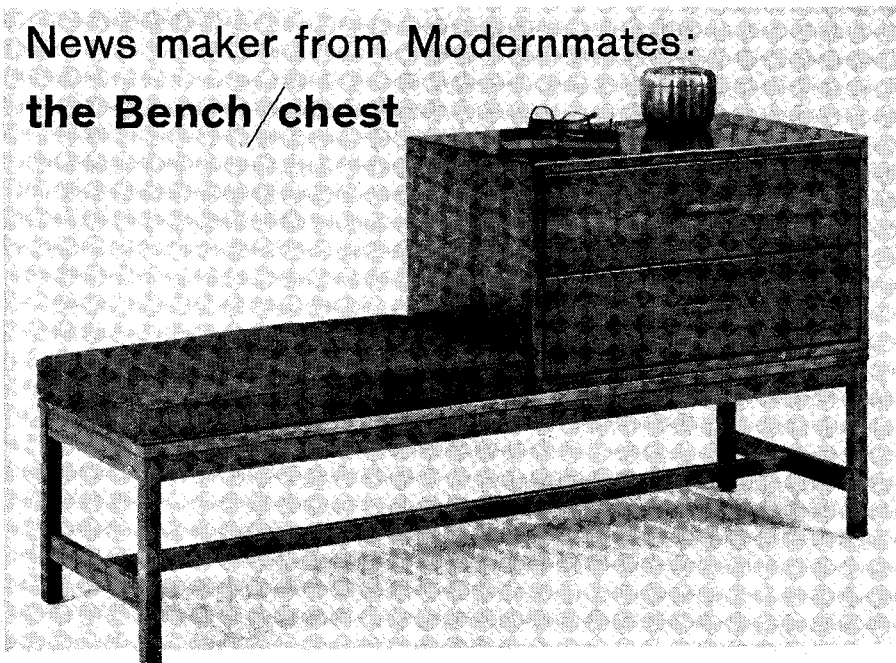
About twenty dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965, MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## News maker from Modernmates: the Bench/chest



You name the role in your decorating scheme, our bench/chest can fill it. Look:

It's a window bench and end table. Or it's a bedroom bench and demi-dresser. Or it's a hall seat and lamp table. Solid birch in our new briar (warm brown) finish. Seat pad in sparkling decorator fabrics. Another sprightly new idea from the 113-years-young House of Conant Ball.

Write for name of nearest store. Also, send for illustrated folder of our Modernmates, or of our colonial Roger Conant Group. 10¢ each.



CONANT BALL COMPANY, GARDNER 39, MASSACHUSETTS

soufflé, rest so lightly on the hair that they will not mess up the new coiffure productions of Kenneth and Elizabeth Arden's boys. Halston, of Bergdorf Goodman, for instance, specializes in organza or organdie turbans that are enormously puffy but as featherweight as a meringue. They are folded and draped in dozens of devious ways—to specify a couple, white organza with horizontal tucks over the forehead, and wide, burgeoning height above, and a knot at the nape; white organdie, all arched, with bonnet folds in front and drapery in back that descends through a loop at the very bottom, from which its sharp end sticks out to one side. (Don't ask me how to clean these beauties.) Very young people, with their insistence on casualness, have had a real effect on high style, and one more proof of this is the steady upgrading of the kerchief and the snood, both of which tend to be rather flat across the head and wide behind the ears, sphinx fashion. For women who want the ease of kerchiefs but need height above their foreheads, Halston has fixed up a tall basic pillbox of stiffened net over which any sort of scarf can be draped. One scarf I particularly recall is a big fringed square of bright-gold surah, just waiting to be swirled about. John Frederics (the establishment, still at the old stand, is now in the competent hands of his ex-designers, Hope Hendler and Reve Richards) was, I believe, a pioneer in using an underhat like this to give a narrow, arched, bonnet look to the simplest bandannas. It's easy, this way (even for me), to make them look good with a knot in back or under one ear, in gypsy style. And John Frederics also has tie-on turbans, in crisp organzas, to conceal the hair and loom lightly over it; one, shown in beige, is bonnety in front and can be tied in a big bow low in back.

The hat-on-hat rage, which became overt some years ago, is unabated. I mean those snug gypsy caps (*these* can be worn alone) that are most practical for an open-convertible ride but that can be built up with overhats for those who feel that they must make Entrances. Emme is one of many who are carrying on this tradition. Her little cap of black organza or shantung is parted in the middle, like your Aunt Amelia's coiffure, and draped down the sides to a bow and streamers in back; shiny straw, thick but lightweight, in the form of Bretons or fedoras or cartwheels can go over it. Romance seems able to hang on, too, for everyone is showing great cartwheel sailors, opaque or gauzy, and covered with ripples of



# The French have a word for everything



## —except “clickety-clack”

The French use a lot of American words. But “clickety-clack” isn’t one. Because no French train has ever made such a noise.

Reason? French tracks are laid in one-mile sections — and tied with special elastic fasteners. In a French train, you glide smoothly in roomy compartments with big picture windows. Unless, of course, you prefer to glide in the dining car where the cuisine is unquestionably haute and the vin undeniably superieur. The French don’t have a word for “clickety-clack.”

And they don’t need one for their trains. Because they’ve always taken them for granted.

French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York / 11 E. Adam St., Chicago 3, Ill. / 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. / 323 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif. / 1500 Stanley Street, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

For free folder, write French National Railroads, Dept. NY1 Box 223, Madison Square Station, New York 10010.

BUY YOUR TICKETS AND RESERVATIONS — INCLUDING THE LOW-COST, FIRST-CLASS “EURAILPASS” — BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE U.S. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE US.

**For travelling in France “the railway is the right way.”**



# MEN MAKE PASSES AT GIRLS WHO WEAR LASHES

If somehow you've never really had a hypnotic effect on men, try lashes. Eylure lashes change you. And this transformation takes just 10 seconds. You don't diddle with eye makeup. No trimming tantrums. Eylure lashes are pre-shaped, self-adhesive, ready to transform you in a wink. Real hair or natural fur in black, brown, blue, green. \$3.95 to \$10. (And to add to the hypnotic effect, try Eylure Slimline Nails.) Both at beauty full stores.



For free booklet, "How To Wear Lashes," write to Eylure, Dept. N, 26 Beaver Street, New York 4, N.Y.

**EYLURE LASHES**

available in Canada

lace and other Merry Widow stuff. Everywhere, as well, there are sheer blacks—laces, horsehair, veiling, and other froufrous for evening—and no one is more adept at froufrou than Maria Pia.

But now away from gargantuan generalities and on to detailed analysis:

**S**ALLY VICTOR has been wizard about bonnets ever since she played with dolls (*I hear*; I wasn't with her in Scranton at the time). Her newest ones are called Nun's Coifs. My favorite is shown in navy straw with a white facing. It is narrow and sits well down on the ears, and it has a sort of Amish-bonnet back. Another, also narrow, and so deep that the points at the sides end low on the cheeks, is shown in pale-blue straw; folds of organza to match sit above the brim. A third, of white straw, ends in an open top that allows a chignon or a ponytail to emerge; a prim navy grosgrain bow is placed at the nape, and streamers depend below. (And why don't you speak for yourself, John?) I have already mentioned Victor's masterpiece cloches with Free Form creases slashing across them. Many such creases are applied to her perennial panamas, now dyed—for the first time, and under her aegis—in bright dark greens, a magnificent orange, and so on. Lots of them are decorated with hand-loomed Peruvian hatbands, and they take many shapes, some with brims curved upward—very Andean. In beige is her medium-brimmed hat copying Alexander Calder's circus with a colorful procession of felt appliques and skinny black mobile wires around the lower crown. Thumbing her nose at the Alexandres and the Michels and the other coiffeurs, she has done turbans that emulate elaborate hairdos and hide all the hair. One, shown in pink organza mingled with shiny straw stripes to match, manages to duplicate the most elaborate French twist up the back; others have deep headbands of crinkled chiffon, above which they burst into a mass of curls or into those loops that suggest the work of the maddest of hairdressers.

**A**DOLFO understands simple shapes that Do Something for you. He has, more or less, even duplicated the hat he wears himself—a narrow-brimmed fedora—but in stitched shantung, with a creased crown and a small turnup in the back. His crash helmets of double bali have rather shallow crowns and chin straps. And there are infinitely wearable Lady Birds; you

**Rosette Pennington**  
20 East 56th Street  
New York 22, N.Y.

**\$70.**

Oleg Cassini's impeccably shaped sheath for spring, trimmed with white ruffled lingerie for flattery. Navy blue petit point silk and rayon. Fully lined. Sizes 8 to 14. Mail and phone orders filled. PL 9-3737.

Also Princeton Shopping Center, Princeton, N. J.



**The key to a wonderful winter holiday is the Dennis in Atlantic City.**

NEW MOTEL • INDOOR POOL • FINE FOOD

On the Boardwalk  
at Michigan Ave.

RESERVATIONS:  
phone Atlantic City  
609-344-8111  
New York Tie Line  
Walker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL  
**Dennis**  
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.



**Gin and Vodka's new rival...**

**GAVILAN TEQUILA!**

Meet this spirited new challenger in the Tequini (Gavilan Martini) Margarita Tequila Collins

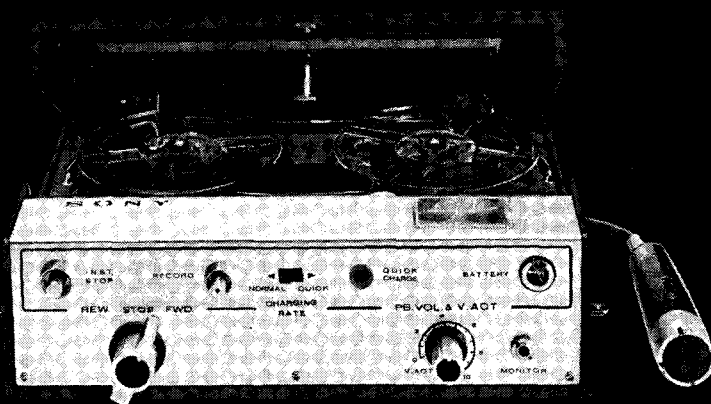
Send for free recipes:  
Foreign Vintages, 630  
5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.  
Sole U.S.A. Distributors

90 Proof

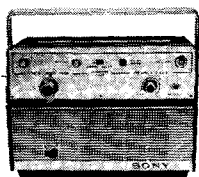


Shhhhh...

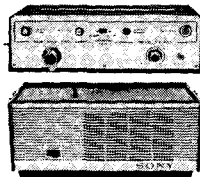
This Sony recorder starts at the sound of your voice!



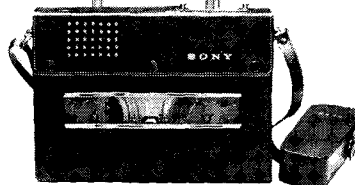
**Speak** — and the new Sony 905 goes into action. Pause — and this amazing Voice Command tape recorder also pauses — awaiting your next command! And whether you shout or whisper, near or far, the exclusive Sony AVC (automatic volume control) instantly adjusts to the proper recording level, without your ever touching a knob! This incredibly versatile small new Sony is self-charging, self-starting, self-powered, and truly portable. Perfect for business, school, family fun (and surveillance work too). All the best from Sony for **less than \$159.50**.



**Chargeable:** The AC powered lower unit automatically charges the 905's lifetime batteries and is also an auxiliary amplifier / speaker system.



**Partable:** The upper unit instantly detaches and is a complete battery-powered portable recorder with built-in speaker, AVC, and voice activating circuitry.



**Portable:** Solid state, lightweight (4½ lbs.), and compact (8½" x 6½" x 2½"), with up to 2 hours recording on one reel. Complete with leather carrying case.

**SONY**

**SUPERSCOPE**

*The Tapeway to Stereo*

For literature or nearest dealer write Superscope Inc., Dept. 46, Sun Valley, California.



## Fortrel, the fiber that takes a strong stand against wrinkles



The texture is rough in this "Poonta Cloth" sport coat but it's smooth going when it comes to wrinkles. Tough, too. Credit Fortrel for making such a fabric possible. Linett picked an oxford weave of

Fortrel polyester and cotton.

In Union blue, Confederate gray and hayseed tan. About \$35. At Neiman-Marcus of Dallas, Houston & Ft. Worth; Woolf Brothers, Kansas City, Mo., & Wichita, Kansas.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a Trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

**Celanese**  
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

saw the sidewise roller at the Inauguration, but the group also includes a beret of stitched white felt with a tiny badger brush above the bow at one side of the bandeau. When Adolfo goes over the brink, he goes maverick indeed. His transparencies are medium-large wavy-brimmed picture hats of stitched horsehair, real dreamy, in colors like salmon, mint, ice blue, and beige, and are to be worn with outdoor-party chiffons. There's something very lovely about them; can it be nostalgia? Sally Victor makes game of hairdressers with her turbans, but Adolfo goes prankish with pigtails. A round cap of turquoise milan becomes a small turban because of the drapery along the base. This drapery is rose and turquoise strips of milan, and more of the milan makes a braid that hangs way down in back. Other "hats" are a fat bunch of flowers or printed fabric in front and a nylon pigtail (it can match your own hair), into the braid of which flowers or fabric are interwoven. One pompon hat is all purple and white violets, and a purple corsage dangles at the end of the tail. Adolfo's pigtails can be wrapped around the head, to make a cockeyed turban, and there's a comb at the base for that purpose. Anyone who really wants to knock the Royal Enclosure on its ear could add the elongated lorgnettes or masks, heavily decorated, that can go along; a headpiece with red onions and garlic and daisies tumbling down the back of the head gets a lorgnette heavily decorated with daisies.

MR. JOHN makes perfect tailored shapes, such as the 'Enry 'Iggins ones, as well as stitched-all-over silks that stay put no matter how they are maneuvered. In this last field is a floppy medium hat of pink-and-white striped silk that looks just like cotton—a low, schoolgirl crown, a rippling brim, and (as with many other models) a big circle of a scarf that has an odd way of tying to end in a loop beside one ear. They'll have to show you, and you'll have to practice. Vast hats are present; the brim of a sailor of black straw is eleven and a half inches wide. Other sizable numbers are likely to be black, too, and to go up in back and down over the eyes. Still, one of transparent beige lace straw turns up in front, for a change, and in back goes all the way to the shoulder blades. Women have taken avidly to lynx and fox hoods for cold weather, but Mr. John is encouraging the leonine look

for other seasons. This he gets with, say, massed white silk petals, three inches long, tumbling around the face on their way to the shoulders. Loving snug little caps as I do, I must say that his Drop Dead turban is more a favorite of mine—a deep draped cap that I saw in magenta chiffon with orange-and-red silk whipped around the edges in slashing diagonals. With this belongs an enormous stole of the silk, with a wide pleated edge, that makes beautiful ruffles around your neck and is broad enough to extend below the hips.

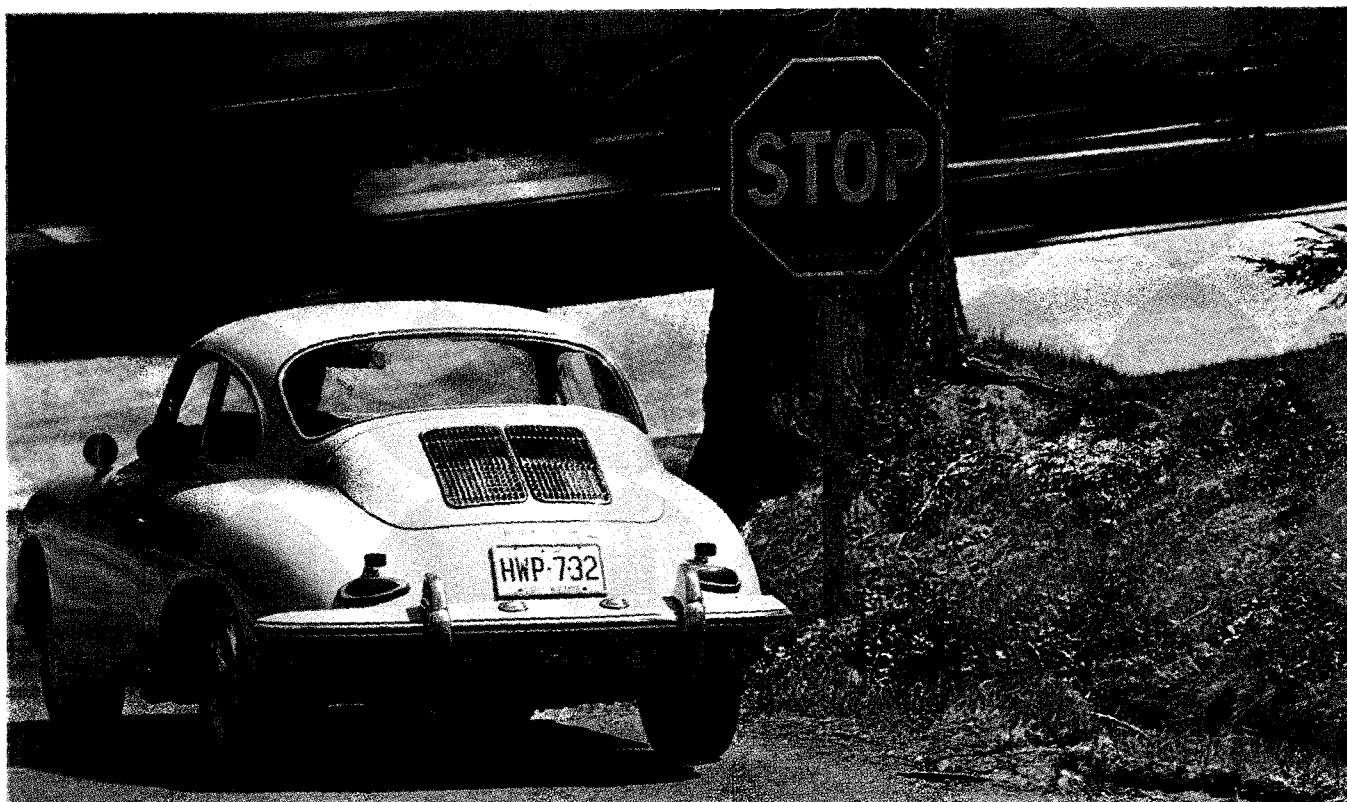
THE team of Emme and Anello goes merrily on, fooling around with everything, from horsehair to plastics that are like patent leather. (And waterproof.) In the plastics category there is a lot of white, making little hats with stitched brims turned up in back or else with visor fronts. And there is a small black sailor with a band of tan snakeskin. At the opposite extreme and in the opposite category are hats of black horsehair trimmed with big white spiky cyclamen sorts of flowers in glazed white chintz. These can be deep caps, with the flowers starting at the ears and

going around the back along the lower edge, or they can be off-the-face berets, with one flower high in front and another low in back, or they can be back-of-the-head pillboxes whose tops are covered with the flowers. Great bubble shapes are covered with other flowers—huge morning glories in pale blue and purple on net, or white narcissi on net. A bubble of Kelly shantung has green streamers down the back and a giant red poppy across the top. The gauzy, misty category is served by flowered or polka-dotted chiffon turbans that tend to tilt high and puffy on one side and to drape down to the opposite ear, where trailing ends blossom into a lavish scarf. And the team has fun with black veiling on which big white chenille dots are distributed. This is piled in many layers on top of a huge roller of black organdie, or into a frothy pouf on top of the smallest variety of chignon pillbox.

LILLY DACHÉ is pretty feminine, even for a Frenchwoman, and so such pleasures as large rippled hats of black straw with pink facing and pink mousseline to drop over the whole thing and cloud your lovely puss are routine with her. She has always been strong on turbans, and the newest are collapsible, light, and packable, and without wires or reinforcements. This year she







## We spent years developing a great competition car so you could have fun driving to work

Some of the fun of driving a Porsche comes from knowing this is no ordinary automobile . . . knowing this is a thoroughbred whose superiority has been demonstrated in thousands of races.

However, there are more tangible reasons why Porsche's racing background puts fun into dull, everyday driving. Races are Porsche's proving grounds—the cut-and-thrust of European road-racing, flat out, uphill and down, mountain and plain, rain or shine. Here a car does all the things it must do in normal driving—accelerate, brake, turn, shift gears—but under brutal conditions that reveal the most minute flaws in design or construction. From such severe testing has emerged today's Porsche, a car that is fun to drive because it does so many things better than any other car can do them.

You can change your whole concept of what a fine automobile should be just by cornering in a Porsche. The steering linkage delivers precise, positive, wonderfully satisfying control. The torsion bar suspension and extremely low center of gravity conspire to thwart centrifugal force and give you the feeling that you're riding on rails.

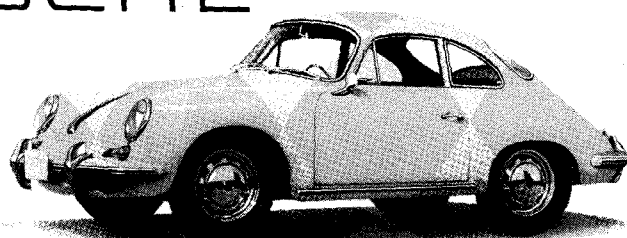
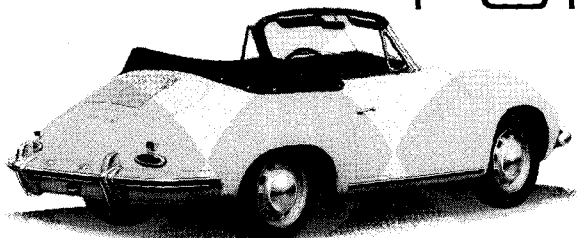
Porsche's gear box was developed to give racing drivers complete and positive control with minimum reliance on brakes. It will do the same for you. Synchromesh transmission lets you shift down smoothly into first—not just second and third gears—while the car is in motion. You'll find yourself looking for opportunities to do it, and actually enjoying traffic.

A good part of the fun is the quick response of Porsche's hand-assembled, precision-built, aluminum alloy engine. Rear-mounted, air-cooled and small, it has proved itself and then some, in such brutal long-distance races as the 12-hour Sebring in Florida.\* It has shown ability to take punishment far bigger engines cannot take. All this—and almost 30 miles to a gallon, too!

When you take the Porsche on the open road, you'll be amazed by the stopping power of its disc brakes on all four—not just two—wheels.

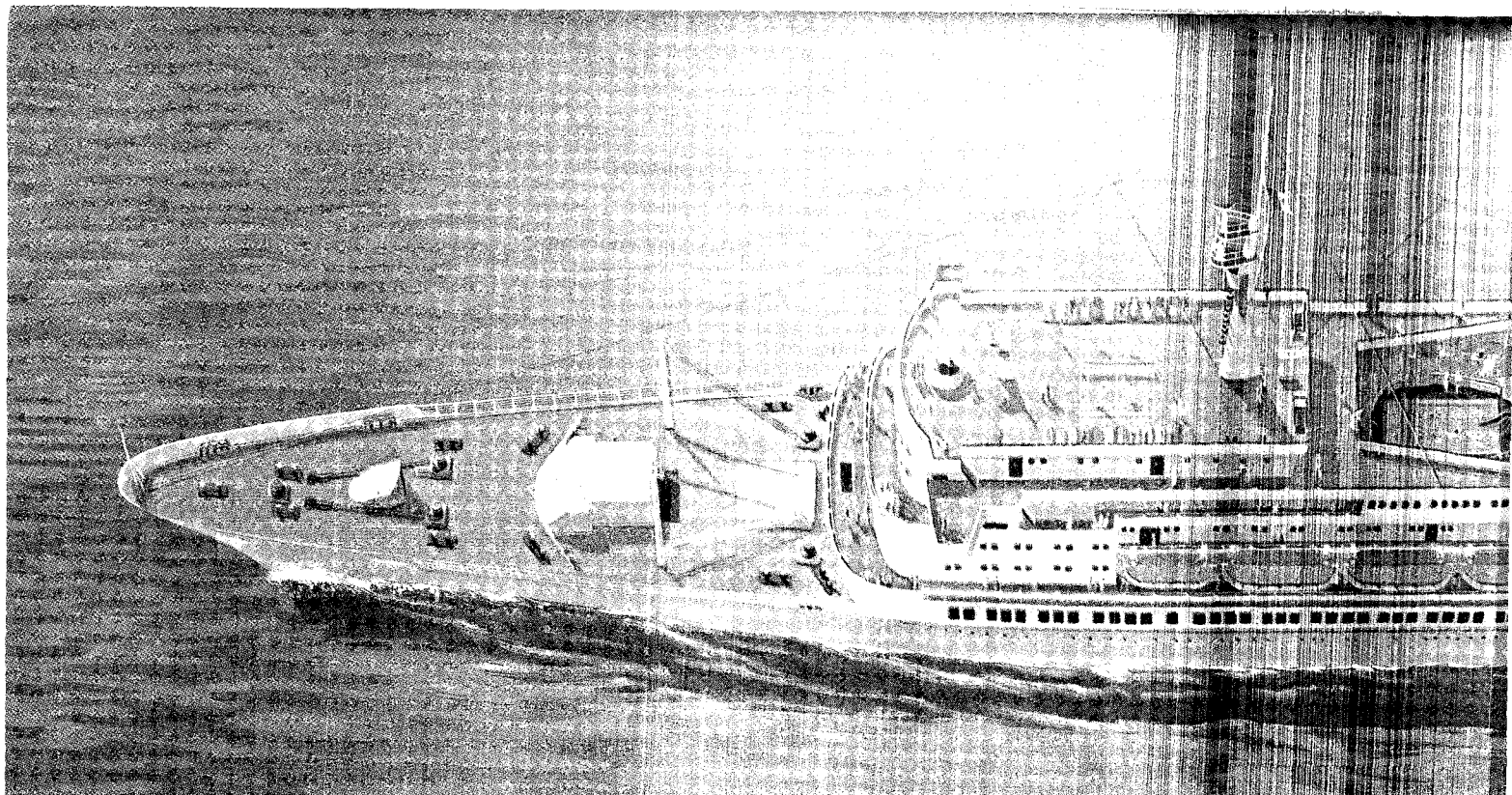
All in all, it's a unique package. Once you've driven a Porsche, you'll never be completely satisfied in another car. For name of dealer, write Porsche of America Corp., 107 Wren Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey.

# PORSCHE

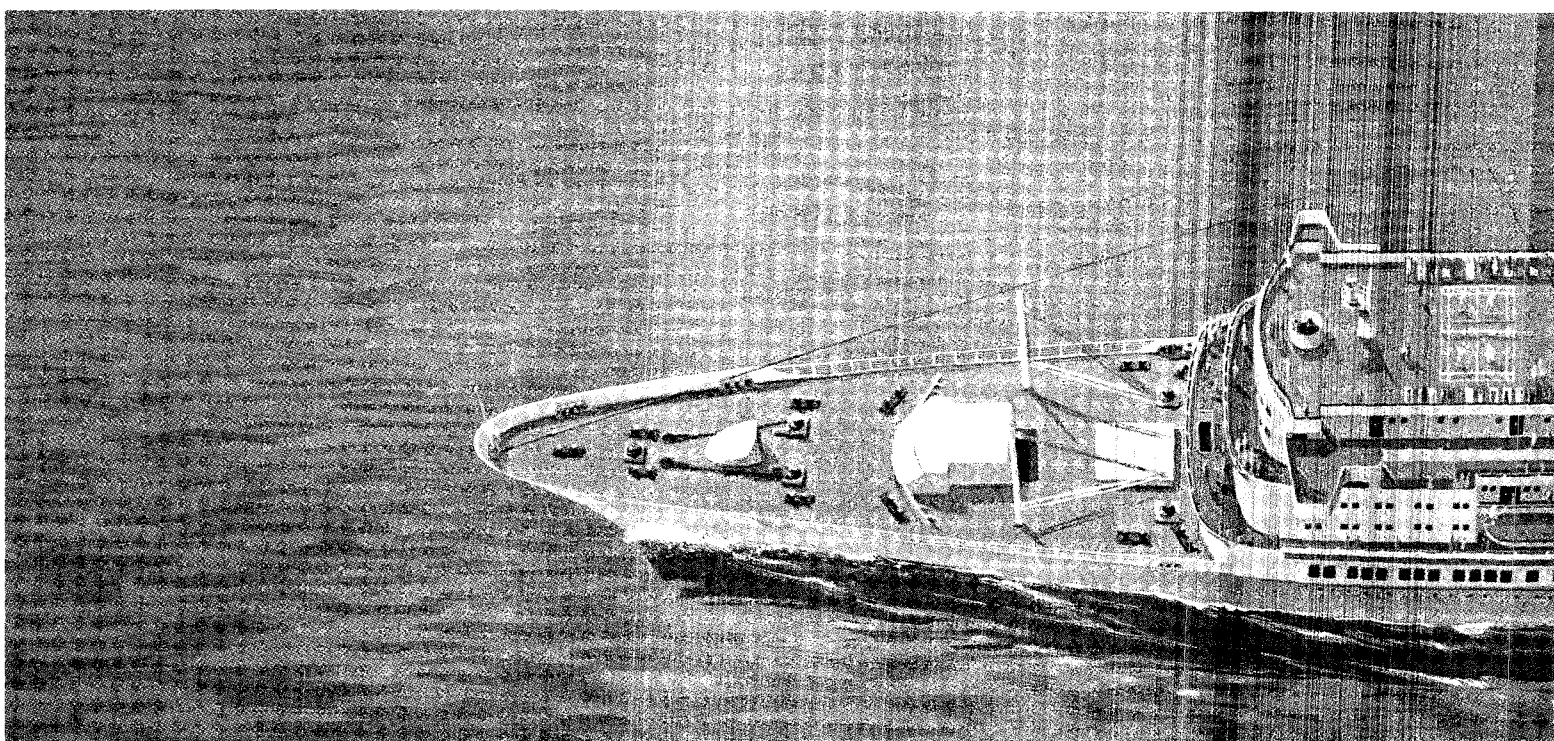


\*Estimated to be the equivalent in wear and tear of 100,000 miles of ordinary driving.





***You'll think the new Michelangelo is the most exciting ship you ever***



***until you see the new Raffaello! Both arriving this Spring.***

**Italy's newest, biggest, fastest twin superliners ...both coming in the Spring.** Magnificent new ships designed to speed you to Europe in 5 days, Naples in 7, Genoa in 8 (24 hours faster than others on this route). Superb 3-class passenger service in an atmosphere created by Italy's leading naval architects. Each ship is completely air-conditioned, thoroughly fire-proofed... with graceful, slender prow... vast outdoor play areas... unique smokestacks that "lift" smoke away... 11 open and enclosed decks... 6 outdoor swimming pools (3 for children). A smoother crossing is assured by newest "Denny Brown" stabilizers. And the ships sail an average of some 300 miles closer to the equator, so the sea is calmer all year around.

**Tri-Nation Training.** The maitres d'hôtel, chefs, stewards and stewardesses on board both ships attend Italian Line hotel schools, train in both English and French hotels. For one month before the maiden voyage, the entire crew of each ship assembles for "on board" shakedown training.

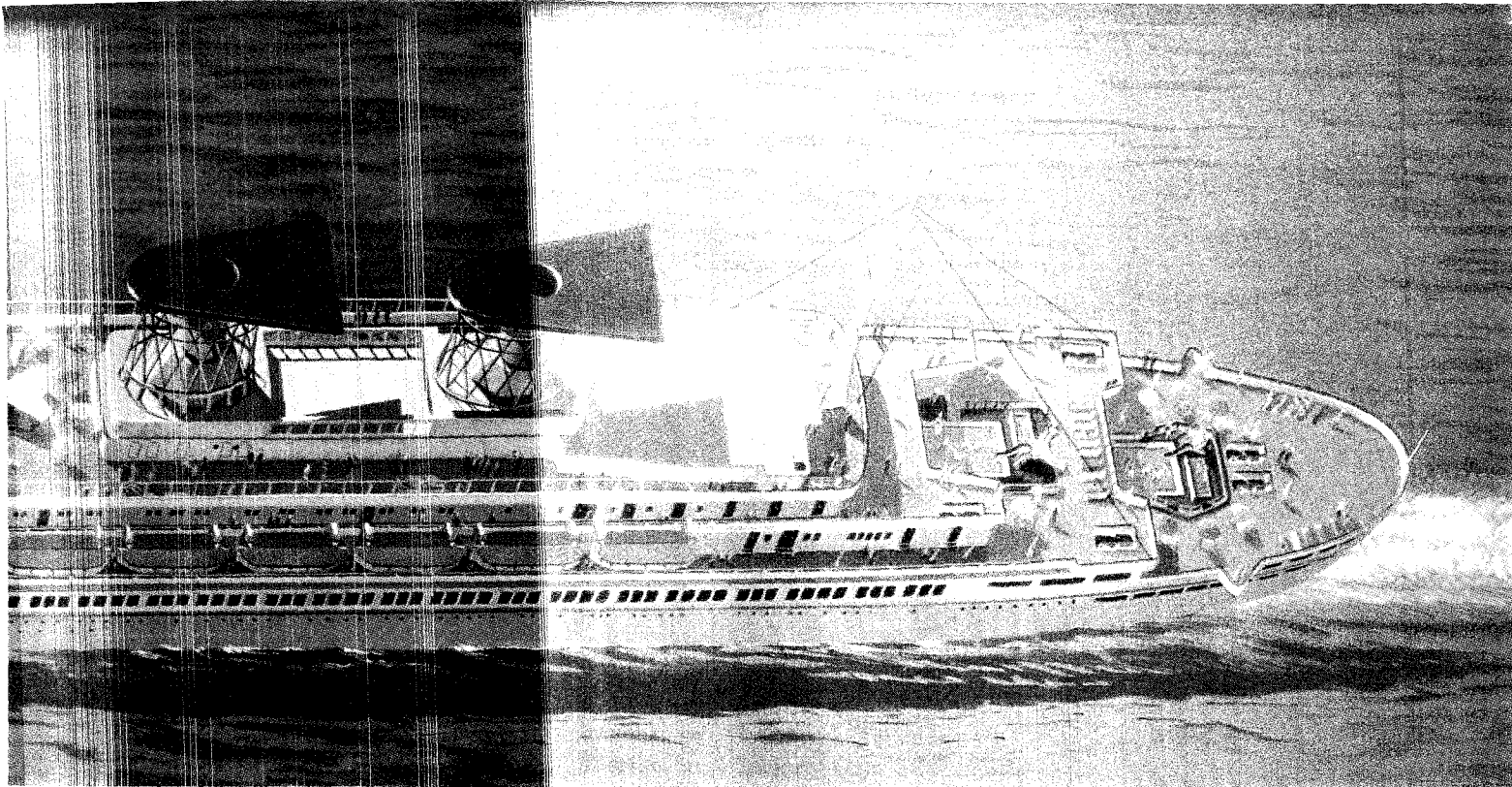
**Superb Appointments.** Most cabins are singles or doubles. There are private sanitary facilities in every cabin, in all three classes. Full-length mirrors, innerspring mattresses, many cabins with wall-to-wall wool carpeting. In First Class, thermostatically controlled baths and showers you set yourself! Direct call signals immediately bring a steward, stewardess, valet service.

**Menus, Menus, Menus.** 72 chefs, cooks,

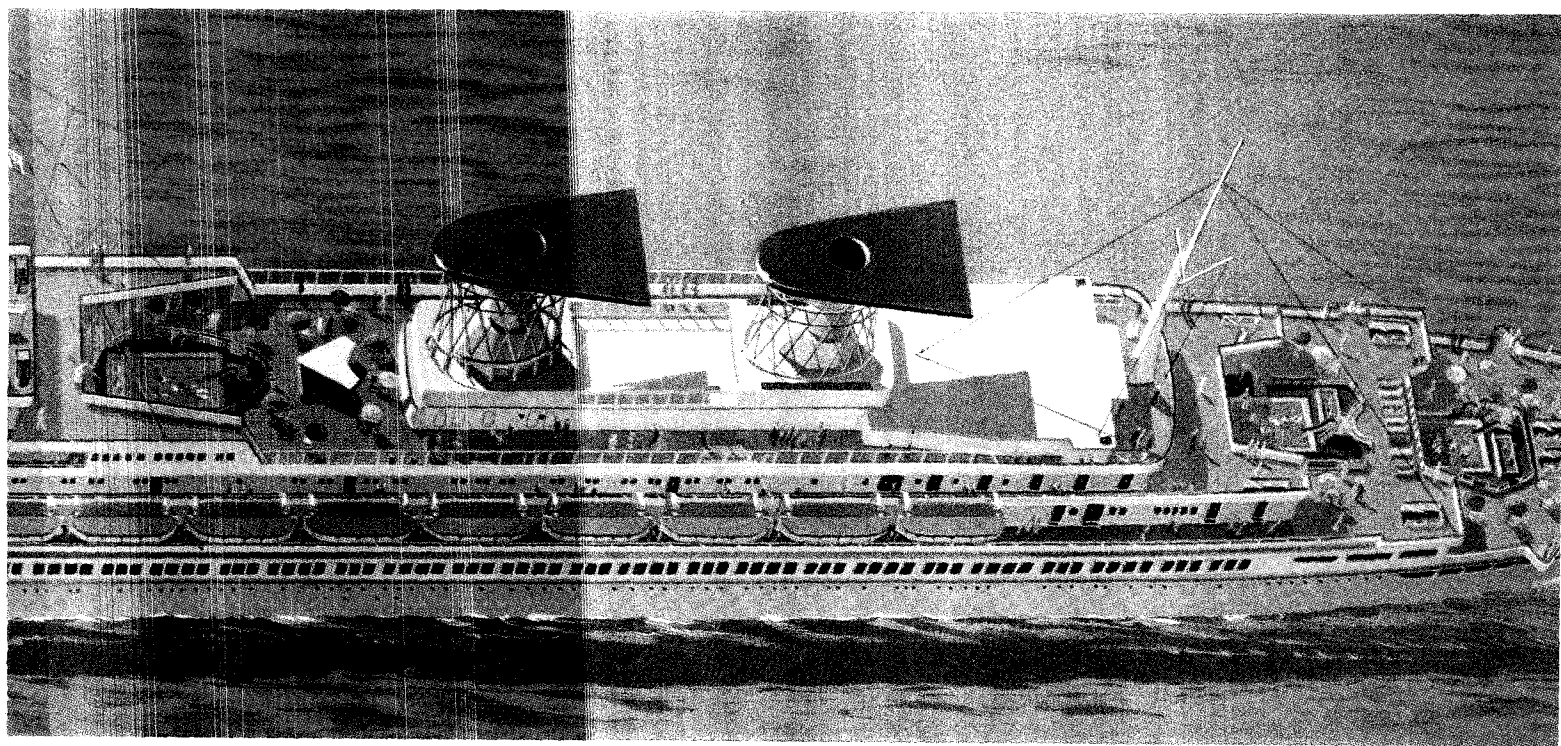
pastrymen prepare more than 1000 dishes daily... or ask for any dish; no request is refused! Specialties from around the world: oranges from Sicily, beef from the United States, veal from Italy, salmon from Scotland, caviar from Iran—even 12 different hams from 12 different countries! Poolside luncheons, delightful children's meals, dining room menus, gala night feasts, 203 different wines to choose from. Breakfast in bed... lavish midnight buffets... 6 servings each day plus bedtime snacks, if you wish.

**Thirty Public Rooms.** Enjoy American and international pre-release and first-run films, in a 3-deck-high theatre. Dance in the enormous ballrooms (the First Class ballrooms are the largest to be found on any





2W 11 10 10



vessel of comparable capacity). Dine luxuriously at a table set with gleaming china decorated in gold, while 4 trained table attendants cater to your vigorous, sea-going appetite.

**Attractive, Open-Air Life.** The Michelangelo and Raffaello have larger sundecks than any other ship on the Atlantic... more open-deck space for Tourist Class than ever before. Remember, you travel the balmy Southern Route. (Infrared heating, in First Class pool areas, allows you to enjoy the outdoors even on "cool" days.)

**More Italian Line Exclusives.** In First Class staterooms: a 3-channel radio system brings music or news, which you select. Electronic Baby Sitting keeps an alert ear to your baby

while you are away dancing... tanning... at the beauty salon... visiting your dog in his kennel... at the gym... playing deck golf... or enjoying the professional entertainment. In suites, deluxe cabins, main lounges of all classes: closed-circuit TV. In the most modern, stainless steel kitchens afloat: a double-tiered rotisserie, 8 feet wide, for charcoal broiling superb steaks, prime roasts. (Special ripening rooms, too, so fruits and vegetables arrive at your table at their succulent best.) In most cabins: telephone anywhere in the world on 4 simultaneous ship-to-shore systems. In your adjustable deck chair: read the daily English-Italian newspaper. In children's playrooms: the latest "space age" toys. An indoor-

outdoor Teen Room, with its own dance floor, juke box and TV, too. In the library: leatherbound books in 6 languages.

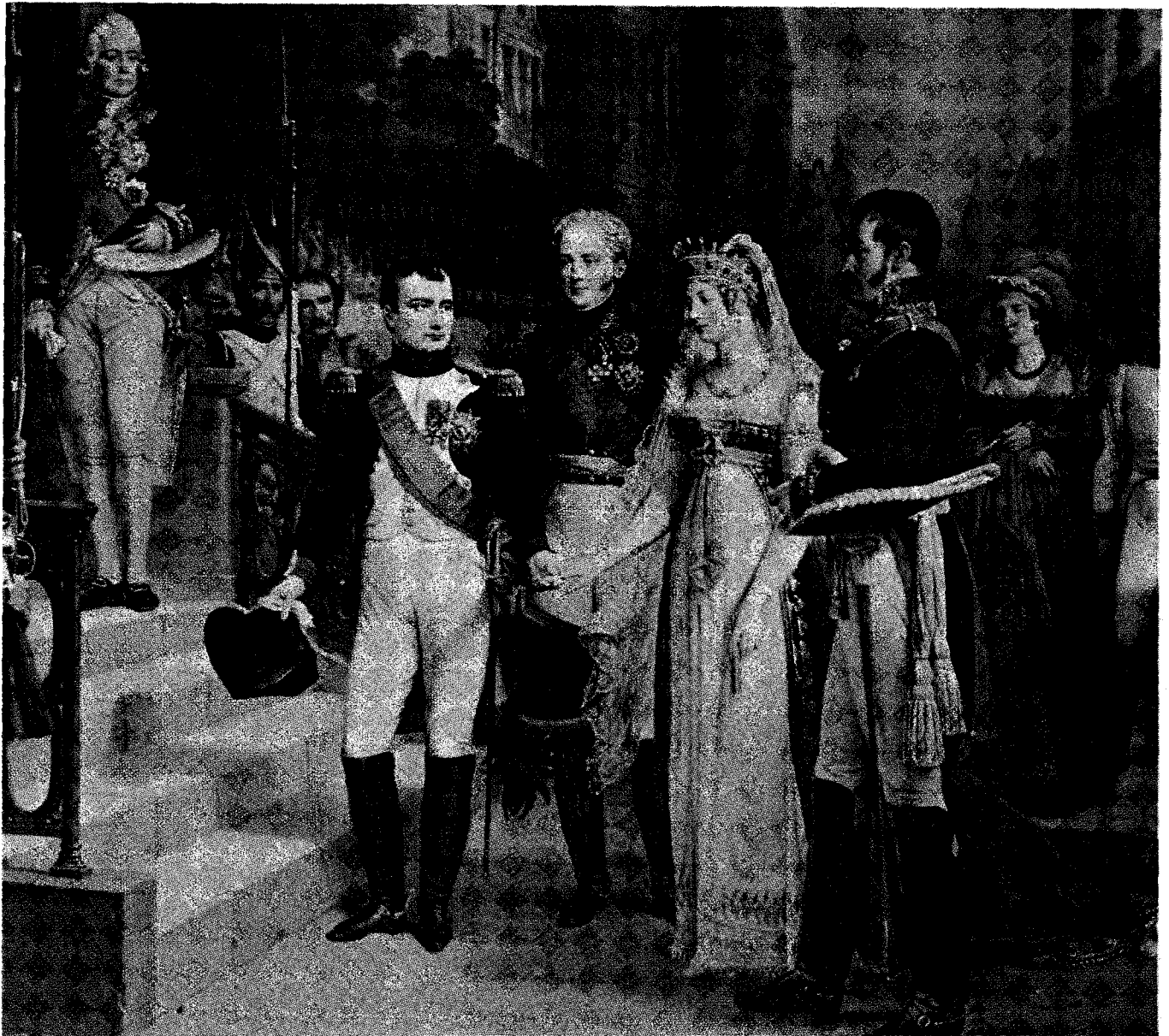
**Most Modern Fleet.** With the luxurious Leonardo da Vinci and elegant Cristoforo Colombo, the Michelangelo and Raffaello will form the most modern fleet in the world... the biggest, fastest fleet on the North America/Mediterranean run.

**Maiden Voyages:** Michelangelo: sails from Genoa May 12, from New York May 27; Raffaello: sails from Genoa June 10, from New York June 24. See your travel agent, write or telephone us directly.

**Italian Line**

Dept. B-55, ONE WHITEHALL ST., N.Y. 4 OR 696 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 19, TEL: 797-7000





Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

*Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.*

# COURVOISIER

## COGNAC

What a host of historic moments are associated with Courvoisier Cognac! It is ***The Brandy of Napoleon***. As you lift a glass of Courvoisier, reflect *un petit moment* that you hold in your hand Cognac of the same matchless flavour and bouquet which has been the choice of kings and statesmen, of all who can command the finest.

*Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.*

\*COURVOISIER COGNAC — AND COURVOISIER ONLY — BEARS THIS  
REGISTERED PHRASE ON EVERY BOTTLE. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





leans toward length and breadth in back—the snood effect—in both turbans and tailored hats. The turbans are less towering and imposing than in other years. One snood-turban is of bright-red-and-green Thai silk, draped low and wide behind the ears—a design duplicated in a turban of prim pastel-pink mousseline. Daché uses chiffon (I saw it in a turquoise-and-lilac print) for a round-headed look, and shantung gauze for a turban that is all crushed and interwoven strips in back and that combines yellow, olive, and bright pink—to name one color plot. Cap turbans of plain, light-colored chignons can be draped into a soft ruffle by the right ear. And there is a whole group of Renoir-girl enchantresses. (But such pastels and ruffles and sheers have to be done by masters or they look so messy. Watch this in clothes, too, or you'll never be My Fair Lady.) I. e., Daché uses apricot chiffon to achieve a narrow bonnet effect in front; its separate scarf has a chou on one end. (I almost said “*Gesundheit*.”) As for the snood, it takes many forms here. (Everybody does some form of snood, dotted with flowers.) One Renoir starts with a pillbox of pale-green silk. It sits on the back of the head; a band of pale-pink roses and apple-blossom buds and such tender miniatures flirts with the beholder. The band is attached in front but ties in back. A big chicken-wire mesh of beige velvet is covered with small poppies, mimosa, miniature iris, sweet peas, et al., to cover all the hair and dip deep in back. Even in horsehair things of primavera type the snood look persists, as in one that is plastered with daisies and such. And even in tailored or sheer productions the snood appears. A small cap of pale-green strawcloth is caught up narrow at the sides in front and ripples down the back. Another version is of black horsehair with a ruffle starting at each ear and descending in back. This has black satin piping. An *actual* snood, which really cups the back hair, comes in black point d'esprit, and a pink rose perches over the left eye. And there's one of pale-turquoise veiling with occasional stripes of iridescent cellophane. Another set of down-in-back productions involves a snug cap of black silk taffeta, with wriggling black ringlets (back to ancient Egypt) tumbling down the spine. Daché has a passion for hairpieces; she thinks we should all have a wardrobe of them, as she does. So there are any number of hats with hairpieces (these *can* match your own), usually attached to an inner cap. They

# Please? Promise you'll get off the airplane when you arrive...



# okay?

Reluctantly, we *have* to take a stand. In order to keep hundreds of Braniff flights each week on schedule, we must insist that you get off the airplane when you arrive. We know it's hard to part with all the extra friendliness, extra interest, extra service you enjoy on Braniff, *but* — you can fly back with us, eh? So enjoy Braniff, but when you arrive, get off the airplane . . . *please*.



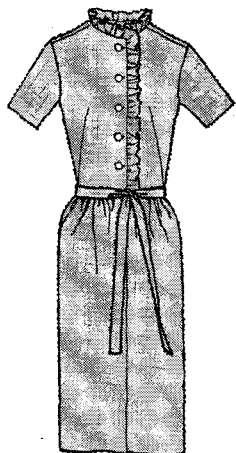
**enjoy BRANIFF**

to South America, Mexico and leading U.S. cities

CHARGE IT WITH CARTE BLANCHE, DINERS' CLUB OR AMERICAN EXPRESS



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



### softer shapes and

Two, from LADYBUG®, taking on the gentled airs of Spring . . . a lightness, a roundness, a paleness of color . . . like a leafing tree. Above, the softened skirt and sash, the inspired off-center ruffle. Both dresses, Fortrel polyester and cotton, 5 to 15. At nicer stores. About \$18.



# Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

© 1965, LADYBUG JUNIORS CO.



### softer colors

Here, a wide pouffe of skirt, a spaghetti sash, and the gentle nonsense of stitched and ruffled sleeves. Both dresses in the colors of a hillside, early in Spring . . . Sky Blue, Apricot, Cool Green, Cool Pink, Cool Gold, Cool Blue. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper. About \$18.



# Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

make bangs in front of turbans or—this annihilated me—long black pageboy coifs under tan Andean fedoras.

**T**HAT new team of Richards-Hendler (the John Frederics crew) comes up with tons of ideas; a persistent one is packable headgear in any form, the trickiest of which is a double thickness of surah (navy or black polka dots on white and the reverse) that makes a deep, open circle over your head. The stuff is folded over (I don't know just how) so that the two color schemes are mingled; the only thing I *do* know is that you put the result over your head and then can pull it around in a dozen turban ways. (Instructions are included in the price.) There are plenty of medium-to-large arched cloches with unusual décor, too. One is piled with beige-and-white hand-crocheted raffia flowers and green chenille leaves. In a pastel mood, the Richards-Hendler combo gets into that Renoir state I have spoken of. This results in pressed pastel flowers under crinkled baby-pink organza, making bands on organza hats that bear streamers four inches wide. This is even done with a man's fedora, which is, in its female version, given an irregular small brim. This team likes a narrow arch over the forehead in other things besides the kerchief drapes. A yellow straw fez tilts back, but the white organdie band at the edge, four inches deep, produces a bonnet look in front. The team also likes bulk with no weight whatever. Dozens of its bulky straws have cushion brims. Some, of sennit straw with a very fat edge, are worn forward, and these have a slight padre air. Very fat, too, is an Ecuadorian sort of turned-up brim with yellow-and-white hand-crocheted twine around the wide beret edge and over the crown. For tailored stuff, the Richards-Hendler combination uses straw worked like cloth; a hat of beige bali has a large curved-down brim with a V cut out in front and a tailored bow of straw above, and a deep cap is topped by a bow whose ends trail down the sides of your face.

**I** HAVE already said that Maria Pia, of 20 East 56th Street, is a real romantic, for she can make any woman feel unconquerable in a lace or veiling evening trifle. She also has a most inventive way with sheers. For one hat, she has put strips of crocheted black tulle on tulle. There is shirring in between the strips and a ruffle where the tulle is released at the edge. She likes the wide-and-flat-across-the-head type of

## The Woman Who Demands Individual Perfection

*chooses the Delineator, with the incomparable fit and matchless comfort for which J. Berlé is famous. Foundations, lingerie, bathing and play suits made to order, in the finest Parisian fabrics.*

# J. Berlé

DELINEATOR®

15 EAST 57th STREET  
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

**Now Bemelmans Bar is twice as whimsical and the Regency Lounge twice as regal.**



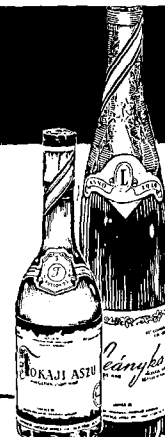
We've doubled the room in the Bar, added more Bemelmans whimsy on the walls. And in the new white and gold Regency Lounge, there is Prescott's mural of England's Frampton Court.

# HOTEL CARLYLE

MADISON AVE. & 76th ST.

## WINES OF HUNGARY

A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.



SOLE IMPORTERS  
VINTAGE WINES, INC.  
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19  
Circle 5-0100



# What makes El San Juan a really great resort hotel?

Sammy Davis, Eddie Fisher, Milton Berle, Ford & Hines, Tony Martin, Xavier Cugat,  
Allen & Rossi, Leslie Uggams, Myron Cohen, Buddy Greco, Paul Anka and The Barry Sisters!



This season they're all appearing at El San Juan Hotel's Club Tropicoro, home of the stars and largest night club in Puerto Rico. For days of sun and nights of fun, make your room reservations now!

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE EL SAN JUAN HOTEL, 850 THIRD  
AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. MU 8-8815. LOU PURO, CHAIRMAN OF THE  
BOARD / SAM SCHWEITZER, PRES. / SOL W. GELTMAN, MANAGING DIRECTOR

**El San Juan Hotel**  
ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

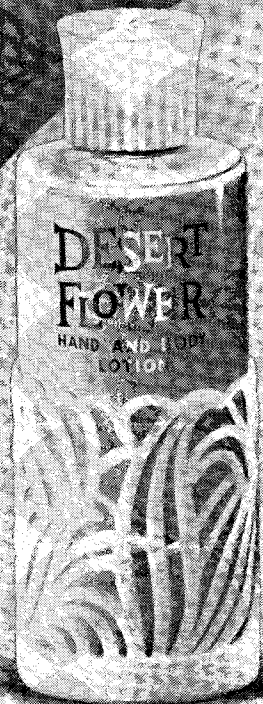


# February is the time...

to smooth  
and soften  
your skin  
with the  
very heart  
of lanolin  
found in  
each pearly  
pink drop of

## DESERT FLOWER

HAND AND BODY  
LOTION



The loveliest lotion your skin has ever known.  
3½ ozs. 1.00, 8 ozs. with dispenser cap 2.00.

SHULTON

thing, and she is mad about bows; an evening headdress (this sounds more imposing than it looks; Maria Pia tenderizes rather than startles the public) starts with a bow in front and dips into a deep oval in back, and the frailest of black point d'esprit on tulle is the wherewithal. Another, in black lace veiling, is covered with a lattice of buds on long stems; this again is wide and down behind the ears. We now come to a job in tulle with a big black satin bow high in front, the tulle providing jutting triangles behind the ears; a satin rose appears in back. More tulle flares out behind an elasticized black velvet headband with a velvet double butterfly perched in front—instead of an asp? Starched lace with crocheting atop it makes a deep pillbox that has a tulle bird-cage veil. Black veiling puckered to resemble Persian lamb is another pillbox invention, also veiled in black tulle. Black horsehair with patent-leather-like straw strips produces, among other things, a vast scarf to frame one's face, shoulders, and all. The sheer ruffles at the edges can be tied under the chin or at the back of the neck. Maria Pia is also an expert at white sheers, but I love her really fragile blacks better than almost anybody else's. Another triumph is a long scarf of moss-green velvet on which green stems with white violet flower buds at the ends abound. This can go twice around the head in a turban formation or merely across it before dropping down to the shoulders. Then, there are bristling Golliwogg wigs of ribbon or flowers; grosgrain ribbon cut in fishtails at the ends, with tiny pink rosebuds tucked here and there, makes a superlative wig hat, and a pink wig of waterproof veiling (it takes twenty-five yards of twelve-inch stuff for all those three-inch ruffles, which are shirred together) makes another. And there is a big wavy hat of black veiling that uses flowers in a new way—very small red-and-white ones with long stems, strewn about in a hit-or-miss performance.

ALL things considered, I would just like to say, in parting, that anyone who still wants to get down to earth and wear her hair curlers to the supermarket must be impervious to the printed word. —LOIS LONG

Not everyone who lives in Paris paints or guides tours. Most people, like you and I, are in the business of business.—*Air France adv. in The New Yorker.*

*Comme vous et je?*

De Busschere

## Belgian Shoes



MR. HENRI BENDEL  
Owner-President

MIDINETTE  
22 smart colors  
Calf \$22.50



MR. CASUAL  
Black or Brown Calf  
White Buckskin  
Patent Leather  
\$25

Soft soled casuals known the world over.  
Full color brochures on request.

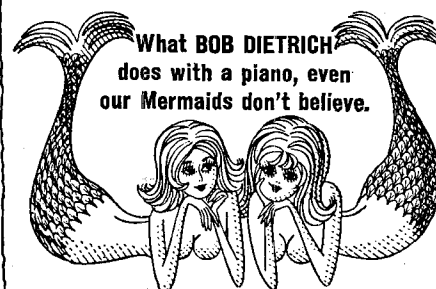
### BELGIAN SHOES

60 East 56 St., New York 22, N.Y.  
CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.

# B

First Family of  
Photographers  
**achrach**

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women  
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men  
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233  
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey



What BOB DIETRICH  
does with a piano, even  
our Mermaids don't believe.

The Bob Dietrich trio adds beautiful music to the Mermaid Room. Fine food and cocktails. Dancing nightly except Sunday. No minimum or cover.

Delectable Roast Beef only \$3.95  
**MERMAID ROOM**  
**Park Sheraton Hotel**  
55th ST. and 7th AVE. • CI 7-8000





Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Nicolas Unger, Portland, Ore.; Dayton's, Minneapolis.

## The mark of an uncompromising woman

This superb suit by Adele Simpson with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Nothing but the best. That's what the wool mark says. Says that the fabric is the world's best...pure wool. Here, Adele Simpson adroitly fashions a lightweight menswear worsted into a crisp little suit with an unexpected dressmaker look. In grey or beige. A pure wool that

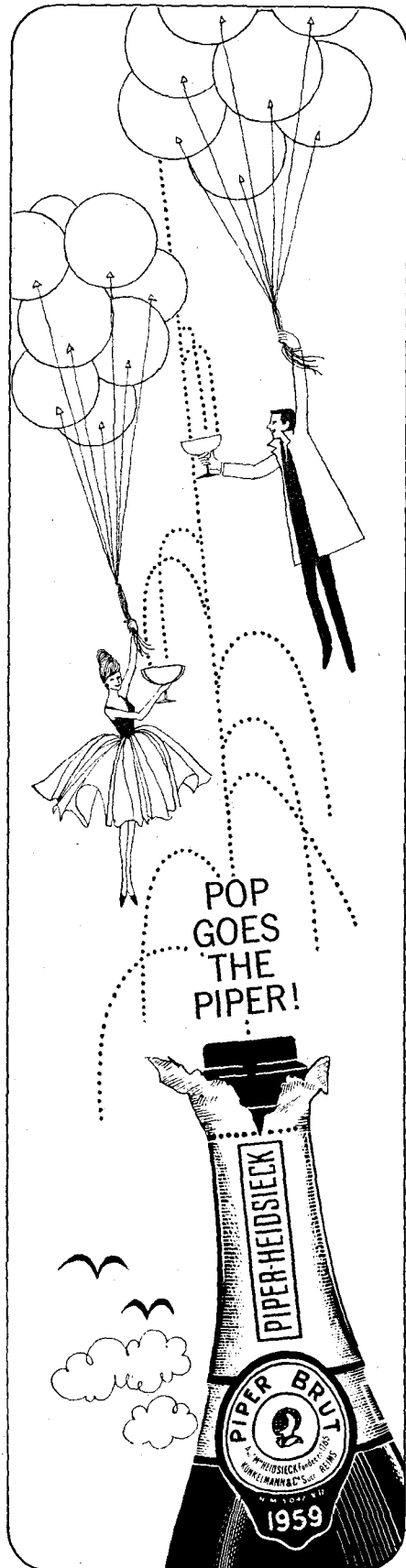


welcomes shaping, holds its line and looks. That feels like nothing else can in your hand, on your body. Don't compromise. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.  
to quality products made of the world's best...pure wool.



## CHRISTMAS EVE



**PIPER-HEIDSIECK**  
CHAMPAGNE

PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE  
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE  
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS  
PIPER PINK  
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

CLAIRE had not wanted to go back to Chambéry. When Andrew, who had been the child next door—married now, he lived there still—invited her to come for Christmas, she had told him she would never go back; she never had and never would, especially not for, or at, Christmas. She was no masochist, she had added, and Caramagne, the Palladian house in which she had grown up and lived until the war, was part of a great pain. But Andrew had pointed out that she would not be staying at Caramagne but with him and Chantal, next door at Les Tilleuls, and that there were certain ghosts one could exorcise only by making an act of faith in one's own real presence.

She had finally given in. Two days before Christmas, she took the night train down from Paris, and awakened at Culoz to rub the steam from her window and look through it, frosted though it was on the outside, at the miracle she had so loved as a child: how, suddenly, the mountains were there, all around—great white beasts that had crept up on the train as it hurtled through the night and now were crouched around it in the dawn. She was never able to believe in mountains when they were not actually present—not in Paris, or in Germany, or in Stockholm, where her Swedish Red Cross rescuers had taken her from the concentration camp at Ravensbrück after the war. Yet here the mountains were, as real now when she was nearly forty-two as when she had been ten, as when she had been twenty.

She fixed her face and collected her small belongings into a tidy pile—her overnight bag, a holdall full of presents for Andrew and Chantal and Maria Gal (who had been Claire's mother's treasured maid and now "did" for them), an umbrella, and the Paris papers; she hoped Andrew would find them fun to read with breakfast.

The train was whisking in and out of little tunnels, and when she looked out again it had reached the Lac du Bourget, silver blue in the dawn, with the snow-covered Dent du Chat superbly silhouetted against the lightening sky. Now there was St. Innocent, with its tiny castle, where she remembered being taken by her mother to Mme. Boigne's third Thursdays. It had been so cold in the unheated rooms that,

even though she was only eleven, she had been allowed to drink the hot tea with a good fingerful of rum in it. But not to eat the gorgeous cake that appeared every third Thursday, which rumor said was never cut and might even have been made of cardboard. Mme. Boigne was long dead; Claire would never know.

The train sped past the Grand Port, and Claire saw the gray artificial sand of the little *plage* where, golden summer after summer, she had swum. Once, she remembered, looking over the still water, Jeannot, the red-headed son of her father's gardener, had been attacked, as he floated, by an eagle that dived at his eyes. The train stopped. Aix-les-Bains. A few passengers got out, none got in, and the train slid on, past the long hill of Tresserve, which was still dark. Suddenly there was Chambéry, and Claire hurried out. Dear Andrew was waiting with the car. They did not talk much as they drove through town and up the short hill beyond, to Les Tilleuls.

LES TILLEULS was blissfully warm; the hall smelled of beeswax. Chantal and Maria hugged Claire several times each, Maria with such a flow of tears that Claire's face felt damp from the embrace.

"To think of Mlle. Claire back again in her own country! What a wonderful thing!" Maria said. "It's twenty years since I saw Mademoiselle. Beg pardon—Madame."

"More," corrected Claire. "It's twenty-three years since I was taken away."

Maria agreed. "How well Madame remembers." Then she stopped, embarrassed.

"Madame has, alas, every reason to remember," said Chantal gently.

Indeed, Claire remembered well. Maria's husband, Paul, had been their postman; her brother, Claudius, the local policeman. Paul Gal was a slothful, easy man, handsome in a slight, mustachioed way, drunk every Saturday night—ugly then with Maria. A good dancer. As a young girl, Claire had danced once a year in the streets with him, every fourteenth of July since she could remember, and she had always enjoyed the courtly waltz, the brisk polka, the fast fox trot—each year Paul had learned a different dance. Now he was dead, and Claire felt she owed him some small polite,





# Is Hertz big enough?



© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1965

We'd like to say yes. But even with so many cars, sometimes you still catch us short. Clean us out of our great Chevrolets and other fine cars. When it happens, bear with us. We can't rush our cars out without the 19-point check. Can't give you less than Certified Service. That's why you come to us, instead of settling for second best. And why *Hertz is growing for you every day.*

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat!

**HERTZ**  
RENT A CAR

You may use your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel or other accredited charge card...and the new Hertz Revolving Credit Plan lets you rent now/pay later.



# MAIL

coupon below plus  
\$15,000  
and we'll refund  
your 5¢ postage!

We'll also send you our ceramic Beehive Bank—and for the sport of it, we'll see that you get a bankbook showing you have \$15,000 in your account at The New York Bank for Savings, New York's oldest savings bank.



Of course, you can open a savings account and get a Beehive Bank with as little as \$15. But you'd be surprised how many fashionable people keep \$15,000 cash in The New York Bank for Savings for themselves or, more often, in trust for children or grandchildren.

Why choose The New York Bank for Savings? Because it pays the top bank rate on savings . . . it's the one savings bank in all New York that has paid depositors dividends for 145 years in a row.

\$15,000 or \$15, let's welcome you as a depositor. Just attach your check to the coupon. Beehive Bank and bankbook will be sent immediately.



## THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS

NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK  
Assets over \$1.5 billion

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS DEPT. NY 2-13  
280 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010

Please open a savings account in my name, as checked. Enclosed for deposit is \$.....

- ☐ Individual Account  
☐ Trust Account for.....  
☐ Joint Account with.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip Code.....

commiserating phrase. "I was sorry to hear of your loss," she began.

But Maria cut her short. "Oh, men, Madame! It's true one needs them until one is forty-five, but after that—thank goodness!—it's over, and one can do just as well without."

Claire wondered whether she was expected to laugh.

Chantal, smiling, said, "Maria, you will shock Madame."

Madame is not so shockable, Claire thought, and wondered if Maria and Chantal were thinking of Claudius. Since rather an awkward silence developed, she imagined that they were. She looked more closely at Maria. How silly of her to bleach her hair. Fuzzy and wiggish, it made her look ancient—old mutton dressed lamb. To Claire, Maria had always been ageless, part of the scheme of things.

"But Madame must be longing for her breakfast," Maria said finally, and Chantal led the way into the dining room. "I made the *thé caramélé* you used to like," Maria said.

"I've never made it," Claire said.

"It's easy," Maria said.

"You put a few lumps of sugar and a few drops of water in a saucepan," Chantal interrupted, seizing on the safe, pleasant topic, "and you add a good handful of dry tea when the sugar is bubbling, then fill up the saucepan with milk."

"But you must remember not to let it boil—then strain it, and there you are," Maria concluded.

"Here you are, in fact," said Chantal, pouring.

Claire sipped, wishing she could give expression to her gratefulness.

FROM her room, Claire could see the lake, but not Caramagne, too far over on the right. Andrew brought her bags up. "Would you like to walk over and look at the old place?" he asked her. "It's up for sale, you know. The Germans left it in the most appalling state, and it's never recovered. The present owners simply can't afford to put it in order."

"I imagine not," Claire said stiffly. Then she agreed. "Why, yes, let's go over—have you a key?"

"Yes," Andrew said. "I keep one for the real-estate man, to save his coming from town every time anyone wants to see it. He telephones me before sending people."

"Any takers?" Claire asked.

"Not a nibble so far. The house is a wreck, and even if it were repaired, heating would cost the earth."

"And since the Liberation, did the



### S.F.A.'s BABETTE COVERALLS IN HIS-AND-HER VERSIONS, \$6

Our pastel zip-front cotton knit coveralls are collared in white. For boys: short sleeves and a bright applique of a boy with balloons, light blue or maize. For girls: the same suit with short puffed sleeves and a little girl, pink or maize. Both, M, L or XL sizes. Babette Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

*Saks Fifth Avenue*

## DAHANN CARROLL

is the purr in the

## PERSIAN ROOM

February 10-March 9

Performances at

9:15 & Midnight

For a lovely evening, call

PL 9-3000



THE PLAZA

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

### PASTEL WOOLS

Lightweight, scalloped.

Pink, powder blue, beige,

grey, black, navy.

Same colors in

imported non-

crease linen, also

aqua, yellow, white.

Sizes 8-20

\$29.95

add \$1.00 for postage



*Janet Shore*  
136 E. Putnam Ave.  
Greenwich, Conn.

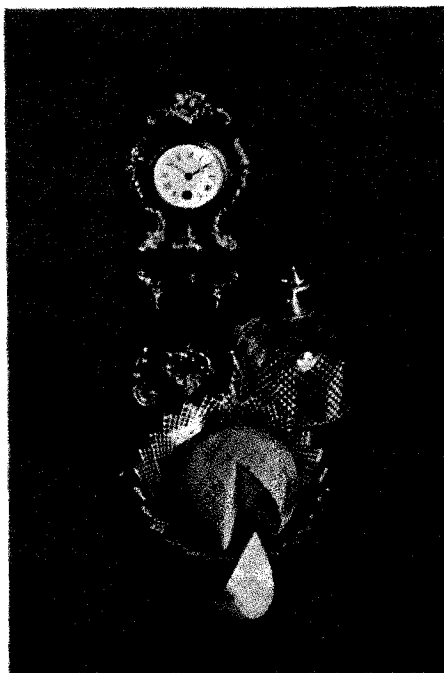
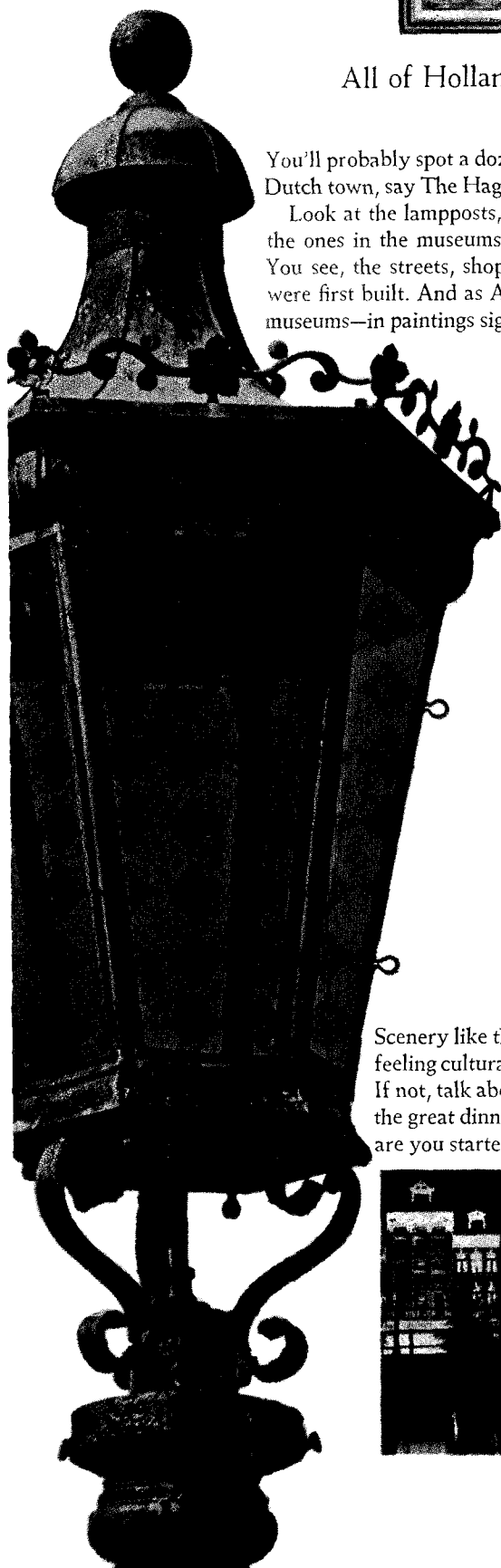




All of Holland's art treasures aren't confined in museums.

You'll probably spot a dozen just standing on a street corner in the center of Amsterdam. Or any other Dutch town, say The Hague or Delft, for that matter. But for the moment let's stay in Amsterdam.

Look at the lampposts, the signs, the doors. Many people think they're even more exciting works of art than the ones in the museums, and a lot of experts agree they should be in museums. But in a way they are. You see, the streets, shops, and houses of central Amsterdam are maintained now just as they were when they were first built. And as Amsterdam's "Old Quarter" dates from the 16th century, you'll find a lot of it in museums—in paintings signed Rembrandt, Vermeer, van Ruysdael. You can even take some of it home with you.



It's also Amsterdam's antique district.

Little shops are all over the place. The dealer—he's odds-on to speak English; three out of four Dutchmen do—will be pleased to tell you the history of an 18th century clock or a piece of Delft. Prices? About one-half to one-third what you'd pay in the States. (Remember, antiques aren't dutied.)

Amsterdam has a lot of museum-type museums, too. The Rijksmuseum houses the world's largest collection of Rembrandt paintings. The Stedelijk boasts more than 500 Van Goghs. You can browse through Rembrandt's etchings in the house in which he lived.

And when the museums close for the night, things to do are just beginning. Amsterdam has one of the world's most acclaimed orchestras—the Concertgebouw—and lots of really in jazz and way-out nightclubs.

Scenery like this is absolutely free. If you're feeling cultural you can discuss the architecture. If not, talk about the stars in the canals or the great dinner you just had or how glad you are you started your vacation in Holland.



Find out how a punctual, reliable KLM jet or luxurious Holland-America Line flagship can start you off on a better European Holiday by starting you in Holland, Europe's most hospitable entrance. Clip this coupon for a free, colorful copy of "Welcome To Holland."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

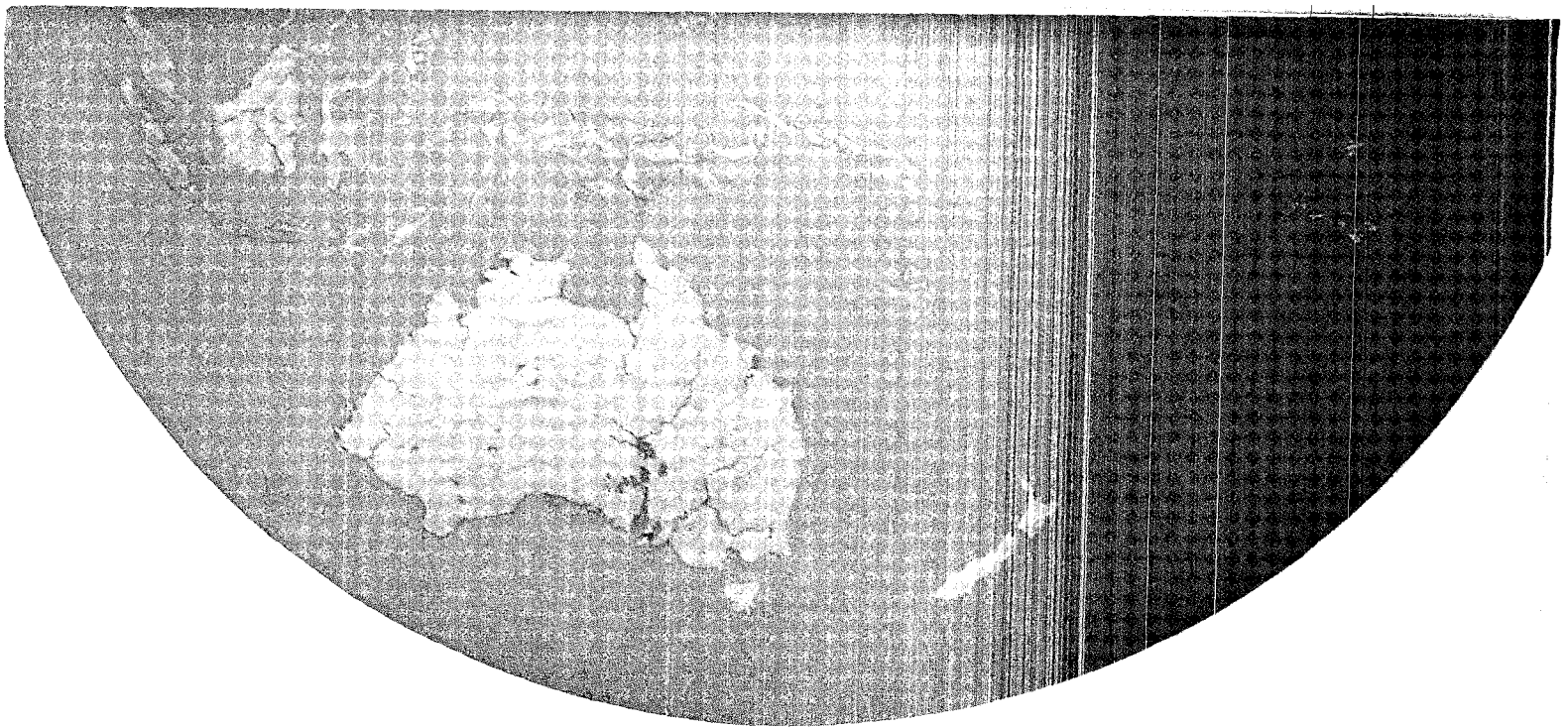
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Name of Travel Agent \_\_\_\_\_

NETHERLANDS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE  
ANVV, 605 Fifth Ave., New York 17, New York;  
681 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California





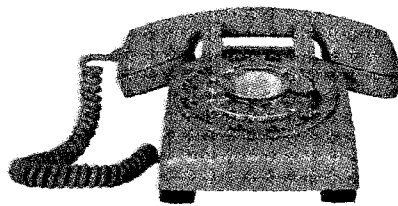
## **You can telephone all over the world**

Today, you can reach 182 countries or areas of the world by telephone. It's the quick, convenient, personal way to keep in touch.

And the cost is low. For only \$12, plus tax, for the first three minutes, you can call almost any-

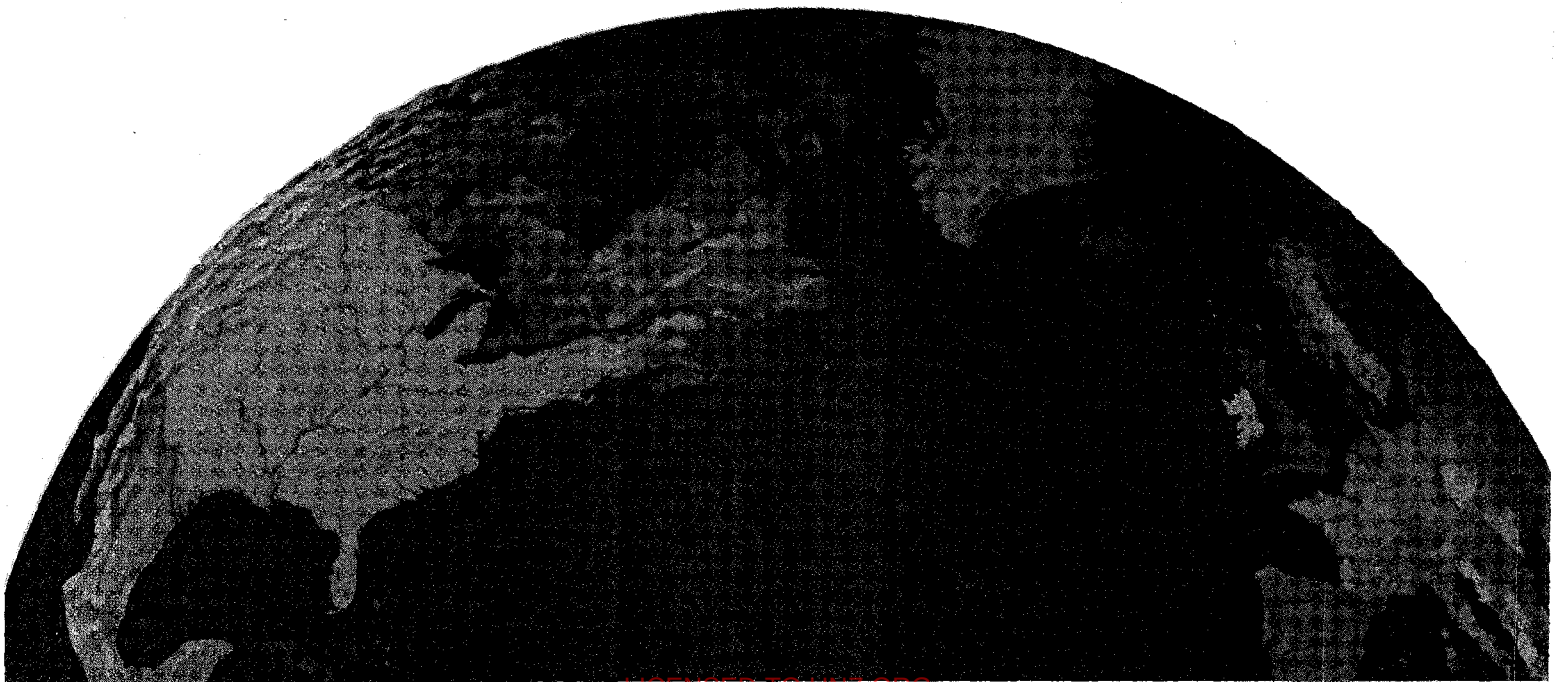
where in the world. The rate for the first overseas call, from New York to London in 1927, was \$75.

Whenever you want to keep in touch with anyone—telephone. It's the next best thing to being there.



**Bell System**

American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies





new owners never live there at all?" Claire asked.

"Never," Andrew said. "Since the Germans cleared out, Caramagne has been quite empty."

They had reached the road now, and they turned left and walked along the wall until they came to the little pink pepper-pot gatehouse.

"The color of Gibbs Dentifrice—do you remember how angry you used to get when I told you that?" Andrew said.

"You were so right," Claire smiled. "It is the purest toothpaste pink, isn't it?"

The gates were splendid. "*Les portes du paradis*," Andrew used to call them when they both were ten. But now, as then, they went into the courtyard through the small side door. Come to think of it, Claire realized, she had only gone through the gates once—no, actually it was twice: once on her way in, to be interrogated, once on her way out, to jail. In her father's day, they had had no car. Her father, a lawyer, bicycled to the local station and commuted into Chambéry every morning. When they had occasion to go farther afield (as, for example, to Mme. Boigne's third Thursdays), they rented a car, which waited for them in the road outside the gates.

The courtyard was a mess. Grass was growing everywhere—between the stones, in the cracks of the plaster; dumps of rubble cluttered the corners. Claire averted her eyes from the third pavilion, where she had been kept through the five days of interrogation; she had not thought its presence could revive such pain. The door of the second pavilion, once the chapel, was open; the altar was still there but without its candlesticks, and the cherubs were gone.

"I saw one of the cherubs in an antique shop in Chambéry quite recently," Andrew said, following Claire's eyes. "I went in and asked the price. They wanted a hundred thousand old francs. I said, 'For the pair?' and the man said, 'Does Monsieur see a pair? I wish I did.' I would have bought it for old times' sake, and given it to you for a Christmas present. But it seemed a bit steep to me—a hundred thousand for one cherub."

They walked to the great front door, and Andrew unlocked it easily. Inside, the big, round room seemed vast. "How huge it looks empty," Claire said.

Around the whole space ran a balcony; the bedrooms were off it. Below, to the right, had been her father's study, to the left the kitchen and pan-



## The Timonium globetrotters

For American skiers, Timonium, Maryland, is about as unforeign as you can get.

If you want to buy *imported* Head Skis, you'll have to go to Europe . . . where they're more in demand than all the best foreign skis are over here.

Or go to Japan, where Heads are so popular, it's a wonder they weren't used in the *Summer* Olympics.

Or fly to Australia, or to Chile. Wherever there's gravity and snow, you'll find Heads for sale . . . or, very possibly, sold out.

Wise travelers buy them duty-free in the U.S.A.

Then, wherever they roam, they'll have what made skiing faster and easier to master than woods did in 5,000 years. Head performance speaks an international language. It tells all kinds of Alpine skiers, on all kinds of mountains including the Alps: These are great skis.

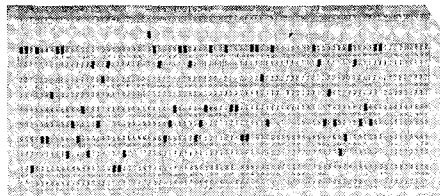
... and who makes great skis? **HEAD** of course!

Head Standard, \$107.50. Master, \$124.50. Competition, \$142.50. Youngster's Competition, \$112.50. Head steel or aluminum Poles, \$24.50. Available only at authorized, serious ski shops, the world over. May we send you our Handbook? Head Ski Company, Inc., Timonium, Maryland 21093, U.S.A.





At the St. Regis you're a guest



not a number

Many people don't want to get caught up in this whole cold chrome world. One good way to avoid it is to stop at the St. Regis. Here, we still believe in the international traditions of fine service, unexcelled cuisine, sincere warmth and genuine hospitality. Our staff is highly dedicated to filling the needs of our guests with grace and élan. Our rooms are spacious, elegantly appointed and supremely comfortable. In the midst of New York's mechanized, impersonalized room boom, the St. Regis remains a gracious and refreshing oasis at Fifty-fifth and Fifth. For reservations, PLaza 3-4500

try. There was nothing else but the one immense room. Claire looked up. The ceiling was perfect—every inch painted, the colors fresh and clear. Clouds, naked ladies, angels, harps—the whole panoply of eighteenth-century Heaven. "It has not suffered at all," she said, delighted. Then she lowered her eyes to the balcony.

"That's where I declaimed Mark Antony's speech in English," Andrew pointed out proudly.

"And where I used to recite 'La Cigale et la Fourmi' and the other 'Fables'"—Claire pointed in turn—"while father would sit comfortably in his armchair down here and criticize. Remember?"

"Of course," Andrew said.

It was in the kitchen that Claire had been tortured. She would not go in there, she decided. Five days. They had done everything to her. Burned her on her legs, between her legs, on her stomach, on her breasts. Tied electrodes to her feet, wet them, and given her shocks. They had kicked and cut her, tied a cloth bag over her head and told her they were going to shoot her. She could no longer remember in detail. She did remember that several times she had wondered who was screaming—who could it be, so near to her, making that grisly noise? Yet how could she be expected to recognize herself screaming? She had never heard herself scream before; indeed, she had never heard anyone scream. But however much she had screamed, however often, she had not once talked. Had not said one single word. Not given away one name, mentioned one place. She had been questioned for five days, and had answered them nothing. Her only answer had been that animal screaming that came from her throat, her lungs, her outraged flesh—but not from her mind or heart.

The first three days, she had walked out of the kitchen when they had done—handcuffed, dragged, lurching, supported, but still able to stand upright, or nearly so. As she crossed the courtyard to the third pavilion, where she had been kept, on a straw mattress, in the bitter cold of December, the German guards had saluted her—had stood to attention as she was escorted past, and not in irony. The last two days, she had fainted during the torture and been carried past them unconscious.

Claire had been in the Resistance only ten months when she was caught. She had joined the group in Paris, where she had gone with Humbert

**"A BROADWAY HIT!"**—Life Magazine



**SAMMY DAVIS in  
GOLDEN BOY**  
"AMERICAN POPULAR MUSICAL  
THEATRE AT ITS BEST."—Taubman, Times

**ORDER NOW—AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT**

PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$9.90; Mezz. \$8.60; Balc. \$7.50; 6.90, 5.75, 4.80. Wed. Mat.: Orch. \$5.75; Mezz. \$5.40; Balc. \$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. Mat.: Orch. \$6.25; Mezz. \$5.75; Balc. \$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, suggest several alternate dates.

**MAJESTIC THEA.** 245 W. 44 St., N.Y.C. Cir 6-0730

**"CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!"**  
—HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES

**Beatrice Lillie  
Tammy Grimes  
Edward Woodward  
"High Spirits"**

"SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL COMEDY!"  
—Gover, United Press

Directed by **Noel Coward**

Mail Orders Filled, Evgs.: \$9.60, 8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95. Wed. Mat.: \$5.75, 5.00, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: \$6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00.

**ALVIN THEATER, 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226**

CONTINUOUS  
DANCING NIGHTLY  
(EXC. MON.) \* MATINEES  
THURSDAY AND SATURDAY  
1:30 \* SUNDAY FROM 3:30  
MODEST ADMISSION CHARGE!  
NO EXTRAS! NO TICKETS!  
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S  
MOST BEAUTIFUL  
BALLROOM  
RESTAURANT  
BAR

**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**  
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY





## Reserved\*

\*For the following artists, who insist on the Baldwin Grand for all their concert performances: Claudio Arrau, David Bar-Illan, Leonard Bernstein, Jorge Bolet, Dave Brubeck, Aaron Copland, Jeanne-Marie Darré, Sidney Foster, Vera Franceschi, Lukas Foss, Erroll Garner, Stewart Gordon, Gold and Fisdale, Lorin Hollander, Amparo

Iturbi, José Iturbi, Theodore Lettvin, Liberace, Ozan Marsh, The Medleys, Nelson and Neal, Andre Previn, Hans Richter-Haaser, George Shearing, Abbey Simon, Ruth Slenczynska, Hilde Somer, Beveridge Webster, Whittemore and Lowe, Earl Wild, many others. \*AND YOU. The same superiority of tone and response that

makes Baldwin the choice of those best qualified to judge is yours to cherish in a Baldwin-built piano just right for you—Baldwin Grand, Hamilton Studio, or Acrosonic, the superb small piano especially for the home. Write today for illustrated brochures. Baldwin Piano & Organ Company, Dept. NY 2-65, Cincinnati, O. 45202. **Baldwin**

BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ORGANS • BALDWIN, ACROSONIC, HAMILTON AND HOWARD PIANOS



Why  
do we  
age  
Grey Poupon  
Mustard  
in wood?



It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

**GREY  
POUPON**  
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

after their marriage. She and Humbert were married in the gloomy Chambéry Cathedral one April day in 1940, when he had three days' leave. She was just eighteen. Three nights was all they had. Shakespeare's Juliet had only one, Claire often reminded herself. But, of course, Juliet had died at once. Claire was beautiful then, with her long Allobrogian face and her Gothic hands. Not pretty at all, but beautiful—which didn't make anything any easier. She soon began to miss Humbert very much. She saw him only one more time. Fighting back from the Maginot Line, he got away after Dunkirk and came straight to Paris. There he arranged for Claire to return to Chambéry with friends who had a car and, miraculously, gas enough for the trip. Humbert accompanied them as far as Troyes, then slipped out of the car, kissed her, and was gone. She had not seen him again. Nor did she learn until much later—long after her five days of torture—that he had somehow got to Portugal and so to London; he had joined the Free French forces, been parachuted back to France, been captured and shot.

At Chambéry, she had gone to stay with her father. He had sold the big house by then and moved into town, into his old chambers. He, too, was old, and saw few clients. Claire soon got a job teaching school. But her real work was in the Resistance, on the ski patrol. She had always been mad about skiing—as a child on Mont Revard, then around Myans; later, in her student days, at Les Deux Alpes, twenty miles east of Grenoble. So what was more natural than that she should spend her free time skiing? At first, she would go off on weekends only. Then Thursdays, too—a half holiday—and, later on, any and every night when there were messages to be given or people to be met, to be ferried across the mountains to Switzerland or to Italy. That summer, she had the excuse of visiting her husband's family in Haute Savoie; they lived near Rumilly, blessedly near the Swiss frontier. And what she told everyone, to explain the frequency of her visits, was true—that they loved her, that they were not getting any younger, that she had to go to them often. A great convenience.

The word "Savoie," the name of her native province, which once had been a kingdom, means either *saine voie* (safe way) or *sale voie* (dirty road, dangerous road), according to your reading of history, and Claire came of a long line of ancestors who

CLOCKS  
BY  
*Ridgeway*

Grace  
a  
Room  
With  
Ageless  
Beauty

... and fill your home with mellow sound! More than a proudly patrician accent piece, more than a faithful guardian of each moment, your Ridgeway clock becomes a lifelong family friend.

Send 25¢ for colorful brochure and other material.  
Ridgeway/Division of  
Gravely Furniture Co., Inc.  
Dept. NYN1, Martinsville, Va.

◆◆  
**CHANDLER'S**  
**49 E 49 ST NYC**

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.



**EMILY SHAW'S**  
POUND RIDGE, N. Y. **INN**

Finest type of American Food and Cocktails

Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,  
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.

John F. Shaw, Pres.

CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779  
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR





Imagine yourself on this flawless Bahamian beach. Photograph by Ozzie Sweet.

## June has a twelve-month affair with the Bahamas

Nature was in top form when she created Bahamian weather. Here the difference between winter and summer temperatures is only 10 degrees. In winter, the Gulf Stream insulates the Bahamas against the northland's icy blasts. In summer, sea-washed trade breezes cool the exotic cays and islands.

Flowers bloom in every month. Sunlight slants through crystal-clear water. There are sweeping expanses of pink beaches, perhaps the most beautiful in the world. Here you can be as active or as indolent as you choose.

This wonderfully different world lies just off the Florida coast. Nassau, capital of the British Bahamas, is gay and cosmopolitan, aglitter with fine hotels and tempting shops. It's also the springboard for rapid flights or calm sea voyages to the outer Resort Islands, with their easygoing clubs and inns.

Get a jump on getting away. First step, write to the Bahamas Ministry of Tourism, Dept. LD, 620 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., or call PL 7-1611. Then have a word or two with your Travel Agent.

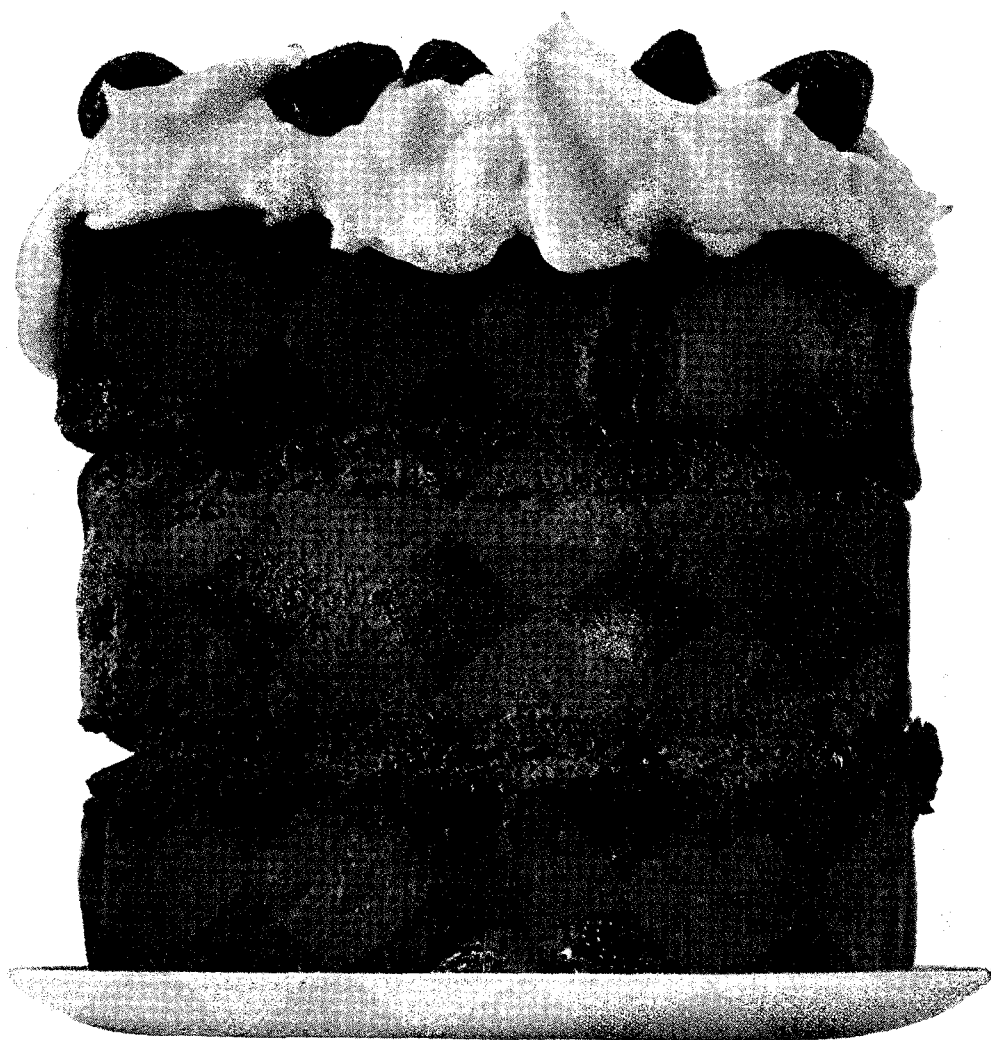
**BY SEA:** From New York—The S.S. Homeric sails Sats. at 4 P.M. 7-day cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau) from \$175. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y. . . . From Miami—The S.S. Bahama Star sails each Mon. and Fri. at 4:45 P.M. 3-day weekend cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau) from \$59. 4-day cruises from \$69. Eastern Steamship Lines, Miami, Fla. **BY AIR:** Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (as little as 30 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal. **No passport** or visa needed for U.S. and Canadian citizens; some proof of citizenship recommended.

Resort Islands of the

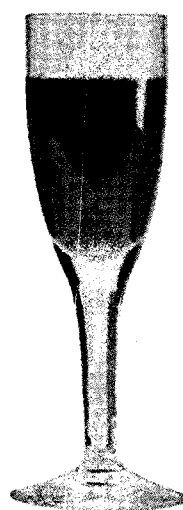


Bahamas



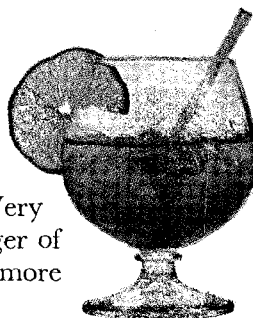


Skip the heavy dessert.



Sip  
the light  
one:  
Irish Mist  
Liqueur.

What is Irish Mist Liqueur? An engaging blend of Tullamore Dew, rich heather honey, rare Gaelic herbs. Smooth. Smart. Very satisfying. Order neat as above, or in an Irish Mister (one jigger of Irish Mist Liqueur over ice with fresh lime). You can't ask for a more pleasant escape from heavy desserts. **Bartenders tend to confuse Irish Mist Liqueur with Irish Whiskey (excellent though it is). So be firm!**



80 PROOF. HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.



had guarded and guided travellers through the mountains, or robbed them—or both. Anyway, it was in her blood, the living dangerously in high places, and for a while she felt that she had never been happier, never felt herself more real, more fulfilled.

Now, as they turned toward the door, Andrew took her arm, and she realized how sensitive she still was to a man's touch. She loved his casual kindness. It was a long time since they had been together, and Claire began to be glad she had come; there were too few old friends about. Christmas would be cozy, she thought.

She heard Andrew asking her, "You know it was Claudius—"

"Who told on me to the Germans? Sold me? Yes, of course."

"How did you know?"

"The Germans told me; they thought it would help make me talk. 'The people here—your own people—are all against you and with us,' they said. 'You might as well talk. We didn't have to make *them* talk—they didn't need what we're doing to you. They came to us of themselves. Why, your own Maria Gal's brother, he came. We were quite surprised to see him. Of course, there was a reward—quite a big reward—but still. . . . I carried poison, you know,'" Claire went on. "We all did. My confessor had given me permission to take it if I felt it was the only way not to talk—if I got to the end of my tether. Some of us took it. I was lucky. I never felt I needed to. But when I learned it was Claudius who had betrayed me, I must say I felt pretty low."

One of the first things she could remember as a child was being wheeled in her carriage and Claudius's bending down close to her face to say "Chatterbox!" Crying, Claire asked Maria whether he could put her in jail for being a chatterbox, and Maria replied certainly not—Claire was not to be scared of policemen. They were there to take care of children, to hold up the traffic so they could cross the road safely.

"After the five days—what then?" Andrew asked. They had walked out of Caramagne; it was warmer outside than in.

"They took me to jail in Cham-béry," Claire said. "I was to be executed. They had everything they wanted to convict me—Claudius had seen to that; he provided chapter and verse."

"Why weren't you killed?" Andrew asked.

"I only learned why later—after the

## EASEMASTER

CHAIR BY

**TOMLINSON**

Grab a catnap in the Easemaster. A man's chair. Not too soft. Not too solid. Lots of room. Shaped right. Fits a fellow fine. Prices from \$199. Get further facts firsthand (also on a gentler version for Her Majesty). We can tell you where. The rest is up to you



**Grrrrrrzzzzz**

WRITE: JACK PETERS, TOMLINSON FURNITURE, HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA

## I am planning a trip to SCANDINAVIA

LANDS OF SUNLIT NIGHTS

please tell me more about:

☐ **DENMARK**

Gay fairy-tale land.

☐ **FINLAND**

Sparkling land of lakes.

☐ **NORWAY**

Land of majestic fjords.

☐ **SWEDEN**

Land of folklore and progress.



please write:

**SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL COMMISSION**

Dept. A25, Box 260, New York, N.Y. 10017

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_ zone \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I am a student. Please send special literature.





urban or  
suburban...  
swing along  
with

**Serbin**

**Knitted? Yes, KNITTED Seersucker!**  
Serbin designs a fresh two-piecer... in a just-as-fresh fabric. And, what a happy combination it is! The saucy jacket... the sheath skirt... in fully-lined knitted seersucker. A breezy fabric that packs, washes, dries, refuses to wrinkle. 91% Arnel® triacetate and 9% nylon. Slimming stripes... red, blue, or black, on white. Sizes 8 to 18 ..... **\$25**

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S. W. First St., Miami 35, Florida

war," Claire said. "One day, a day or two before I was caught, I was fed up. I went into the Cathedral. I was sitting there in the dark, crying. I was low on food and on sleep. I was worn out. And scared. And cold. There was no word from Humbert, and I wanted him so. I suppose I was a bit hysterical. I thought I was all alone, but suddenly a little old lady came up to me and said, 'My child, don't take on so. Come back with me, and I'll make you some hot chocolate.' I was so surprised I didn't know what to say. I remember thinking, How, where, can she possibly get hot chocolate? Anyway, she led me off. She lived in the Cathedral square and knew, of course, who I was. She told me her name—but I have never told it to anyone. The chocolate was the best I have ever tasted, before or since. Before I left, she told me, 'If ever there is anything I can do to help, let me know. I know a lot of very high-up people—I know Admiral Darlan, and M. Abetz, and many others like them. They all come here.' After the war, I was told that one of the German officers who had been torturing me went to dine with her and told her how they had captured a girl of eighteen in the Resistance whom they couldn't break, and she guessed it was me, and begged him to set me free. 'I'm sure she's just a lonely young wife, very much in love with her husband—that girl's not in the Resistance,' she told him, but he insisted I more than merited death. So she went all the way up, and though she couldn't get me set free, she got my sentence commuted to deportation. That's how I got sent to Ravensbrück."

"And then?" Andrew asked. He was staring straight ahead across the meadows, down to where the lake lay.

"I was there until the war's end," Claire said. "Then the Red Cross found me and carried me off to Sweden. There they fed me and let me sleep. Then they sent me back to Paris. Daddy was dead. Humbert was dead. I got a job. And the rest you know."

Andrew gave her arm a squeeze. "I'm afraid my story is a great deal less glorious," he said. "After the Belgian front collapsed, I made my way back here, and Chantal and I managed to get to Algiers—never mind how. And so, only after all was over, we came home."

**A**T Les Tilleuls, lunch was ready. As it was a vigil, Maria had prepared an *ombre chevalier*, a local fish from the lake, and *ratatouille*—toma-

AMETHYST DIAMOND

14kt gold and platinum clip



\$950.00

**Olga TRITT**

424 Park Avenue  
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)  
New York 22, N. Y.

\*Federal Excise Tax Included

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE

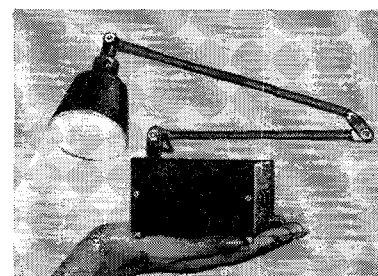
**Casino**  
ON THE  
**Park**

LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER  
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH  
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO  
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club

**ESSEX HOUSE**

VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.  
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300

160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH



**HIGH INTENSITY LAMP.** Tensor-Lite turns 360°; adjusts up, down, High-Low switch. Folded, 10x2½x2½" Light beige. **17.50**

**Hammacher Schlemmer**  
145 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y.



IMPORTED CARS WANTED  
 PEUGEOT 1958-63, any color, any model,  
 state price & cond.....Y22.

## Nobody answered this ad



(Peugeot is the kind of car people hang onto)

For years we've been telling anyone who would listen that Peugeot owners are a remarkably loyal group. To prove our point, we placed an ad in one of New York's major newspapers to see how many people we might entice into offering us their Peugeots. We didn't get a single reply.

One ad does not a survey make. But it's a pretty good indication that a Peugeot isn't traded in after a couple of years. Why should it be? A

Peugeot is built to last years beyond ordinary cars. Ask John Bond, Publisher of Road & Track. He considers Peugeot one of the seven best made cars in the world—along with Rolls-Royce, Porsche, Lincoln, Lancia, Mercedes and Rover. Pretty good company. And please note that Peugeot is the most inexpensive car in that distinguished group.

But don't take our word, please. Test drive a Peugeot. It's remarkably

swift, fantastically responsive. And you get \$500 worth of "extras" that don't cost extra—like safety-proved steel sunroof, famous Michelin X tires, reclining seats and stainless steel trim. One word of warning. You'll become so attached to Peugeot you won't want to part with it—except for another Peugeot.

**PEUGEOT**  
 75 Years of Quality

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Department NY-9  
 97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, N.Y., or see your local dealer.



# as long as you're up get me a Grant's®



The light 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. Bottled in Scotland.

86 proof. Imported by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., New York ©1964



atoes, eggplant, small squash, well flavored with thyme and garlic.

"How come you have *ratatouille* on Christmas Eve?" Claire asked.

"We may be provincial and remote," Chantal replied, pleased, "but we can all our own vegetables. We eat our produce all the year round."

There was chestnut purée with whipped cream for dessert, then *tomme* to follow—the local Savoyard cheese matured in grapeskins. Then *kakis*—golden persimmons from the garden, well frosted.

"How glad I am that I'm greedy," Claire said. "I don't think I will ever get used to food again. I always feel I must make up for lost time, for all those years of turnips and acorn coffee. At Ravensbrück, we had one meal a day—cabbage soup and a sliver of bread. When one found maggots in the soup, or weevils in the bread, it was a gala day. But you had to defend your prize against all comers. We'd tear each other's eyes out for a maggot."

Chantal looked queasy, and Andrew said quickly, "Of course—protein."

After lunch, Chantal suggested a short walk as a *digestif*—to the village, in the opposite direction from Chambéry. She needed to take last-minute mail to the small local post office.

"What in heaven's name is that atrocity?" Claire suddenly asked as they came in sight of a jerry-built, lop-sided structure that looked like a caricature of a dwarf castle. It had turrets, and slits for windows; it was plastered, slate-roofed—an absurd affront, perched on the roadside.

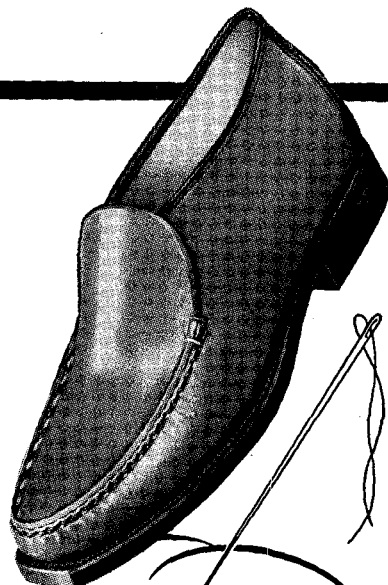
For a second or two, there was no answer; then Chantal looked up at Andrew. He looked at Claire. "That's Claudius's house," he said.

"Claudius?" Claire's voice was tense. "You mean he's alive? *Here?*"

"At the Liberation, he and his wife were almost literally torn to pieces right here on this street," Andrew explained. "She died then and there. He was rescued in the nick of time, brought to trial, condemned to death. Later, the sentence was commuted to twenty years in jail. He was let out after fifteen for good conduct, and came back here."

"Why? Why here, of all places?" Claire asked. "I wasn't the only one he betrayed."

"No one can imagine *why*. No one speaks to him. Maria put a notice in the paper saying she renounced him—that she would never again speak to him as long as he lived. He began at once to



THE Taylor-Made SHOE

Taylor's exclusive Burnt Ivory® leather in a half chukka with concealed gore and hand-sewn vamp. Style 240. About \$21.

at your local Taylor merchant or write  
E. E. TAYLOR CORP.  
Dept. T-35, Freeport, Maine

Also makers of British Walkers Shoes for Men

**TAG**  
TAKE A GUIDE  
YOUR PERSONAL WAY TO DISCOVER EUROPE

See people and places that aren't in the guidebooks! With your own driver-guide and car. No crowds, no rush. Get more out of Europe with TAG. It costs less than you think! Write for a free brochure to Take-A-Guide Ltd., 11, Old Bond St., London W.1, England. Or clip this for your trip and call HYDe Park 1688 (London) or Pigalle 3012 (Paris).

## EUROPE BY CAR

PLEASE WRITE FOR 36 PAGE FULL COLOR 'EUROPE BY CAR' CATALOGUE. NO CHARGE. SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL AND PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN  
MERCEDES  
CITROEN  
RENAULT

HILLMAN  
JAGUAR  
PEUGEOT  
MG, ETC.



## EUROPE BY CAR

630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040  
CAR (S) \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ NE-13





# If you've never tried these support socks, you're cheating yourself.

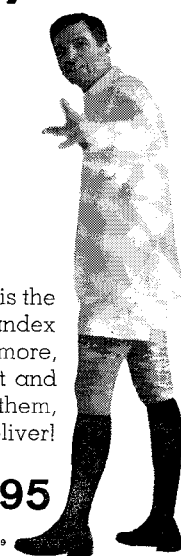
The fact is, support socks are not just for men with tired legs. They're for every man. Activ-8s put bounce in your step. They give you a lift. They add to your effectiveness by warding off fatigue—whatever your walk of life. They hug so gently, you're not even aware that they're support socks. In fact, they don't even look like support socks. Yet they keep you feeling in great

shape, morning to night. That's because Activ-8 is the world's only support sock made from Lycra® spandex that's double-covered with stretch nylon. What's more, Activ-8 has a cotton-lined foot for extra comfort and is Sanitized® for extra freshness. Until you try them, you will not know the pleasure a sock can deliver!

**BURLINGTON ACTIV-8®/2.95**



BURLINGTON BALFOUR MILLS, A DIVISION OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, 1090 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10

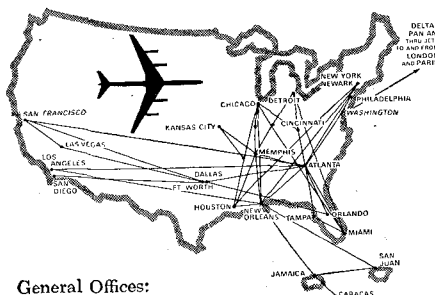




**cordially  
yours...  
DELTA**



Seasoned travelers agree... Delta's quick and personal service, Jet-age speed and convenient schedules are a winning combination for any flight. Next trip, why don't you Jet with Delta!



General Offices:  
Atlanta, Georgia

**DELTA**  
the air line with the **BIG JETS**

build this house. But no one would sell him a single stone, or even one brick; no one would work for him—not a plumber in all Chambéry, not an electrician, not a carpenter. He has done everything himself. He has carried every stone, done every bit of work. So far, it's taken him five years, and he hasn't nearly finished. He's at it every day, rain or shine. He pretends to be crazy, mutters all the time to himself, speaks to no one, since by now he knows well enough that no one will ever speak to him. Think of it—he's been here five years and no one has ever spoken a word to him."

Claire asked how he lived.

He was very rich, Andrew replied, from the money he got for betraying Claire and others.

"And his police pension," Chantal said. "Don't forget that. He still draws it regularly every month. And while he was in jail it was piling up."

Claire shook herself. Why, she wondered, did she feel nothing—no hatred, no horror, no regrets? Her body would carry the burns and scars till she died, and Humbert was dead. She supposed she should rejoice that the mills of God had ground with such exactness. But she could find in herself no feeling at all. Aloud, she said she thought she had never seen a more hideous human habitation, and the three of them walked on.

Soon they arrived at the village, then at the tiny post office. Andrew opened the door and stepped back to let the two women pass. Chantal motioned Claire to go in first. As she got inside, Claire found herself face to face with a man—red-faced, wearing white cotton shorts, a black T shirt, and sandals. Claudius.

He stopped dead at sight of her, then tried to push past, jostling her, staring. "Pardon me, Madame," he said.

Yet still she blocked his way, staring back at him, fixed. At last, she moved stiffly, deliberately, out of his way, standing aside to let him dash past her, past Andrew and past Chantal, out the open door.

"Why, yes," she said finally, but he was much too far away to have heard.

—ANNE FREMANTLE

Just by talking with her [Joan Sutherland] for a few minutes it became evident that she does not fit the popular conception of a "temperamental" prima donna. She was amiable and able answering all questions....

Of the 50 roles she has played, she likes Rigoletto in "La Traviata" the best.—*Hartford Courant*.

Amiability is a must in that role.

# Tonight take her to THE SEVEN HILLS

*If you don't,  
someone else will.*

**Dinner dancing Monday  
through Saturday to  
the lilting strains of  
I'CAVALIERI DI ROMA**

**Reservations  
Judson 6-7000, Ext. 348**

**THE NEW YORK HILTON**  
at Rockefeller Center  
53rd to 54th Streets  
Avenue of the Americas  
New York, N. Y.



**TOOLS** *by Early Americans*  
*Paintings by Eric* **SLOANE**



**GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES NYC**  
*Hotel Biltmore, February 16 March 2*

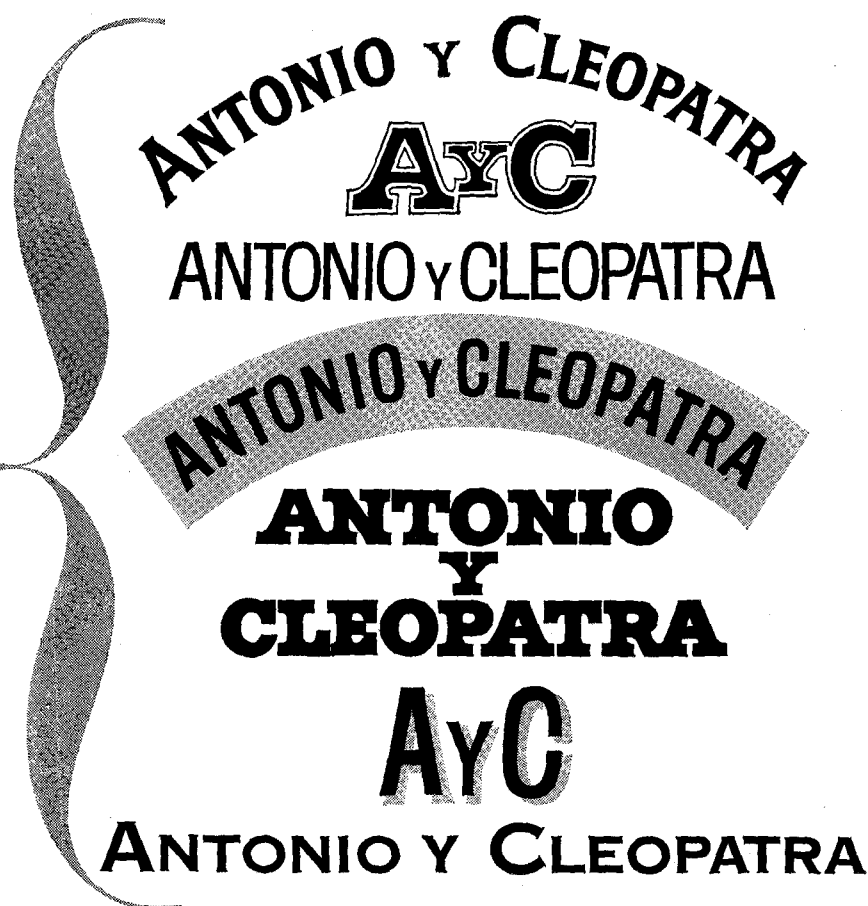
NOON TO 2:30 • 6:30 TO 11:00



RESERVATIONS ONLY  
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735



**WHEN DO YOU STOP  
BEING DIFFERENT?**



When it counts.

As you can see, we have a lot of different ways of signing our name. And AyC has 11 different shapes and sizes of cigars. And different prices, too. (They're in the 15¢ to 30¢ range.)

But the thing about all AyC's that is the *same* is good taste—so good men say their cigar never lasts long enough. Good things seldom do, of course.

For 85 years an appreciative, happy (and perhaps self-indulgent) band of smokers rallied to AyC.

Now a lot of newcomers are smoking them, too. Sales have increased by many millions of cigars in just the last few years. Why?

We think it's because of AyC's unique new blend of fine leaf imported from the West Indies and Latin America, plus choice domestic tobaccos. Antonio y Cleopatra. Rare flavor. Something special.

Try an AyC. It's kind of different.



**ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA**  
THE CIGAR THAT NEVER LASTS LONG ENOUGH

*Product of The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.





## Sail to the modern Greece of ancient glories

The ancient treasures of a priceless past are still there. But alongside has arisen an exciting new Greece, where you enjoy modern amenities, modern comforts, modern pleasures. And how delightfully, surprisingly inexpensive everything is! Almost as inexpensive, in fact, as your relaxing vacation on the gracious, air conditioned ship that takes you there . . .

The favorite  
"Mediterranean Queen"  
of "in" people

### s.s. Queen Frederica TO ITALY AND GREECE

THRIFT-SEASON SPRING SAILINGS:  
MARCH 6†—APRIL 3—APRIL 30. From  
New York to Gibraltar, Palermo, Naples,  
Messina, Piraeus (Athens). Thereafter: May  
27, June 22, July 17†, Aug. 13†, Sept. 9,  
Oct. 5, Nov. 1, Nov. 27.

†From Boston following day

See your travel agent soon!



write Dept. ANR for Full Details  
HOME LINES AGENCY INC. • General Agents  
42 Broadway, New York, N. Y. • DI 4-6363



## THE ART GALLERIES

### Chaos

I VAN ALBRIGHT, to give him his present appellation (he was christened Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, but he dropped his middle name when he learned that his namesake, the early French painter Claude Le Lorrain, spelled it without the final "e"), has always been an oddity and a curiously controversial figure in modern art. It's impossible just to take him or leave him alone. Even back thirty or forty years ago, when the only place he could show his paintings was the come-one-come-all-style annual exhibitions of the Society of Independent Artists, and when he was pretty much of a loner, he was more talked about than his position warranted. The prices he put on his canvases were considered outrageous. As I recall, five

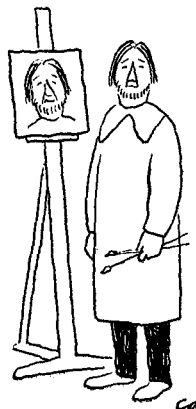
thousand dollars was the minimum, and this was at a time when five thousand dollars *meant* something. (Most other Independent exhibitors priced their works at one or two hundred dollars, and that was definitely an asking figure.) But his prices were not the only subject of controversy. He was either praised (it is true that it was at times in a slightly condescending manner) or shuddered at, even hated; and I have a feeling—unsubstantiated at the moment, for this is his first major New York exhibition in twenty years, and critical and public reaction to him has been minimum—that something of this mixture of attitudes surrounds his work to this day. I imagine, though, that anybody who paid the outlandish five thousand dollars for one of the older pictures has had no reason to regret his purchase. Albright, in a quiet way, has been winning prizes (the latest a Canadian one for, neatly enough, five thousand dollars) and receiving other important honors, and he has now reached what to most artists is a true culmination, a retrospective at the Whitney—a show that, by the way, was organized by the Art Institute of Chicago and began its career there.

It's a small show, and I'm glad that it is, for too much Albright can be overpowering. But then, I must confess that I am not a "fan" of his; I'm a middle-of-the-roader. I don't hate him, though he does occasionally make me shudder a little. On the other hand,

I don't love him, either. But I think I shall abandon my effort to disentangle my emotions about him until I have described the showing. I have said that it is a small one, and it is unusually small for the period it covers—forty-three paintings, plus sixteen drawings and other works, dated from 1927

to the present. Yet it is a remarkably cogent and competent collection, and it certainly throws a great deal of new light on Albright's range as an artist. The major part of the affair is quite properly based on his mercilessly microscopic, supranaturalistic (and, I think, inherently sadistic) analyses of the human body at its most varicose, ulcerous, and purulent. This is the most typical and most characteristic part of his production. But there are

other items that reveal quite different aspects of his talent. Did you know that Albright did sculpture? He did, and does, at least dabbly, and a couple of the pieces in the show—notably a portrait head of Adam Emory Albright, his father—suggest a thoroughly respectable confidence and competence in the medium. There is a set of drawings, too, some of which, among them the elaborate studies for such later oils as the portrait "Captain Joseph Medill Patterson" and the still-life called "Show Case Doll," testify to the almost finicking attention to detail with which he approaches his compositions. There are, as well, throughout the collection, pictures—of which "Black Cliffs, Schoodic Point, Maine," "I Slept With the Starlight in My Face (The Rosicrucian)," and "Shore Sentinels" are samples—that I can think of only, and no doubt unfairly, as aberrations, since they depart so drastically from the general line of his work. The "Rosicrucian," a head of a young acolyte seen in profile, is almost pure Pre-Raphaelite; the Maine landscape is a thoroughly naturalistic view of a river racing through high banks and over a falls; "Shore Sentinels," an outlook through a serried group of pine trees onto a coastal inlet, is, I'm afraid, pure corn. And there are others, such as the small, miniaturistic still-life of musical instruments, "This Ich nolite of Mine," and the rather Surrealist (Surrealistically titled, anyway) study of Southwestern canyon country called "I







Lord & Taylor, all stores; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati & Dayton; I. Magnin, West Coast.

## The mark of a demanding woman

This perfect suit by Geoffrey Beene with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

The wool mark. That's where the perfection begins. It tells you the fabric is the world's best . . . pure wool. Geoffrey Beene selected a soft navy worsted mesh to meet the demands of his new easy-swinging, long-jacketed suit. A pure wool that drapes, shapes, tailors



as a designer wills it. That keeps its good looks, holds its line, feels as soft as a demanding woman wants it. Look for the wool mark. It's your assurance of the world's best in the fashions you buy. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.  
to quality products made of the world's best . . . pure wool.



It's just scented paper.  
Or Sachet Papier if you really  
want to be French with a  
vengeance. Anyway, you can cut  
it up and put it on the  
bottom of your dresser drawers,  
wall paper the inside  
of your closet, cover your  
edition of Sonnets From  
the Portuguese and everything  
will smell of jasmine.  
French Toile Sachet Papier,  
Nuit de Longchamp fragrance.  
4 sheets 20 x 26 inches. \$5.\*  
One of our many new ideas  
for the perfumed life.

### FRENCH TOILES BY LUBIN



Sold at perfume counters of the world's  
greatest stores such as Henri Bendel,  
I. Magnin and Marshall Field. \*Plus tax.

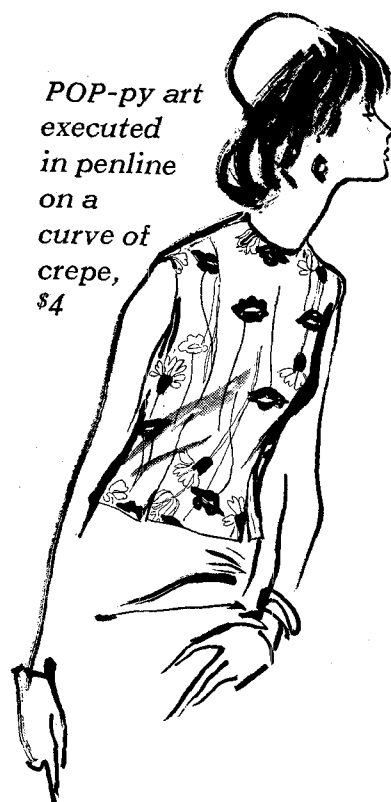
Found Myself in the Bottom of the  
Sea, an Ancient, a Dry Sea," that in-  
dicate other diversions. (It may be  
needless to point out that the specu-  
lar rock outcrops of the Southwest are  
probably the result of prehistoric marine  
erosion.)

The main line of Albright's output,  
though, is, as I have said, contained in  
the series of studies of men or women,  
usually seen individually and portrayed  
at their lowest point of existence,  
morally and physically. These are  
typified by such pieces as the early  
(1928) torso of a woman called  
"Flesh" and an equally deliquescent  
full-length nude, "Three Love Birds,"  
as well as by "The Farmer's Kitchen,"  
with its insistence on the hairy sprout-  
ings on the chin of the poor farmer's  
wife, and the rather grandiosely titled  
study of a broken-down prostitute  
called "Into the World There Came a  
Soul Called Ida." Upon reflection, I  
feel that my main objection to them  
is that the attitude, despite the feeling-  
ful titles Albright often indulges in, is  
far from being compassionate or under-  
standing; instead, it is generally a bit  
prissy, distant (even his close attention  
to detail argues a certain clinical de-  
tachment), and totally unsympathetic.  
Anyone who used to get around Third  
Avenue and its now vanishing old-time  
bars must remember a photograph—  
used to advertise some brand of beer or  
ale—of a cheerfully unregenerate,  
stubble-chinned barfly and boozier hap-  
pily hoisting a stein of beer to his lips.  
The photograph, it seems to me now,  
had more true art, in the sense of un-  
derstanding and sympathy, than such  
chill studies of Albright's as the pomp-  
ously titled portrait of another such  
bum called "And God Created Man in  
His Own Image."

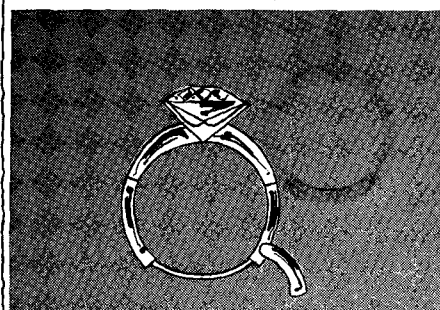
THERE are a couple of other ex-  
hibitions I would like to mention,  
not with the intention but with the  
distinct possibility of confusing you.  
One is the group collection at the Janis  
called—it may be with the tiniest touch  
of the grandiose—"Abstract Trompe  
l'Oeil," and the other is a showing at  
the Marlborough-Gerson of a cheer-  
fully haphazard assemblage of paint-  
ings, collages, drawings, photomons-  
tages, and all conceivable combinations  
of them by a newcomer to New York  
named R. B. Kitaj.

The affair at the Janis is most like-  
ly to be confusing (intentionally, of  
course) optically. It is made up of paint-  
ings, reliefs, and other works by five  
artists, all within the purview of geo-  
metric abstraction, and it includes the

POP-py art  
executed  
in penline  
on a  
curve of  
crepe,  
\$4



Ship'n Shore®



#### Ring twist? Knuckle problem?

Now any ring can slip over knuckles, fit snug.  
Just have your jeweler attach Finger-Fit to any  
new ring or to one you have. You'll end ring  
problems for keeps.

Finger-Fit opens up three sizes to easily slip  
over your knuckle. Once on, it snaps closed  
to exact finger size. Always keeps your ring  
with the setting perfectly positioned.

Ask your jeweler to show you Finger-Fit  
in 14K yellow or white gold or platinum.

For name of a fine jeweler near you, write:

**FINGER-FIT** U.S. PATENT  
NO. 2771753  
DEPT. N, BOX 366, ROYAL OAK, MICH.

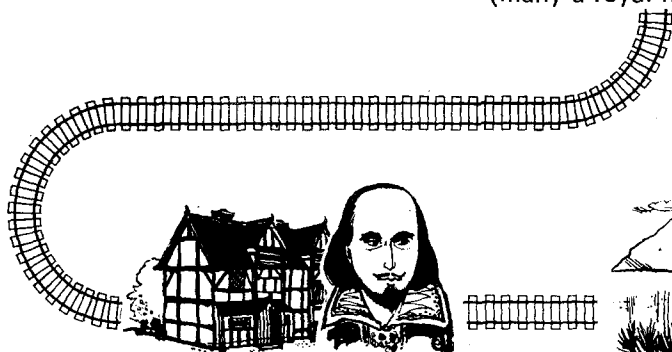
our signature  
is in  
every seam

unmistakably  
Frank Gallant





See the Tower of London  
(many a royal head rolled here!)



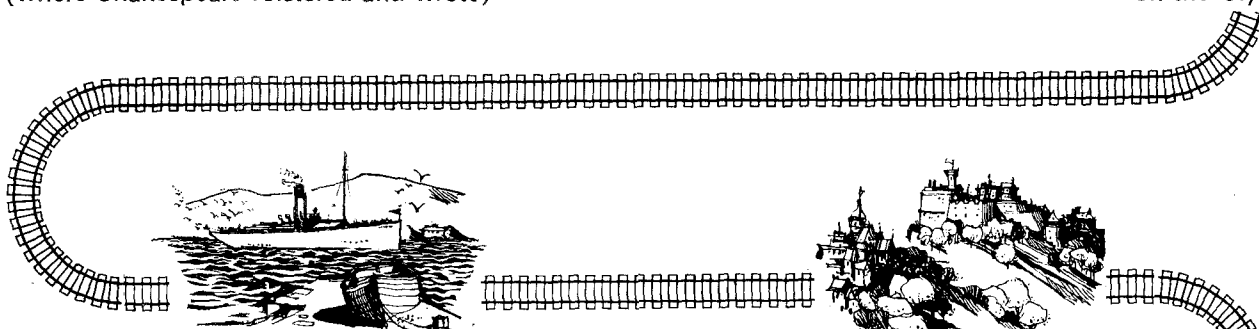
Then on to Stratford-upon-Avon  
(where Shakespeare roistered and wrote)



Now Wordsworth's crystal Lakes



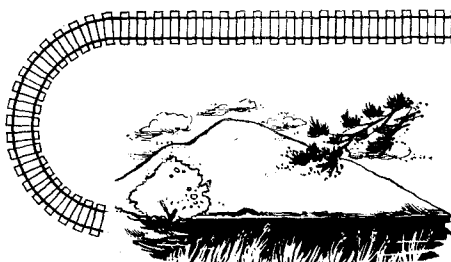
then up to Glasgow  
on the Clyde



for a cruise of the Kyles of Bute



Next, the Gothic castle-fortress of Edinburgh



then Bonnie Prince Charlie's  
Loch Lomond



Down to medieval York where the  
Minster (Cathedral) dates from A.D. 627!



And back to London again for  
the Changing of the Guard

## Take \$170—and 10 days—to journey into history

**Delve into the past . . .** hear the silent voice of history. For 10 days, Britain's green hills and gracious cities are yours. You'll see the Lake District and Shakespeare's Avon. The Scottish Highlands and medieval York. A whole 10-day tour full of beautiful places.

**It's a BritRail bargain,** specially for you—the Grand Circular Tour of England and Scotland. Only \$170 for a rich bite of history . . . with all the fixing and fussing done for you.

**And this is just one of many BritRail Tours** designed to make the most of your holiday in Britain. Tours from 2 days to 10. From \$34 to \$170. Even tours *custom-planned* to your own special requirements. Your travel agent has a full-color brochure that tells you all about it.

*Be seeing you!*

**BRITISH RAIL-INTERNATIONAL INC**

New York 20, N.Y.: 630 Fifth Avenue, Los Angeles 14, California: 510 West Sixth Street



## Are you in a filet mignon, lobster thermidor, Chateaubriand, roast pheasant rut?

Wakefield's offers you a way out—with Giant Alaska King Crab. This denizen of cold Alaskan waters comes to you in king sized chunks of sweet and tender meat, or as crab legs in the shell, either split or whole. The flavor of King Crab is delicious—as fresh as the icy Arctic waters where Wakefield catches and freezes it.

Wakefield's Alaska King Crab is obliging, too—a pleasure to prepare. You can serve it just as it comes from the package with your favorite sauce, or you can quickly turn it into unique seafood casseroles and cocktails, impressive main dishes, or after-the-show snacks, using your own recipe or one of ours.

So anytime you want a delicious change of fare, think Wakefield's. The King that's fit for a feast.

Recipes are on every Wakefield package. And you can have our 10 **Food Editor recipes** free just by writing WAKEFIELD'S, Dept. N-1, Box 577, Mount Vernon, New York.



veteran Josef Albers as well as Auguste Herbin of France (another veteran, now dead) and such comparative youngsters as Larry Poons and Richard Anuszkiewicz, who are Americans, and Victor Vasarely, who is French. The focus of the collection is on the kind of painting, usually rigidly linear in construction, that draws for its effects on illusionistic devices, aided by carefully chosen, clashing reverberative colors, and designed to make you wonder if what you think you are seeing is what you are really seeing. All the artists (except, to my notion, Poons, whose canvases, scatteredly strewn with circles and dots, seem much too large for their meagre content) are remarkably ingenious in their trompe-l'oeil efforts, most particularly Anuszkiewicz. Overfond though he may be of spokelike linear arrangements raying out from a central square or circle, he has a gift amounting to genius for setting up conflicting tonal effects that literally bedazzle the spectator. Vasarely, who specializes in meticulously lined-up and regimented squares and rectangles, each one filled with more squares and rectangles, has a value, too, though it may consist mainly of technical adroitness. On the whole, though, it is Albers who—quietly, unobtrusively, but definitely—dominates the collection. His six paintings, all in one way or another continuing his by now famous "celebration of the square," are almost equally distinguished for both their sumptuous color and their exact design, and of them his "Homage to the Square: Lux," all sober grays with touches of yellow, and "Variant: Adobe, Yellow Front," in which browns and ochres predominate, are the standouts. He has also done a half-dozen "Structural Constellations," as he calls them—white line engravings on jet-black plastic—and these, with their interlacing rectangles and rhomboids, have a geometric purity and grace that are engaging.

THE confusion of the affair at the Marlborough in a sense starts with the background of Kitaj himself. He has been living in London for the last decade, but he is of Hungarian descent, with at least a suggestion of Chinese further back, for his name is the Hungarian equivalent of "Cathay." But he isn't Chinese or even Hungarian. He is, in fact, an American, and I go into all this background because, by a kind of pleasant parallelism, the show, in its mixture of styles, techniques, and general approach, is as much a melting pot artistically as the man is genealogically.

Do you want pop art? See "Aureo-



### le Palais

Cuisine that made Vienna famous • Traditional Vintages and a fine selection of

Austrian Wines

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER

A la carte, but offering a superb full course Dinner at \$7.50

HANS HANSBERG and his ZITHER

RESERVATIONS: GREGORY/PL 5-1000

### Sheraton-East

Park Avenue at 51st Street

Harold P. Bock, V. P. & Gen. Mgr.

PREFERRED IN PITTSBURGH

### HOTEL WEBSTER HALL

- 600 Air-Conditioned Rooms
- 12 Attractive Function Rooms
- Ideal Location in Heart of Famed Civic Center
- Free parking for overnight guests
- Direct Limousine Service to and from Airport

### HOTEL WEBSTER HALL

4415 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213  
Telephone 412-621-7700 Teletype 412-642-2263  
Henry J. Huemrich, Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

### OLD DROVER'S INN

DOVER PLAIN, N.Y.



LUXURY COUNTRY DINING

Overnight Accommodations

Res.: (514) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.



With 5,000 places to go...and 10,000 ways to get there...

# here's how to tell which tour is best!

Ever see a tour brochure that wasn't attractive? Of course not!

But do yourself a favor. Kindly read the fine print.

The part that tells you about the things that aren't included in the "amazing low price."

Look at the quality of the hotels. Are they First Class? Deluxe? Standard? Makes a lot of difference. Is sightseeing only suggested in the itinerary or actually included? Is it conducted by a multilingual guide?

Are all meals included? In a pension arrangement, is it full, demi or breakfast only?

Can you find any disclaimers to the effect that no meals are included in some city like London or Paris? Wouldn't that come as a bit of a surprise?

Where will your transfers take place? At

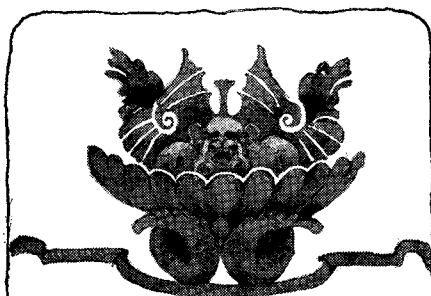
the airport or in the city?

And one of the most important things. When does your overseas flight take place? At night or during the day? Naturally the best flights are at night. This way, you arrive where you're going in the morning and gain a whole day of vacation.

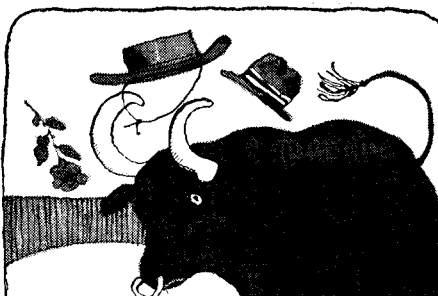
Of course, these are just a few of the things people ought to look out for. And the person who can be of the greatest help is your Travel Agent. He can explain all the technical terms (extensions, transfers and such), and help you plan to get the very most for your time and money throughout your entire trip.

So look over those tour brochures carefully.

Then send for Alitalia's Sunny Holiday brochures. We think you'll be very pleased with what we have to offer.



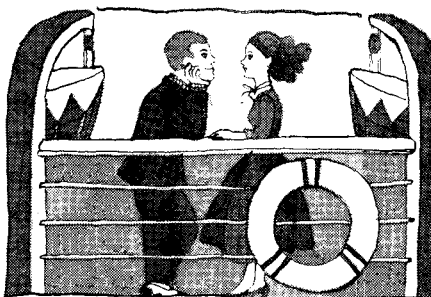
15-day Sunny Holiday to Italy...only \$599.50. It's a Roman Holiday on Wings! A lively romp through Milan, Florence, Rome, Ravenna, Venice, etc.; with more going on than you ever thought you could squeeze into 2 weeks!



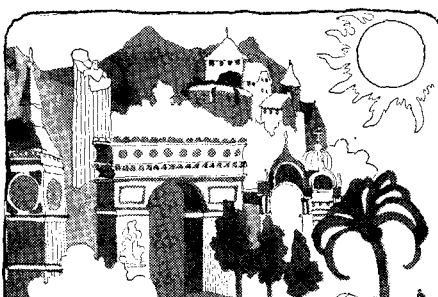
15-day Sunny Holiday to Spain and Portugal...only \$489.00. Biggest bargain in the travel business. Take advantage!!! Alitalia jets you non-stop to Lisbon; on to Fatima, Madrid, Andalusia, Seville, Granada, First Class hotels.



Alitalia Photo Safaris to Africa...Sunny Holidays from \$1442.00. Jet from New York to Rome and on to Africa. Choice of 4 independent and escorted photo-safaris through Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania. Hunting safaris available, too.



Alitalia Pleasure Cruises...Sunny Holidays from \$658.50. Jet from U.S. to Italy and board your choice of 4 outstanding Mediterranean cruises. See cities like Venice, Bari, Athens, Alexandria, Beirut, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Istanbul, Port Said, Haifa.



14 Sunny Holidays to Europe...from \$459.00. Choice of 14 tours; each covering a different aspect of Europe. Everything from a "Grand Tour of the Continent" to a "Mountains, Lakes and Cities" tour that takes in the German, Austrian and Swiss Alps.

Tour Director—Alitalia Airlines Dept. NY-213  
(Sunny Holiday Dept.), 666 5th Avenue  
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Sir: Please send me all these fascinating Sunny Holiday brochures. Prove that Alitalia really does give me more tour for my money!

☐ Spain and Portugal ☐ Italy ☐ Safaris to Africa ☐ Pleasure Cruises ☐ Around the World ☐ Europe ☐ The Holy Land ☐ Europe on the Town

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**ALITALIA**   
**AIRLINES**

All prices based on 21/14 day round-trip Jet Economy fare from New York. See your Alitalia Travel Agent or send in the coupon.



## Traditional Japan or modern... you may take your Imperial choice



Japan is the quiet serenity of a wooded shrine. It's also the modern sweep of glass and steel. The Imperial Hotel—with a tradition of hospitality dating back to the Emperor Meiji—can offer you a taste of both.

In its famed Original Wing, oak-beamed corridors and aged stone columns are an elegant reminder of the Imperial's colorful 74-year history—of times past when the Imperial housed the Emperor's distinguished overseas guests. The pace is relaxed; the mood tranquil.

Across the Imperial Court—the bustling lobby of the New Wing sets the exciting mood of modern Japan. Here, your Imperial welcome includes every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort. Plus the Imperial's traditional hospitality.

Perhaps you would like to spend a few days in both wings. Your travel agent knows the Imperial well. He'll understand.

**IMPERIAL  
HOTEL** TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

lin," his study of a spaceman in flight regalia, or "The Nice Old Man and the Pretty Girl (with Huskies)," both done in the correctly outlined but empty style that so many of the pop men here are trying to emulate. Surrealism with a touch of the grotesque? Try the strange, crouching huddle of sinister figures called "The Ohio Gang," or the array of idiot-faced freaks lined up in "The Production of Waste." Collage? There is plenty of that, culminating in a sort of diptych, "Good God, Where Is the King?," a pastiche made almost entirely of printed matter, including pages from botanical and other textbooks, tables of contents, railway schedules, scraps from seventeenth-century texts, and whatnot else, with a small photograph of Fulgencio Batista, with the caption "Otra Víctima del Comunismo" set down in the middle. Allusiveness? Plenty of that, too, mostly literary, and a good deal of it recondite; and it doesn't take long to realize that behind the playfulness there is a deeply cultivated mind at work.

The items I have mentioned I have picked not only for their disparateness but also because they rank among Kitaj's best. But I liked as well the gaunt, hauntingly empty hangarlike structure in "The Apotheosis of Groundlessness" (a touch of what used to be called Magic Realism here?) and "Disman- tling the Red Tent," a snow scene that I take to be an apotheosis of a Mount Everest or some other, similar expedition, and the more complicated "Tē- dēum," which for all its dense design somehow focusses on a small canoe placed high in the upper background. As may be seen, there is never a dull moment.

—ROBERT M. COATES

**DRIVE-IN CHURCH.** At Escondido, Calif., \$420,000 is being spent on the construction of a new drive-in church which people can attend while in their cars. Plans call for a clergyman to conduct services from a glass tower over loudspeakers hidden in shrubs. Name of the church will be the Escondido Reformed Drive-In Church.—*Parade*.

The plate will be passed by Bunnies.

### ICE-CREAM PROSE DEPARTMENT

[From Women's Wear Daily]

Two: Chanel kills ickypoo Howard Johnson pretty fabric colors. Plaids are back... navy is vital... black and white combinations and just plain black are sensationally exciting. When Chanel has to use ickypoo colors she combines them with dark blouses and melts away the Howard Johnson.

## If you want a house with an arboretum, don't be embarrassed to ask.

If it's available, we'll find it. And we'll welcome the challenge.

Homerica, America's homefinding service, has representatives in 300 cities—2500 suburbs. Just tell us the general area you'd like to live in, the kind of house you have in mind, and any other considerations that are important. Chances are we'll be able to satisfy most of your heart's desires, no matter how difficult they might seem to be.

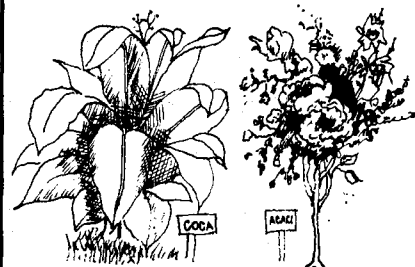
And these valuable services cost you absolutely nothing. So call Homerica today. You'll be delighted to find we're people you can talk to.

**HOMERICA** INC.

200 Park Avenue,  
N.Y. 10017  
(212) 661-3111

3460 Wilshire Blvd.,  
L.A. 90005  
(213) 387-3111

Marina City, Chicago 60610 (312) 527-3111



### Prefab greenhouses from \$275!

Year-round gardening is a hobby without equal... for leisure, home beauty, whole-family fun. L&B free 56-pg. color catalog showcases dozens of prefab all aluminum models and sizes; tells how to buy a lifetime greenhouse for only \$275 delivered... install it yourself... grow 200 plant varieties anytime. No home improvement priced so low adds so much to resale value. For free catalog complete with pictures, prices, sizes write to:

**LORD & BURNHAM**  
division Burnham Corporation, Dept. 191, Irvington, N. Y.



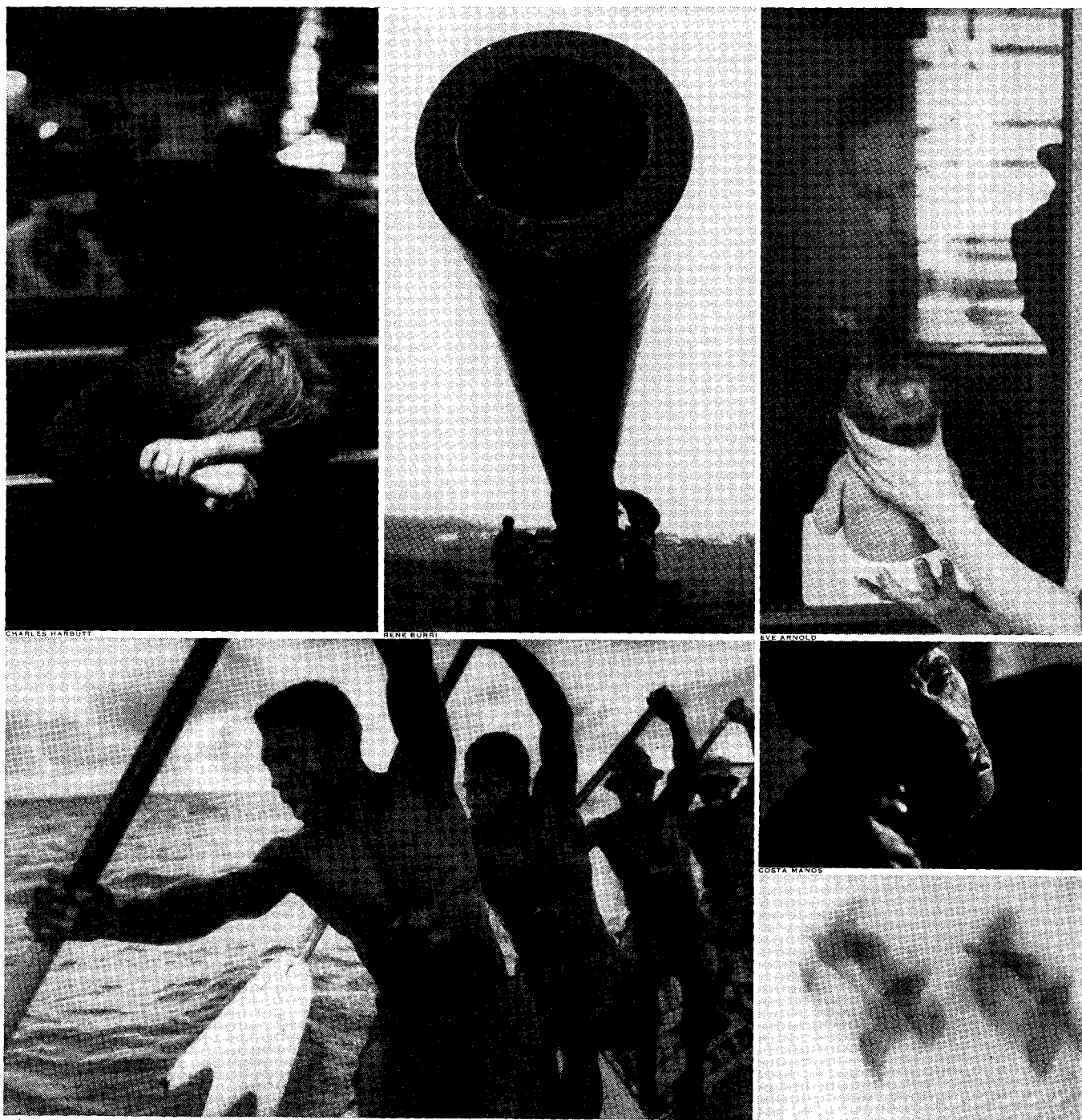
### Seasoned travelers say: In New Orleans choose THE ROOSEVELT

Why? More than \$3,000,000 has been spent in the past two years to refurbish and redecorate this world famous hotel. Here is every concept of modern comfort plus the spacious rooms and gracious charm of the Old South. 100% air-conditioned. Five dining rooms, superb cuisine, free garage, family plan rates. Convenient to everything. For reservations, contact:

**The ROOSEVELT HOTEL**  
New Orleans, La. 70140  
Phone 529-7111

Seymour Weiss, Pres. & Mgn. Dir.  
A. C. Bellande, Mgr.





## Peace on Earth

The Hallmark Gallery presents a photographic exhibition based upon "Pacem in Terris," the encyclical letter from Pope John XXIII. Through April 2.

👑 Fifth Ave. at 56th Street

**Hallmark**  
Gallery

Magnum photographs. From the Ridge Press book. Published by Odyssey Press.



## OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

### A CIVILIZED THING

IN Sweden, if a citizen feels that he has been treated unfairly—or, for that matter, just rudely—by a policeman, a tax collector, a zoning board, a welfare office, or any other civil servant or government agency, he can do something more than simply grouse about the cussedness of bureaucrats. He can take his complaint to a unique public servant called the *justitieombudsman*, whose sole job is to protect the people from any infringement of their civil rights. If the *justitieombudsman*—generally abbreviated to “ombudsman” or, more often, to the initials “J.O.”—finds upon investigation that a complaint was justified, he acts on it, his action ranging from the dispatch of a reprimand to the offender to prosecution in the courts. What the J.O. decides to do is entirely up to him. He is elected by a special committee of Parliament, but he takes orders neither from that body nor from anybody else. He can, it is true, be relieved of his post if he loses the confidence of Parliament, but that has never happened—and there has been an *ombudsman* in Sweden, where the institution was created, for more than a century and a half. (Since 1915, there

has also been a *militieombudsman*, or M.O., who serves the same purpose for all members of the armed forces.) Until well over a hundred years after making his appearance on the scene, Sweden’s one-man complaint bureau went about his singular business without attracting much attention from abroad. Recently, however, he has been discovered. Within the last decade, an *ombudsman* has started to function in Finland, Norway, Denmark, and New Zealand. Last year, a military *ombudsman* was established in West Germany, and a civil *ombudsman* was urged upon the British Parliament by a group of jurists led by Lord Shawcross, a former Attorney General. (The proposal was rejected, but its sponsors are optimistic about its ultimate adoption, since the Labour Party has also shown interest in the plan.) Popular support for setting up an independent guardian of civil rights based on the Swedish model is growing in a number of other countries, too—notably Canada and India—and the subject has also been discussed in our Congress. All this latter-day interest in the *ombudsman* rather pleases the Swedes, particularly the present J.O., Mr. Alfred Bexelius, with whom I had

a talk not long ago. “Oh, yes, it is quite flattering, especially the attention in the United States,” he said, smiling. “Just now, I have been reading the ‘Federalist Papers,’ and I found so many thoughts in there that I supposed America had nothing to learn from any other country. Seriously, I am glad to see the idea spread, because I believe that every country needs the office of *ombudsman*. It is a useful thing, a civilized thing.”

The J.O.’s office occupies half the third floor of a five-story gray stone building that has the aspect of a private mansion and is situated in downtown Stockholm, a few steps from the King’s Garden. The building also houses the headquarters of the military *ombudsman* and of several commercial concerns, each of which is identified by a highly polished brass plaque on its door. In large letters at the bottom of the J.O.’s plaque are the words “*Öpen för Allmänheten*,” which at first sight struck me as saying more than just “Open to the Public.” I had arrived at the J.O.’s office a few minutes early for an appointment I had made by phone, but the attendant who answered the door and took my coat informed Mr. Bexelius at once of my arrival, and he immediately came out to the entrance hall to greet me. He is a tall man, slender, ramrod-straight, and fit-looking, with steady blue eyes and silver-colored hair. He was conservatively turned out in a double-breasted gray suit, a white shirt with starched collar, a gray silk tie, and a handkerchief in his breast pocket. He speaks English easily and talks with animation, and, as I soon discovered, he laughs out loud when something amuses him, which is quite often. When listening to or discussing a serious matter, however, he can transform his expression from amiable to glacial in an instant. Though I found his manner attractive, it came as no surprise; Stockholm lawyers of my acquaintance had told me that whereas the *ombudsman* has traditionally had a rather cold and distant temperament, Mr. Bexelius, who is one of the most highly regarded men to hold the office in recent times, is also the most personable.

The private office of the *ombudsman*, to which Mr. Bexelius led the way, is a large, high-ceilinged room copiously furnished with chairs, tables, and sofas. At one end of the room, behind Mr. Bexelius’ desk, is a solid wall of books, mostly of a legal nature; on the other walls hang portraits of many of his predecessors, as well as an imposing plaster relief of Baron Lars



“I hate to tell you this, Baby, but that book you’re enjoying so much is lousy, this guy says.”





The Hammond L-111 Spinet Organ in hand-rubbed mahogany, Traditional styling, \$995. Other Hammond models in a wide choice of styles and finishes. All prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change without notice.

## Sure you can

**EVER WISH** you could play like others do? Command the instrument? Make beautiful music fill the room?

The Hammond people have turned this dream into reality for thousands who thought they couldn't play. We can do the same for you. Today.

Here's the idea:

There's only one way to find out if you have the talent to play and that's to try your hand. And the best way to do that is in the privacy of your home. Now you can.

Here's our plan:

Most Hammond dealers will put a Hammond Organ in your home for a trial period and provide you with 6 private lessons. All for a total cost of \$25.

If you aren't playing to your own

satisfaction in a matter of days, the dealer will *refund all your money*. Every penny.

But if you decide to keep the organ, your \$25 goes toward down payment.

What could be simpler or more straightforward? What better way to prove to yourself that you, or someone in your family, can play beautiful music?

There is no obligation. See or call your Hammond Organ Dealer and tell him you want to try the Guaranteed Playtime Plan. Or write Hammond Organ Company and we will send you complete information about the Hammond Organ, the Playtime Plan, and the name of your nearest dealer.

Mail the coupon today.

*Remember, only Hammond Organ dealers offer the Playtime Plan.*

HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY  
4200 W. DIVERSEY AVE.  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60680

- ☐ Please send me information about the Guaranteed Playtime Plan, plus facts about the Hammond Organ.
- ☐ Also send the name and address of the nearest Hammond Dealer.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Music's most glorious voice  
**HAMMOND ORGAN**  
Also makers of the Hammond Piano

NY 2-09R1

©1965, HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY



## EXTRA EFFORT PAYS OFF

Choosing the right bait and having the correct equipment pays off! That's why advertising to 1,000,000 people over WDSM-TV Channel 6 pays off! (And that's no fish story!)



**WDSM-TV**  
Wonderful Duluth Superior Market  
See your PGW man for details.  
Bill Hurley in Minneapolis

## Your Car in Britain

When you rent from Victor Britain, you get the kind of service that's seldom seen today—thoughtful and courteous. Choose from the finest automobiles to drive yourself, or with uniformed chauffeur. We'll meet you at the airport, railway station, practically anywhere in Europe. And you get accurate road maps, courteous attendants, friendly drivers.

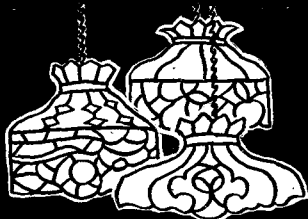
Why settle for less when the best costs no more!

\*Instant information from B.O.A.C., Cunard, British Rail-International, your Travel Agent or Carey Transportation.

**VICTOR BRITAIN**

"European Leaders in Car-Hire" Berkeley St., London, W.1.

Rendezvous for old friends



**O. HENRY'S**  
STEAK HOUSE

4th Street and 6th Avenue  
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

August Mannerheim, a member of a distinguished Swedish and Finnish family who on March 1, 1810, became the first *ombudsman*. The post had been created the year before as part of a new Constitution adopted by the Parliament. "Nobody knows exactly how the institution of *ombudsman* was conceived," Mr. Bexelius said, "but its purpose, plainly enough, was to give Parliament a means of balancing the wide powers exercised by the King. According to Article 96 of the Constitution of 1809—which, by the way, is still in effect—it is the responsibility of the *ombudsman* to 'institute proceedings before the competent courts against those who, in the execution of their official duties, have, through partiality, favoritism, or other cause, committed any unlawful act or neglected to perform their official duties properly.' That is still the *ombudsman's* job."

The powers given the J.O. to do the job, Mr. Bexelius continued, have also remained unchanged. In themselves, they are not impressive. The J.O. has the authority to require all civil servants to furnish whatever information he needs to carry out his investigations; he is entitled to attend all deliberations and decisions of the courts and public agencies, and to have access to their files and minutes; and he may prosecute civil servants who have committed errors or been negligent in their work. He is not allowed to interfere in a case while it is being decided, nor can he change a decision once it has been delivered by a court or public agency; however, if he feels that a decision is wrong he may write to the proper authorities and present his arguments for changing it. Such petitions are not lightly dismissed. The J.O.'s importance, it became clear as Mr. Bexelius described the office, is derived not from his specific powers but from the fact that he is the trustee of Parliament, and from the enormous prestige that his office has accumulated over the years.

"The *ombudsman* has another thing on his side—his annual report," Mr. Bexelius said, handing me a thick paper-covered book, which, I noted, ran to five hundred and ninety-one pages. "Each year, the *ombudsman* has to prepare a report for Parliament that covers the activities of his office and provides details of the year's important cases. About four thousand copies of his report are printed and distributed to all courts and all government agencies. That is the *ombudsman's* real weapon, because, you see, *nobody* wants to have his name in that book. It is a

## Exquisite Accommodations in New York

AVAILABLE FOR  
TRANSIENT OCCUPANCY

Single Rooms \$24-27  
Double Rooms \$28-33  
Two Room Suites from \$44

Home of the famous  
CAFE PIERRE & PIERRE GRILL

John L. Slack  
General Manager



**Hotel Pierre**

OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK  
FIFTH AVE. at 61st St. • NEW YORK 21

NEW LOOK!



Emerald Beach greets the Winter Season with a gay new look; pink, white and green thruout. No change in the fluffy pink-white sand on our 1/3 mile private beach, though. All we need now is your reservation!

**EMERALD BEACH HOTEL**

Nassau, The Bahamas

See your Travel Agent or call LA 3-4497, Boston; RA 6-0624, Chicago; RI 1-6814, Dallas; MA 6-7581, Los Angeles; FR 1-6661, Miami; JU 6-4500, New York; YU 2-6905, San Francisco; MU 2-1981, Seattle; EM 3-2693, Toronto; RE 7-2642, Washington.



from 10:30 PM on

**Bobby  
SHORT**

at

**LE  
CAPRICE**

FABULOUS FOOD  
LUNCHEON DINNER  
SUPPER

10 East 52nd St  
PL 1-0845





Bonwit Teller, all stores; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; I. Magnin, West Coast; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati.

## The mark of a discerning woman

This flattering suit by Hannah Troy with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Distinguishing factor: the wool mark. It tells you the fabric is the world's best... pure wool. The suit, Hannah Troy's superb design: cropped pea-jacket, belted or not, with soft-



ness at neckline and wrists. The fabric: navy grospoint worsted. Pure wool with a talent for tailoring. With a natural gift for keeping its good looks. The Wool Bureau, Inc., New York, N. Y.

This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.  
to quality products made of the world's best... pure wool.



# a car is a must in europe!

1D and DS-19



Citroën is your best choice with a car for every need, and a plan for every travel budget. Purchase your Citroën here for tax-free delivery in Europe. Or choose an all-inclusive free mileage leasing plan. Send coupon for information.

## CITROËN

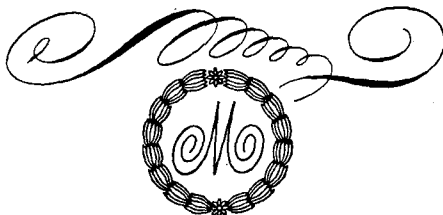
WORLDWIDE SALES, SERVICE, & PARTS

Citroën Cars Corp., Dept. NY1,  
East: 300 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022  
West: 8423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.  
Please send me complete information on Overseas Delivery of Citroën cars direct from factory.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL  
*A Renaissance of Graciousness*

A luxury hotel in the great European Tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

### THE MADISON

Washington's Correct Address

15th & M Sts., N.W. • Washington 5, D.C.  
In New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402  
or see your travel agent.  
FREE INDOOR PARKING



## STRAPARAMA®

The authority on Fine leather watchstraps.  
Made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All widths and lengths; all colors. Attached in one minute; for men and women. 2.50 to 10.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.  
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. New York 17, N. Y.

kind of *Who's Who* in reverse of public officials and civil servants. To keep their names out of it, the people in the courts and agencies are likely to be a little more careful about the way they do their work. There you see an important thing—perhaps the important thing—about the *ombudsman's* office. Its very existence prevents any number of faults and abuses of power."

Today, as in the beginning, the J.O. is elected by a committee of forty-eight members of Parliament—twenty-four from each house—to a four-year term; he can be reelected, but an unwritten law prevents him from serving more than three terms altogether. To help keep the office free of partisan pressure, the political parties make a point of uniting in their selection of an *ombudsman*. Almost without exception, the post has been filled by a prominent and widely respected jurist. Mr. Bexelius, who is Sweden's thirty-first *ombudsman*, is in the tradition. After passing his bar examination, he went on to complete the extensive additional training given in Swedish university law schools to lawyers who aspire to a career on the bench. Starting as an assistant judge in a district court, Mr. Bexelius rose to become, in 1948, president of a court of appeal. Six years later, he was named chairman of a nine-man committee appointed by the King to investigate trusts and monopolies. In 1956, he was elected *ombudsman*, and was reelected in 1960. He is now sixty-one years old. "For a long time, the person who was appointed *ombudsman* was a rather young lawyer, and very often he was later appointed to the Supreme Court," he said. "The *ombudsman*, by the way, receives the same salary as a member of the Supreme Court—the equivalent of slightly more than fourteen thousand dollars a year. Of course, this office should not be filled by a young man. An *ombudsman* should not be interested in getting a new job, because that might make him careful about criticizing people. So nowadays the Parliament picks an older man to be *ombudsman*, and after leaving here he is not appointed to a new office."

I asked Mr. Bexelius if he expected to be reelected to a third term.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, and laughed. "It is part of the *ombudsman's* job to be criticized, and you can never tell if you have the confidence of Parliament. For instance, there is one member of Parliament who was involved in a case that I had to take action on a few months ago. He was wrong, and I had to tell him very



## "UNICORN"

Superb reproduction of famous English Unicorn. A Classic gate-post finial or garden and fountain ornament. In lead—20 1/2" overall height, 24" long. \$200.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

From the world's most distinguished collection of fountains, statuary and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone, on display at Florentine Craftsmen Showrooms. Write for Cat. C 63 (25¢ coins—stamps).



## FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN<sup>Inc.</sup>

479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N. Y.  
Phone LExington 2-3926

# ORE

## OVERSEAS REAL ESTATE

### Specialists

RENTALS • SALES IN EUROPE  
AND THE CARIBBEAN

## OVERSEAS REAL ESTATE

155 E. 55th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022  
(212) MU 8-5656

CORNELIUS E. O'CONNOR

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years



## Steinberg's

DAIRY RESTAURANT

\* COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE



Lord & Taylor  
ran an ad  
on "avant-garde" hose  
in the Trib.

It figures.  
The Trib has the highest  
concentration of younger,  
upper-income readers  
of any New York newspaper.

They sold out.  
Restocked.  
And sold out again.

NEW YORK

erald



Trib

New York's Selective Newspaper.





A lot of men are going to smoke  
Van Baars Juniors,  
the little Swedish cigars,  
because they're snobs.

That's the wrong reason.

The right reason, of course, is the taste. Van Baars Juniors are tastefully made of real cigar tobacco. Sumatra wrapper, Brazil and Java filler. Blended with Swedish skill and pride, these superior cigar tobaccos make a very mild, very light, exquisitely aromatic small cigar. One that really tastes like a cigar. We hope you try Van Baars Juniors. Whatever your reason may be.



Sole importers for the United States  
"21" Club Selected Items, Ltd.  
60¢ package of 10, \$1.20 tin of 20

plainly that he was wrong. I was compelled to criticize him *very* hard, and, of course, he's very angry with me. What he will be able to do I don't know. You see, one must do the job, and that may mean that one will fail to be reelected. But I would like to serve again. You can't have a more interesting job. Here you see the whole of life."

IF a J.O.'s opportunity to see the whole of life depends on the number of complaints that he is obliged to handle, no *ombudsman* has had a wider vista than Mr. Bexelius. Until the turn of the century, the *ombudsman* received an average of seventy complaints a year; during the present decade the annual total has been about a thousand, and this year it will probably exceed twelve hundred. (Normally, the J.O.'s office, which is opposed in principle to bureaucratic ways, operates with a staff of six lawyers and three secretaries, and keeps well

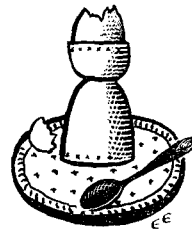
within its annual budget, which is the equivalent of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Because of the recent increase in the volume of work, Mr. Bexelius has had to hire three more lawyers; however, by dipping into a twenty-thousand-dollar discretionary fund that is part of the annual appropriation but that he had previously left almost untouched, he is still managing to stay within the budget.) The major reasons for the mounting number of complaints, Mr. Bexelius believes, are the enormous proliferation of government activities regulating people's lives and a wider public awareness of the J.O. institution. In recent years, the *ombudsman* has become a kind of celebrity, whose official doings receive a great deal of attention in the Swedish newspapers. They take advantage of the fact that all the documents that pass through the J.O.'s office—letters of complaint, correspondence relating to investigations, the J.O.'s decisions—are available to the public. Late in the afternoon of every weekday, a reporter from the Swedish news agency that corresponds to the Associated Press visits the *ombudsman's* office, where a desk is set aside for his use, and goes through all the papers relating to that day's activities, gathering material for stories that will be sent out to all the daily newspapers in the country. In addition to this run-of-the-mill coverage, the newspapers often print stories about conditions that they believe deserve action by the J.O.; if it isn't forthcoming,

they often rap him by publishing subsequent stories on the subject with exasperated headlines like "Is the J.O. Asleep?"

Approximately nine out of every ten complaints that come into his office prove to be unfounded or without evidence, Mr. Bexelius said, but each one (unless anonymous, in which case it is disregarded) is investigated, no matter how absurd or trivial it may seem.

I told Mr. Bexelius that I was surprised at the small percentage of legitimate complaints.

"Yes, that often surprises foreigners," he replied, "but it becomes quite understandable when you look at the actual complaints." He opened a folder on his desk. "These are the complaints that arrived yesterday," he said. "There are five of them. Before they come to me, my secretary, Miss Danius—she has worked in the J.O.'s office for thirty years—makes a record of each one on a separate page of a loose-leaf notebook.

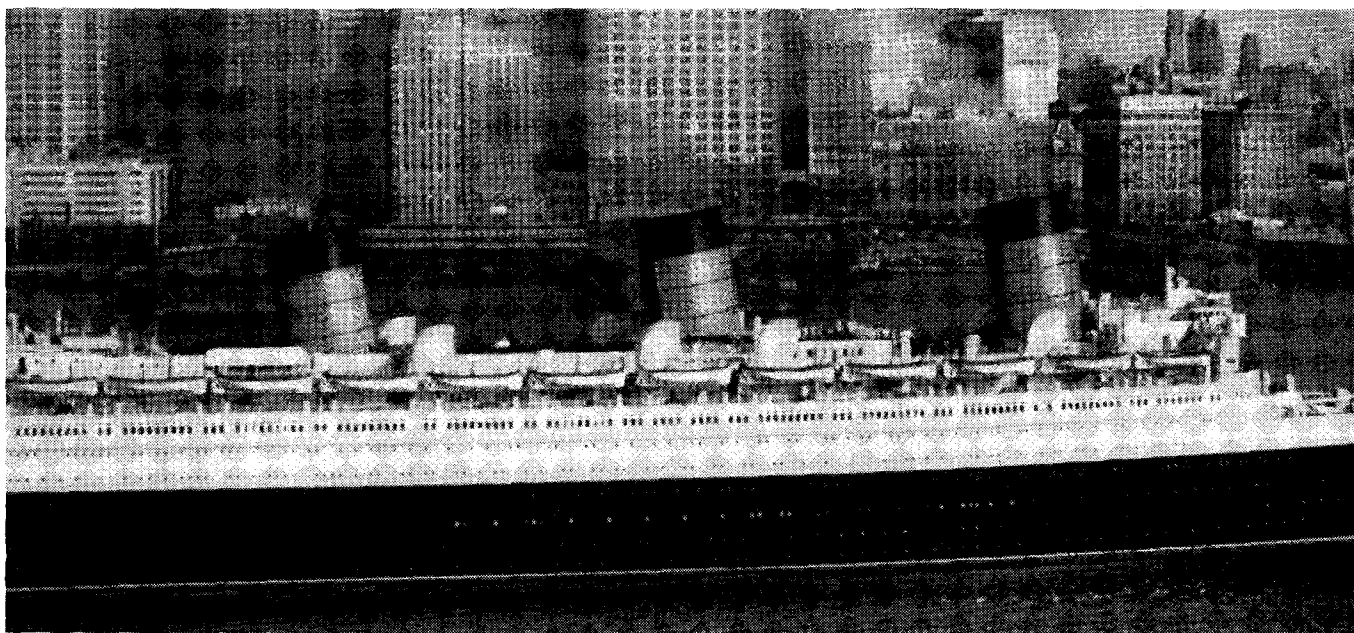


This shows the number of the complaint, the date it was received, the name of the complainant, the department against which the complaint is made, and the nature of the complaint. Later, an entry is made of each step in the handling of the case up to its final disposition. Then the page is stamped, in red, '*Avslutat*,' meaning 'Finished.'

Mr. Bexelius put on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and picked up the top letter in the folder. It was written on a sheet of ruled tablet paper. "This is from a man in a mental hospital," he said. "He complains that his letters are being opened by one of the doctors, and asks if the doctor is allowed to do that. The answer is yes, so there is nothing to do about this except to reply with that information."

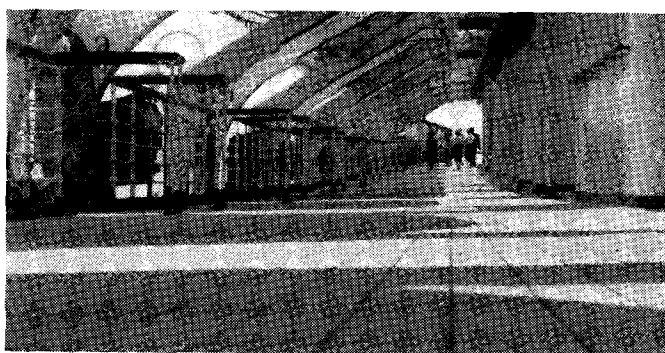
The largest single category of complaints comes from patients in mental hospitals, Mr. Bexelius continued, and the second-largest from inmates of penal institutions; together, these two groups account for about a fifth of the total. Generally, their complaint is either that they were wrongly committed or are being improperly treated. In such cases, the J.O. requires the institute where the complainant is being detained to submit a copy of his case history. "We study the record, but usually there's nothing for us to do," Mr. Bexelius said. "Sometimes, of course, there is. For instance, just two weeks ago a woman wrote to me that her husband was in a mental hospital, and that when she went to see him,

# Is bigness the reason to sail on a giant Cunard Queen?



R. M. S. Queen Mary, 81,237 tons. A Cunard Queen sails from New York every Wednesday, starting March 17th.

## Well, it's one.



The world's two largest superliners—the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*—provide the room to let you lead the life you like. You command the vastest decks and public rooms afloat for a long weekend of relaxation, bracing Atlantic air, gourmet cuisine and impeccable *British* service.

the kind rarely experienced elsewhere today. Every need is anticipated; each courtesy completed with a smile.

There are endless reasons for sailing on a giant Cunard Queen. Perhaps the best is that you will have an absolutely marvelous time.



**BIGNESS** is a big reason to sail on a Cunard Queen. Each is over 80,000 tons, 5 city blocks long, and has the largest staterooms at sea. Topside, there are over 3 acres of decks. Inside, all the facilities of a resort town: smart shops, gymnasiums, libraries, theaters, salt-water swimming pools, night clubs, cocktail lounges, even children's nurseries. The point is—aboard the Queens you have the room and the facilities to live as you please. Take a swim or a Turkish bath. Exer-

cise. Play deck tennis. Take dance lessons. Or, just relax. There is always a chair for you on deck, and a steward at hand. Writing rooms provide tranquility. The libraries stock 5,000 books. Attend the daily concert. See a new film. Go night clubbing (fine Scotch is but 30¢ a drink). Enter a bridge tournament. Even call home.

A staff of 163 chefs and helpers provides an international gourmet cuisine. (In First Class there is *one sitting for every meal*.) Cunard's *British* service is

### Note to Executives

Business trips on the Queens make sound sense. Passage always includes a weekend, so you are only three days away from business. You have time to regain the long-view perspective and to prepare for business meetings. You have the assistance of multilingual English secretaries and modern dictating machines. You land refreshed and ready for business.

For details, see your travel agent or Cunard. Main office in U. S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.



## The Condado Beach Hotel has only one thing in common with other hotels in San Juan. Rooms.

Everything else is unique. The atmosphere is authentically Spanish. The beach-front is the longest on San Juan's fabulous Gold Coast. The food is superb... the entertainment, top-notch. But why just read about it? Come down and live it. Any Travel Agent can help you. Or write to: Condado Beach Hotel, Suite 1959, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, New York.



**Condado Beach Hotel**  
San Juan, Puerto Rico



### FISHING IN THE SEVEN SEAS

A client of ours and two of his friends decided to take a fishing trip around the world. They fished in 38 countries, in every ocean and sea, in innumerable lakes, rivers and streams and caught 83 varieties of fish. The biggest, a 362-pound Big-Eyed Tuna in Peru, the smallest, a 6-inch trout in Scotland.

We also have clients who golf their way around the world, who go on safaris in Africa, who visit gardens in the Far East, and who taste wines on the Continent.

But most people who travel with us do it for the sheer fun of it — travel is their hobby; art for art's sake, you might say. Which prompts us to say that we have developed pleasure travel into an art... a statement we'd like to prove to you soon.



**THE  
HOUSE OF TRAVEL**

17 East 49th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. MU 8-0185

### SUEDES CLEANED & RECONDITIONED LEATHERS

COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS  
Cleaned, Reconditioned... Like New All Over  
Again! Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Pick-Up Svc.  
Send for Home Supply Of Miracle Suede Cleaner  
"SUEDECRAFTER" @ \$1.75 pdd.

LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA INC.  
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737

she found him sleeping very deeply. She said that he had been given a tremendous dose of drugs because he had been a little rude to one of the attendants. I wrote for the patient's record, and I saw that an attendant had complained about the patient to the doctor, and that the doctor had given the man so much sedation that he slept for four days. So I wrote to the Board of Health, explained the case, and asked if there is really any medical reason for such treatment. I am now awaiting their reply."

"What will you do if the Board of Health says there is no medical reason?" I asked.

"Then I will write the doctor who administered the drugs and demand that he explain his action in writing," Mr. Bexelius replied. "There may have been some special circumstances that made him think it necessary. However, if I find his explanation inadequate, I will send him another letter; this time I will criticize him for administering the treatment, give the reasons it was wrong, and instruct him to avoid such practices in the future. If the patient had been harmed in some way by the treatment, I would undoubtedly order that the doctor be prosecuted, and if the court found him guilty, he would be fined. Furthermore, if the patient had been seriously injured, I might petition the government to award him compensation from public funds. Petitions like that are rare, but otherwise that is the general procedure we follow in handling complaints. We never decide a case without allowing the person complained about to explain his action, and we never prosecute a person just because he has acted stupidly. In former times, the J.O. almost always ordered prosecutions for negligence, even if no real harm had been done to private citizens. Gradually, the practice was changed so that in minor cases prosecution was replaced by a letter from the J.O. admonishing the official at fault. Nowadays, the great majority of cases are concluded with such a letter. This disposition of a case is more effective than might first appear. The letter is written in such a way that it serves as information not only to the person directly involved but to other officials. They will learn about it, because it will be in the newspapers and also in the annual report. Most officials read that—especially the parts relating to their administration. If they want to stay out of the book, they will avoid making the same mistake."

Turning to the second letter, Mr. Bexelius said that it came from a man in

### "SERVING WESTERN BEEF EXCLUSIVELY"

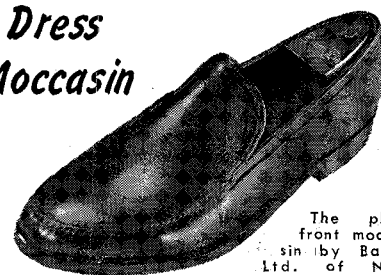
Gas Lights • Private Booths • Mohair Settees • Old R.R. Dining Car • The Parlours Of Madame Moustache • Six Kinds Of Steak • Sing-Along with Bill Farrell at the piano in the Saloon • Six-Gun (6 oz.) Cocktails • Free Chuck Wagon Hors d'Oeuvres • Doorman • All Credit Cards • Open Daily Inc. Sun. From Lunch To 2 AM • Reservations MO 1-1200



LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.

**THE CATTLEMAN**  
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT  
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 • MO 1-1200

### Dress Moccasin



The plain front moccasin by Barrie Ltd. of New Haven. Imported grain calfskin, full kid lining, expertly hand-stitched vamp and flexible leather sole combine to make this moccasin a natural complement to summer suitings and slacks. Hand antiqued and polished to perfection. Available in golden tan, chestnut brown or black.

Order by mail, state shoe size—only \$19.95 postpaid! Address orders to Barrie Ltd., 260 York St. Dept. N2, New Haven, Conn. FREE BROCHURE UPON REQUEST

**Barrie Ltd. Booters** NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

5 LIFTS • NO WAITING  
at  
**Skimobile**  
MT. CRANMORE • No. CONWAY, N.H.  
Hannes Schneider Ski School • Carroll Reed Rentals  
Eating House Restaurant • Write for Folder N.

FRENCH CUISINE 112 EAST 52 ST/PL 3-1447





**A howitzer with windshield wipers.  
The new Buick Skylark Gran Sport.  
400 cu. in./325 bhp.**

There is mounting evidence that our engineers have turned into a bunch of performance enthusiasts.

First they stuff the Wildcat full of engine. Then the Riviera Gran Sport. And now this, the Skylark GS, which is almost like having your own, personal-type nuclear deterrent. We've just turned it loose on our dealers. (See the Buick dealers run.)

Aside from all those cubic inches and horses and 445 lb-ft of torque, just what is this thing that our engineers have unleashed?

It's a pretty sophisticated suspension package, for one thing: Heavy-duty springs and shocks, plus a stabilizer bar that's about twice as stiff as the normal Skylark's. Axle wind-up is snubbed by heavy-duty upper control arm bushings.

It's also a floor-shift 3-speed, with all forward gears synchronized. Dual exhausts. A reinforced convertible frame to handle all that extra torque. 7.75x14 tires. All standard equipment.

Want to go the 4-speed route?

There's a close-ratio unit available. Axle ratios? They read like this — 2.78, 3.08, 3.23, 3.36, 3.55, and 3.73:1.

Well, there's some of the evidence. Performance enthusiasts, that's what they are.

More power to them.

**The Buick Skylark  
Gran Sport**



# Don't bother going to Buenos Aires to keep up with the Joneses

(They haven't been there yet)



This is downtown Buenos Aires at its loveliest hour—dusk. Your Panagra ticket to B.A. allows you to visit 9 other cities—at no extra cost!



Gaucha drinking maté.

There are three schools of thought about Buenos Aires.

One says it's like Rome. Vibrant. Monumental.

Another, like Paris. With broad, tree-lined boulevards and sidewalk cafés.

A third feels B.A. stands apart, distinctively itself, offering its own special delights. Such as?

B.A.'s chic-est shopping street is closed to cars! It's Calle Florida, a gay, nine-block promenade with irresistible buys in alligator bags, vicuña ponchos, furs.

The most popular restaurants specialize in beef as you've never had beef before. Family-size steaks for one are commonplace, wonderful, and inex-

pensive. There are exotic native dishes, too, like *empanada*, a sort of meat pie eaten with the fingers.

Then there's the storied gaucho—your cowboy host at a cookout on the pampas just outside B.A. There's cool, dry wine. Pulsing guitars. Wild dancing. Bold horsemanship.

And this travel excitement doesn't have to end in Buenos Aires. For the same round-trip fare, you can stop off in Lima, Santiago, Rio de Janeiro, and many other South American cities.

Panagra is the only U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel. You fly at night, with no change of plane, over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra. You fly on luxurious



Casa Rosada, the presidential palace.

*El InterAmericano* DC-8 Jets—the most frequent jets to Peru, Chile, Argentina. So you arrive fresh and relaxed—ready for sightseeing on the first day of your vacation.

For reservations, see your Travel



"Pato," a game played with a 6-handled ball!

Agent. Or call Pan Am, sales agent for Panagra.

As a public service, Panagra reminds you that the Peace Corps is recruiting volunteers, to help people all over the world, including our neighbors in South America. To apply, write the Peace Corps, Washington, D. C.

**FLY PANAGRA**  
WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

a rural area who complained that the roads in his part of the country were not being maintained properly and asked the J.O. to get after the local authorities. That complaint was so general, Mr. Bexelius remarked, that all he could do would be to have one of his staff send a reply asking for particulars. "As you see, there is little high drama in these complaints," he said. "A great many of them are about very small matters, but the size of the complaint isn't important. The important thing is that everybody is allowed to come here and complain. The fact that there is such a right—that is what counts."

The writer of the third letter said that the government censor had been negligent in failing to cut certain scenes that the complainant described as pornographic from the movie called "The Silence," written and directed by Ingmar Bergman, which had recently opened in Stockholm. Mr. Bexelius said that he hadn't planned to see the picture but now he would have to.

After scanning the next complaint, Mr. Bexelius shook his head. "Here is a letter from a barrister who is not satisfied with the laws governing the awards for damages made by insurance companies," he said. "He asks that I undertake an investigation of those laws. Well, I shall not be doing that. In my opinion, the present laws in that field are satisfactory, and it is the *ombudsman's* right to reject any complaint that he feels is unwarranted. I will write this barrister and tell him why I am not acting on his request, though I am not obliged to give an explanation. My predecessors never did. When they refused to act on a complaint, they just wrote on it, 'No action.' But I think that in a democracy people ought to be given the reasons for any decision that goes against them. As a matter of fact, two years ago I submitted a rather long report to the government recommending that *all* administrative agencies be compelled to state the reason for every adverse decision they made. The government sent the report to all the agencies to ask their opinion of the recommendation. Of course, they said it would be *impossible* to do such a thing. But I think the government will pass such a law eventually."

About how soon? I inquired.

"Probably a few years," he replied. "In these matters, one must not expect action at once. However, several of the agencies have come around to accepting the idea and are already giving reasons. In time, it will become general practice, though someone else will probably



## FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH

(and those who would like to be)

### THE SEAL AND THE SANDWICHES

A picnicking Seal, the family lunch tucked under one flipper, stood teetering dangerously at the brink of a steep cliff when his young son approached. "Daddy," piped the pup, "Mother says either come away from the edge or give me the sandwiches!"

**MORAL:** it's well to know which side your bread is buttered on.

Which explains why many loving husbands, concerned with their family's financial future, invest in mutual funds. This popular form of investment gives you the benefit of professional management, offers the possibility of profit and also, by diversification, spreads the risk.

Our booklet "MUTUAL FUNDS" could give you some worthwhile ideas as to how you might invest the family funds intelligently.

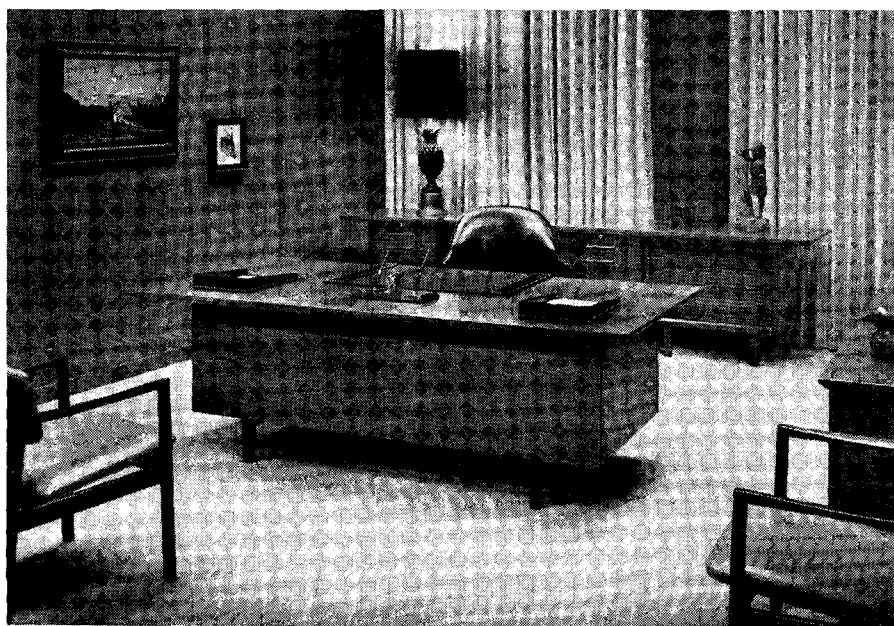
Simply pick up your copy at our nearest office. Or write:



**FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.**

DEPARTMENT C, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 10005 • DI 4-2000

MEMBERS NEW YORK AND PACIFIC COAST STOCK EXCHANGES AND OTHER PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES • OVER 100 OFFICES NATIONWIDE AND ABROAD.



Executive office, Associates Investment Co., South Bend, Indiana.

Versatile custom arrangements in fine hand-rubbed walnut. We will be pleased to send you our brochure.

DISTINGUISHED FURNITURE FOR DISTINCTIVE OFFICES

**stow & davis**

12-B Summer, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49502



Tonight,  
whoosh her up to dinner  
at The Rainbow Grill.  
Even the elevator ride  
is exciting.

THE RAINBOW GRILL

65TH FLOOR, ROCKEFELLER CENTER  
COCKTAILS FROM FOUR.  
DINNER, SIX UNTIL ONE. DANCING. PL 7-9090.

MID-  
MANHATTAN  
at its  
**Luxurious  
Best**

Regally spacious guest  
rooms . . . suites with but-  
ler's pantry and refrigerator.  
HOTEL DORSET is noted for  
its quiet elegance; adjacent  
to Rockefeller Center,  
theatres, shops, art and  
business centers. Two  
excellent restaurants.  
Banquet and meeting  
rooms accom-  
modate 10  
to 175.

**HOTEL Dorset**  
30 West 54th St.  
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.  
A Bing & Bing Hotel



ALL THAT IS  
NEW ORLEANS!  
**Commander's  
Palace**  
FRENCH  
AND  
CREOLE  
CUISINE

Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

be sitting in this chair by then. An *ombudsman*, you see, must take the long view."

Picking up the last letter, Mr. Bexelius said it was from a young woman in jail in Göteborg, who complained that she was not allowed to have a radio in her cell. "As a matter of fact, when I inspected that prison two years ago I noticed that there were no radios in the cells," Mr. Bexelius said. "I asked why, and they told me that that prison held only people whose cases were to come to trial soon, and also that the building was so constructed that if one prisoner had a radio, it could be heard by all the others. They said that could cause trouble. But this girl, I see, is to be sent to a doctor for mental tests, and that means she could wait in that prison for three or four months. She says, 'It can't be right that I should be sitting here without a radio for such a long time.' I agree with her. I will first write to the prison and ask why she is denied a radio; they will no doubt repeat the reasons they gave before. Then I will reply and say, 'Yes, but this girl will be staying for a longer time than most. Can't you make an exception for her?' If they say no, then I will write to the Central Board for Prisons and ask, 'Can't you do something for her?'"

"By that time, the girl may very well be out of prison," I said.

"Yes, that is true," Mr. Bexelius said. "But it is not for her alone that I am acting. I am acting for all the prisoners in the country. Prison authorities have a good deal of discretionary power. What we must do is keep watch to see that they do not use that power arbitrarily."

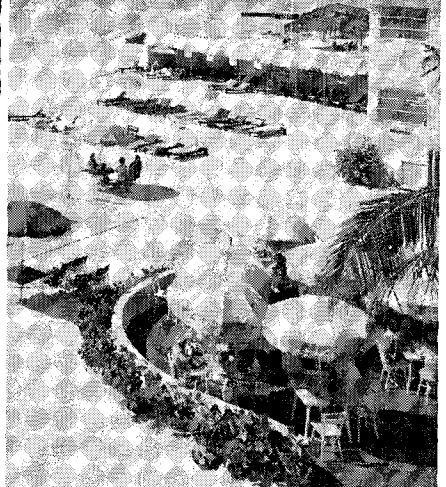
The J.O. also keeps on the alert for creeping infringements on citizens' rights arising from arbitrary actions by local officials, such as the police chief of a small city who thought that he had the answer to the noise problem created by leather-jacketed youths tearing around town on motorcycles with their exhausts wide open at all hours of the night. The chief simply decreed that motorcycles were not allowed on the streets between nine in the evening and six in the morning except for travelling to and from work and for making other essential trips. The prohibition was hailed by the townspeople, the newspapers praised the chief for his imaginative handling of the situation, and other local chiefs made haste to issue similar regulations. Then the J.O. spoke up and pointed out that the law already provided a special penalty for excessive traffic noise, and that it was

## YOURS TO ENJOY

The warm blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico . . . snow white sands of a safe private beach . . . sophisticated club-like setting. New 18 hole golf course, tennis, fishing, sailing. Superb food.

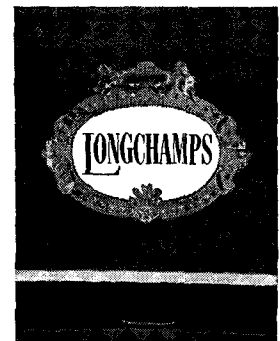
For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462

**Lido  
Biltmore**  
CLUB HOTEL  
Floyd Alford, Jr., Pres. & Gen. Mgr.



LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

## Nine of New York's great restaurants are named



|                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>SINGING SPREE<br/>NIGHTLY ★<br/>SHOW TUNES ★<br/>OPERA<br/>Superb Italian Cuisine<br/>Steaks &amp; Chops<br/>Closed Sundays</p> | <p><b>BIANCHI AND<br/>MARGHERITA</b><br/>186 W. 4th St. • Bet. 6th &amp; 7th Aves.<br/>CH 2-2756 • OR 5-9852</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

SOMETHING BETTER IN DINING  
THE PLACE FOR STEAKS  
NIGHTLY ENTERTAINMENT

**Spindletop** RESTAURANT  
254 W. 47th ST. • res. CI 5-7326  
Cocktails • Dinner • Supper  
M. Van Rapoport

therefore not within the province of police chiefs to regulate the matter by means of a local ordinance. At that, the officials of several municipalities formed a national committee to propose an amendment to the statutes that would give such powers to local chiefs of police. The J.O. took on the committee and strongly urged the lawmakers not to enact the proposed legislation, on the ground that the noise problem could be dealt with by existing means and that it militated against the protection of citizens' rights to give local administrators the power to restrict the movements of the general public unless such restrictions were absolutely necessary. The danger, the J.O. pointed out, was the familiar one—that the power thus granted might well be used to introduce other prohibitions for which there was no real cause. This stand did nothing to increase the J.O.'s popularity, and many newspapers criticized him severely, but his view was at length accepted by the Parliament.

BESIDES investigating the complaints submitted by citizens, the J.O. initiates some two hundred cases a year on his own. Most of these result from an annual inspection trip that he makes of provincial courts and government offices; if there are prisons in the community visited, he also looks them over. In his inspection of the courts, he selects at random the files of twenty-five civil and twenty-five criminal cases and examines them in detail for violations of either the spirit or the letter of the laws. He uses a similar method in checking on the administrative agencies. Though the increasing number of citizens' complaints now prevents him from devoting more than about three weeks a year to inspection tours, he generally finds about a hundred and seventy-five instances of improper procedures and other faults, including arrogant behavior on the part of officials.

"In Sweden, all officials must be polite and helpful," Mr. Bexelius said. "If they aren't, they have committed a fault and can be prosecuted. As a matter of fact, there were lots of such prosecutions in the nineteenth century, and I think there is no question that they contributed to the generally correct treatment of the public that is characteristic of Swedish officials today. In Sweden, of course, we have a state church, and when you look back through the old records, you see many cases of clergymen being prosecuted by the *ombudsman* for treating their parishioners badly. That seldom happens any longer, though I did have such a



## Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk (someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

But then why not? Chilled Chartreuse goes with lots of things... grapefruit, ice cream, desserts... and, naturally, on the rocks or as a highball. The main point is:

Chartreuse before you serve it. For that's the new way to add finesse to Chartreuse's 350-year-old flavor. A most venerable and versatile liqueur. For an idea-ful booklet on drinking and cooking with Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y., Department F.

**CHARTREUSE**

(have the genius to chill it)

GREEN, 110 PROOF—YELLOW, 86 PROOF

## Repaint with your garden hose . . .



## the Techbuilt House of Armco Steel!

◀ Beautiful's the word for famed architect Carl Koch's award-winning modular Techbuilt House, now available in durable Armco steel. Baked enamel outside walls eliminate repainting, wash like windows. Long-lasting aluminized roof never requires shingling. Sag-proof steel framework won't settle or warp. Entire shell fire-resistant. No termites. No dry rot. Wide choice of exterior colors. Minimum upkeep costs, maximum contemporary beauty. Many basic designs, room plans, interiors . . . tailored to personal taste and needs.



▶ Bulging portfolio on Techbuilt wood and steel homes and vacation cottages has 95 photos, 61 floor plans, pages of specifications and materials. Send \$1.00 now to Techbuilt Products, Inc., Dept. NY213, Box 193, Cambridge, Mass.

**TECHBUILT®**





"Slim"

10 3/4" x 8 1/2"

Paintings by  
**EDWARD  
MOLYNEUX**

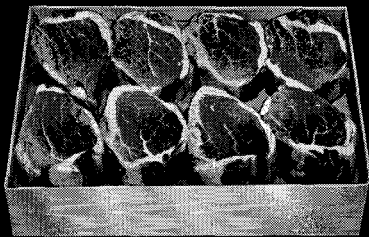
first one-man show in U.S.

FEBRUARY 16-27

**HAMMER  
GALLERIES**

51 East 57th Street, New York

PL 8-0410



**Better than making  
friends with the butcher...**

is ordering from Pfaelzer. Because Prime Pfaelzer filet mignons aren't sold in any market. They're the steaks served in America's finest clubs and restaurants. Each one is aged for flavor and fork-tender. Now, you can have them at home or send them as a gift... shipped quick frozen, packed in dry ice, gift-boxed, and with a personalized card. Perfect arrival guaranteed.

**box of 16. 6 oz. each, 1 1/4" thick \$33**  
Railway Express Prepaid

Write for free catalog listing over 100 gift items.

**pfaelzer BROTHERS**  
(pronounced Felzer)

Dept. YB5 • Chicago 32, Ill. • YArds 7-7100 © P. B. 1964

**Gaston**  
SUPERB CUISINE  
FABULOUS WINE CELLAR  
48 E. 49 ST., N.Y.C. • PLaza 5-4285

case two years ago. Some children called on the rector of their parish and asked him to conduct a funeral service for their father. The arrangements were made, but unfortunately there was a misunderstanding about the time the service was to be held. When the rector arrived at the church, he found neither the children nor any other relatives or friends. This made him angry, and he started the service anyway. Of course, he had no right to do such a thing, so he was prosecuted and fined. I don't remember how much, but the amount is unimportant. Other clergymen all over the country learned about that prosecution, and the effect was to encourage them to be courteous to everyone, regardless of age or position. Nowadays, it is more likely to be judges than churchmen who are guilty of arrogance. Twice in the past five years I have had to prosecute judges who I discovered during my inspection tours had been impolite to witnesses appearing before them in court. Each had to pay a fine of fifteen hundred crowns, or about three hundred dollars, which is quite a lot. At least, it is enough to make other judges think twice before losing their tempers in court."

The other cases that the J.O. undertakes on his own initiative—about twenty-five a year—are the result of reports he has read in the newspapers. A few months ago, Mr. Bexelius recalled, he happened to see a short newspaper story about a new private dwelling of rather unusual construction that had been designed by an architect employed by a town-planning agency. Since architects on the agency's payroll are not permitted to do outside work, the J.O. started an investigation, and he found that about fifty of the architects regularly employed by the agency had accepted private commissions. "I had intended to prosecute the chief of the agency, but after I started the investigation, he became sick with ulcers," Mr. Bexelius said. "He told me it was my fault, so I stopped with a reprimand. I was satisfied with that, because I had already brought everything out into the open—how many outside jobs the architects in the agency had had, how much they had earned from those jobs—everything. The people got the whole story."

OF all the cases handled by the J.O.'s office in the course of a year, only five, on the average, are prosecuted in the courts. Last year, there were four. All were actions against administrative officials, including the chairman of a housing council for be-

**PETIT RHUM  
BA BA**  
Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or whipped cream.

**FERRARA PANETTONE  
ITALIAN  
COFFEE CAKE**  
Fresh egg yolks and pure butter, imported Italian candied fruits, Sultana raisins from Greece.

WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

*Ferrara*  
ESTABLISHED 1892

PASTRY AND COFFEE SHOP  
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



**INSTANT  
MARINADE!**

Sprinkle liberally on steaks, chops, roasts and sea food, let stand a few moments, then cook. Discover tart, tangy marinated flavor to an epicurean's taste!

Since 1881.  
John Lecroy & Son Inc.  
Camden 2, N. J.

**NSU PRINZ and SPORT**

You, too, should know these famous West German cars with modern 2's and 4's and SPORT by Bertone! **EVERYBODY IN EUROPE DOES; MANY IN AMERICA DO! CURIOUS?** Just ask for color brochure & address of nearest dealer and service station. Spare Parts nat'l. Contact Exclusive IMPORTER. Transcontinental Motors, 421 East 91 St., New York, N.Y. 10028. Tel: (212) TR 6-7013. **ACT TODAY!**

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper

**Russian  
Tea Room**  
Open Daily including Sunday  
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947  
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

ing generally negligent in the running of his office, the chairman of a child-welfare council for improperly committing a father who had been lax in contributing to the support of his children, and a public prosecutor for failing to inform the court during a criminal trial that a state's witness had committed perjury. The fourth case grew out of an item that Mr. Bexelius saw in a newspaper about a one-day excursion to Paris that a Swedish charter-airline company had staged for promotion purposes. The article said that many prominent people had been aboard but mentioned very few names. His interest piqued, Mr. Bexelius secured a passenger list and found that among the freeloaders was a high official of the National Board of Civil Aviation. Looking further into the matter, he discovered that the airline's application for a renewal of its license was pending before the board at the time of the trip. He also learned that the official who went on the junket had received permission to do so from the chief of the board. "So I prosecuted both the chief and the official who made the trip, and they were both fined," Mr. Bexelius said. "I know both these men. They are very honorable, of course. Certainly they would not be influenced by a one-day trip to Paris. But they are just not allowed to do such things. They shall not be in a position to be grateful to any person or any company. They shall be independent. Otherwise, people cannot have confidence in them or their agency, or even, to a certain extent, in any authority."

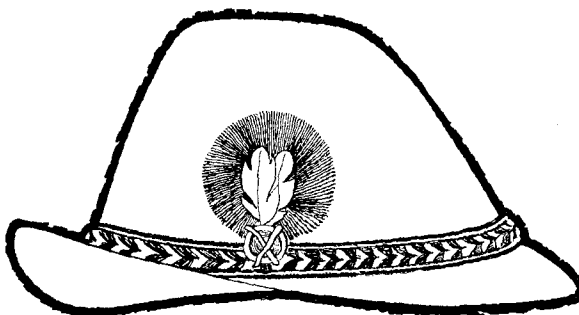
I asked Mr. Bexelius whether, in view of the number of times he is obliged to take action against people of his acquaintance, he finds that being the J.O. has a limiting effect on his social life.

He laughed. "No, I wouldn't say so," he replied. "Of course, many of my friends have been angry with me. Often, when I have to criticize a judge, he is a man with whom I have worked in court and know very, very well. Naturally, I don't like to criticize him, but I must. The ombudsman cannot be concerned about his popularity. It is no secret that high officials in Sweden—all of them—dislike the ombudsman. They say that he is always interfering in things he doesn't know anything about, and that they could do their jobs better if he would stop meddling, and so on. But all their grumbling doesn't mean a thing. Everybody knows that it is necessary to have an ombudsman."

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

VERMOUTH INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Only one man knows Tribuno's secret...



...and he keeps  
it under his hat!

If you were John L. Tribuno — and possessed a treasured secret for producing one of America's great Vermouths—would you tell? ■ The secret of Tribuno's smooth, delicate extra-dry flavor consists of blending 30 rare Botanicals imported from the remote corners of the world. ■ No other vermouth can endow your cocktails with the unique taste and flavor of Tribuno. Extra dry, extra-light, never overpowers. Extra dry for Martinis, sweet for Manhattans. Try Tribuno—today!

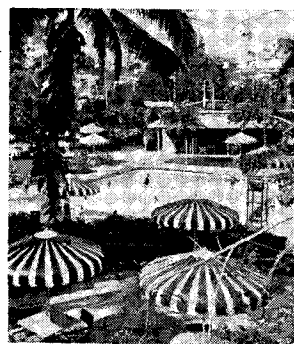
"21" Brands, Inc. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.

**TRIBUNO** *Vermouth*



# Panama

...SO ROMANTIC THAT EVEN  
THE OCEANS GET TOGETHER!



Panama is all pleasure for stopover or complete vacation. Breathtaking sunsets, fighting fish at the plush Club de Pesca, the odds-you-win excitement of beautiful Casinos — nightlife that keeps you wide awake until dawn. Luxury import shops where you save more than you spend. Old Panama is dramatic — New Panama is as wonderful as its smart air conditioned hotels!

### SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

PANAMA GOV'T. TOURIST BUREAU  
630 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020  
Tel. CI 6-5841

Tell me more.

name .....

address .....

my travel agent is .....

NY 2-13





## Her Majesty

This fashion slip has a button front embroidered bodice and low embroidered flounce. In the finest blend of 65% polyester, 35% cotton. White. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 6X, 8, 10. \$4. At B. Altman & Co.; and other fine stores. Her Majesty®, 130 West 34th St., N.Y.

## Tower Isle is Jamaica

Beautifully placed amid twelve flowering acres, Tower Isle is the *complete* Jamaica beach resort. A Service is unexcelled, food preparation is a fine art. A Small wonder that for so many who know the West Indies, Tower Isle IS Jamaica! A



### TOWER ISLE

An Issa Hotel  
Ocho Rios, Jamaica W.I.  
Nick Brimo, Gen. Mgr.

See your Travel Agent or LEONARD HICKS, JR., INC.,  
New York, Chicago, Miami, Detroit  
Washington D.C., Atlanta, Toronto  
RICHARD EARL ASSOC., San Francisco

Perez Blanco's

## Liborio

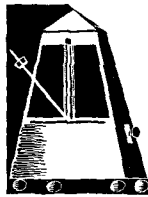
Exotic Latin Cuisine  
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper

Spanish Revue Nightly

150 West 47th Street • JU 2-6188

## MUSICAL EVENTS

### Sizzling Platter



DESPITE forebodings in some minds, including mine, that our leading Brünnhilde might not make an ideal Salome, Birgit Nilsson's appearance in the title role of Richard Strauss's shocker at the Metropolitan on Wednesday evening of last week was a total triumph. I have never heard the role so magnificently sung. What surprised me, though, was that I have seldom seen it so magnificently acted. With canny theatrical craftsmanship, Miss Nilsson did all the right things. She encased herself in a black leotard and put on a rather flamboyant black wig that minimized the natural squareness of her face. Actually, she looked quite seductive, in a sultry way, and the manner in which she moved about the stage was always graceful. As for the famous Dance of the Seven Veils, it was done as tastefully and convincingly as circumstances permitted. After all, how many full-voiced dramatic sopranos have really brought off this dance in such a way as to give the illusion of teen-age agility? The most successful I have seen in this respect have been Ljuba Welitsch, Phyllis Curtin (at the City Center), and Marjorie Lawrence, of a generation ago, and they have all presented approximations of the ideal. Miss Nilsson did not even try for an approximation. Carefully coached by Alicia Markova, she limited herself to a few bodily twists and shakes, a little rolling on the floor, and a certain amount of waving of two or three, rather than seven, veils. There was no strip-tease effect. During this dance, she had on a black gown, which revealed only the sides of her legs, and she wound up as fully dressed as she started. Nevertheless, there was the distinct illusion that she was bent on seducing Herod and that she had the allure to do it. Maybe clothes make the woman, after all. Preceding and following the dance, the Nilsson voice rang through the auditorium like a thrust of steel, piercing Strauss's heavy orchestration with an ease that was almost casual, except at points like those moments of quiet ecstasy when she was crooning over the head on the platter.

This was a great "Salome" in other respects, too. Karl Böhm, in the orchestra pit, brought out and clarified every detail of the score in such a way that

### OUR ORIGINAL BERMUDA BAG



LETTER PERFECT FOR YOURSELF OR GIFTS. GENUINE 8-INCH BERMUDA CEDAR HANDLES ENHANCE HAND-WOVEN IRISH TWEED OR LINEN. SPECIFY FABRIC AND COLOUR. MONOGRAM STYLE AND SHADE. \$9.50.

Trimingham's  
BERMUDA



Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-1. Linen: white, black, beige, pink, pale blue, others. Tweed: royal blue, turquoise, emerald, oyster, brown. Clearly indicate surname initial. Add 50¢ postage. Send for free "Treasures" catalogue.



A welcome winter fire will be blazing on the hearth when you come back from Badger Pass. And, whether you ski or just watch the skiers on the deeply covered slopes, you will be eager for the greeting planned by the chefs at

### THE AHWAHNEE IN YOSEMITE

Write us at YOSEMITE NAT'L PARK, CALIF. for brochure

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.

## Le Bijou

168 West 4th St.  
Greenwich Village, N. Y.  
CH 2-9338

Dinner by Candlelight  
Cocktails • Superb Wines



### HOUSTON'S TRADITIONAL HOST THE RICE HOTEL

For reservations, phone SPring 7-5080 in New York or see your travel agent.

what often sounds muddy and incoherent became beautiful. Karl Liebl was one of the most impressive Herods I have encountered. Irene Dalis, as Herodias, acted a bit like a Westchester housewife but sang well. I have heard louder Jochanaans than William Dooley, but his singing had subtlety and style. John Alexander was about as fine a Narraboth as you will ever come across, and the minor roles were all well taken.

The production was entirely new, and its scenery, by Rudolf Heinrich, looked like something spewed up by a volcano. An iridescent moon, which appeared to be in the last stages of decay, changed color from time to time (as it should, according to the libretto) but set just a mite too soon. Costumes were generally lavish and suitable, though Mr. Dooley's, which was made largely of ropes, suggested that he had recently undergone a collision with a tugboat. The head on the platter was a perfect portrait likeness of Mr. Dooley, and it was left uncovered during Salome's final love scene with it, producing at least an air of plain, honest necrophilia. Just before the curtain, Salome was stabbed by Herod's soldiers, instead of being crushed under their shields, as is the tradition. "Salome" is always horrible, but this performance was one that so benumbed the mind with the beauty of the music that horror became almost incidental.

THOMAS SCHIPPERS has lately been presenting some interesting and unorthodox programs with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, and last Thursday night's was one of them. The first part of it was made up of Emil Nikolaus von Reznicek's overture to "Donna Diana," a comic opera that seems to have otherwise disappeared, as well as Ravel's "Shéhérazade" and the Nocturne from Fauré's "Shylock." Of these, I heard only the Reznicek and the Ravel works, the latter with the French soprano Régine Crespin as soloist in the sensuous setting that Ravel made of Tristan Klingsor's lines. I am a great admirer of Miss Crespin, but I cannot figure out whether she is really a French or a German singer by temperament. "Shéhérazade," though it was scrupulously sung, did not seem to me the ideal vehicle for her rather forthright personality, and I suspect that she did better in Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" which came along later in the program. The Reznicek overture, in the *opera-buffa* tradition, was wholly delightful, but it was not performed

## We honor expense accounts

Also credit cards, conventions, exhibitions and company functions of any kind. In other words, helping you conduct your business is our business. If you're covering your territory, we invite you to stop at our Marriott Motor Hotel or use us as your headquarters. (Inducements: choice of luxurious rooms,

and suites, gourmet restaurants and we're-old-fashioned-about-it service.) Or, if you're convention-minded, we again invite you to stay with us. (Inducements: huge meeting rooms, banquet rooms and all meeting facilities.) Whether you're one man or two thousand, contact Marriott. We'd be honored.

*This is living, this is* **Marriott** MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D.C. • Dallas • Philadelphia • Atlanta (Fall '65) • Saddle Brook, N.J. ('66)  
Write: National Sales Office, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, Washington, D.C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200

Bright  
first  
impression  
that lasts

Designed in good taste, a stainless steel combination storm door is engineered for strength without excess metal. Keeps its good looks and accurate fit through years of weather and use. Harmonious with any architecture. Occasional washing keeps it bright.



(Only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel is produced by Republic Steel: The storm door manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Department NY-9029, 1441 Republic Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)

*Stainless Steel*

**BY REPUBLIC STEEL  
CORPORATION**

Sales Offices and Representatives  
in Principal Cities



## FRESCOBALDI

Italy's Proudest Chianti



Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.



### HORSE

Chinese, Han Dynasty, 206 B.C.-A.D. 220. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original in bronze. Ht.: 4". Replica in metal. Price \$3.50. (Please add 60c shipping and insurance, and sales tax where applicable.)

### You can afford the finest

Now you can grace your home with authentic masterpieces in replica—reproduced with astonishing fidelity to originals sculpted by great artists. With each purchase of this Chinese Han Dynasty Horse, you will receive a copy of our new sculpture catalog, with over 125 photographs and descriptions of the world's great sculpture, and a special section on museum jewelry in replica. For the catalog alone, send 25c in coin.



**brentano's** Dept. N-4  
586 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10036

## LE VALOIS

45 EAST 58th ST. • MURRAY HILL 8-7630

LUNCHEON  
COCKTAILS  
DINNER



Also Superb  
Private  
Facilities  
(Parties of  
40 or Less)

with the exemplary clarity that such music demands.

AFTER hearing "Shéhérazade," I moved across the plaza to the New York State Theatre to see a new ballet by George Balanchine. (Lincoln Center is mighty convenient for such concert-hopping.) The new ballet, called "Harlequinade," is a substantial affair in two acts, based (to what extent I am ignorant) on an old Petipa work, to music by Riccardo Drigo, called "Les Millions d'Arlequin." The new ballet is dedicated to Louis Biancolli, the music and dance critic of the *World-Telegram & Sun*. As for its scenery, it uses the sets, somewhat revised, that Rouben Ter-Arutunian designed several years ago for a production of Rossini's "La Cenerentola" at the City Center, and I was delighted to see them again, for they are among the most charming that have been designed anywhere in recent memory. The ballet did not offer much that was new to those familiar with Mr. Balanchine's style in exuberant, large-scale works of its sort, but it was wholly enjoyable, and at the final curtain the audience rose to shout its applause. The plot involved those standard *commedia-dell'arte* characters Harlequin, Columbine, Pierrot, and Pierrette, with a good fairy added to provide the crux of the story. Harlequin is wooing Columbine, who is kept locked in a house by her father. Harlequin gets into the house but is torn to pieces by her father's minions and thrown out a window. The pieces are later miraculously reassembled, and the good fairy appears and pours a cornucopiaful of gold coins into a bag held by Harlequin, who, having become a millionaire, gets the girl, since her father has now been persuaded of the desirability of the match. With this disarming little plot, and the lovely score by Drigo (of which we all know the Serenade and the Pizzicato Polka), Mr. Balanchine has contrived an enchanting spectacle in which Edward Villella (Harlequin), Patricia McBride (Columbine), Deni Lamont (Pierrot), Suki Schorer (Pierrette), Gloria Govrin (the Good Fairy), and many others shine spectacularly.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

### HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From Time]

More by-election tests were ahead. Next month, three Tory seats will be tested. If the Conservatives should win by increased majorities this will add to the Labor Party.

### NEW YORK'S TRULY CONTINENTAL HOTEL

*St. Moritz*  
ON-THE-PARK

50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019  
(212) PL 5-5800

### NEW FASHIONABLE CONVENIENT

Attractive rates  
from \$13-\$20 Single,  
Double from \$17-\$24,  
Suites from \$26.

HOME OF

*Rumpelmayer's*  
*Café de la Paix*

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL: Boston HA 6-4994  
• Chicago 427-1107 • Washington, D. C. 638-4556 •  
Los Angeles DU 8-1151 • San Francisco EX 7-2717 •  
Montreal 866-3391 • Toronto 364-0764

## SIX CENTURIES OF PRINTS & DRAWINGS by Great Masters

Feb. 13-Mar. 13

Catalog with 172 illus.,  
6 in color \$4

**WILLIAM H. SCHAB**  
48 East 57th Street • N.Y.C.



**Sad  
Sam**

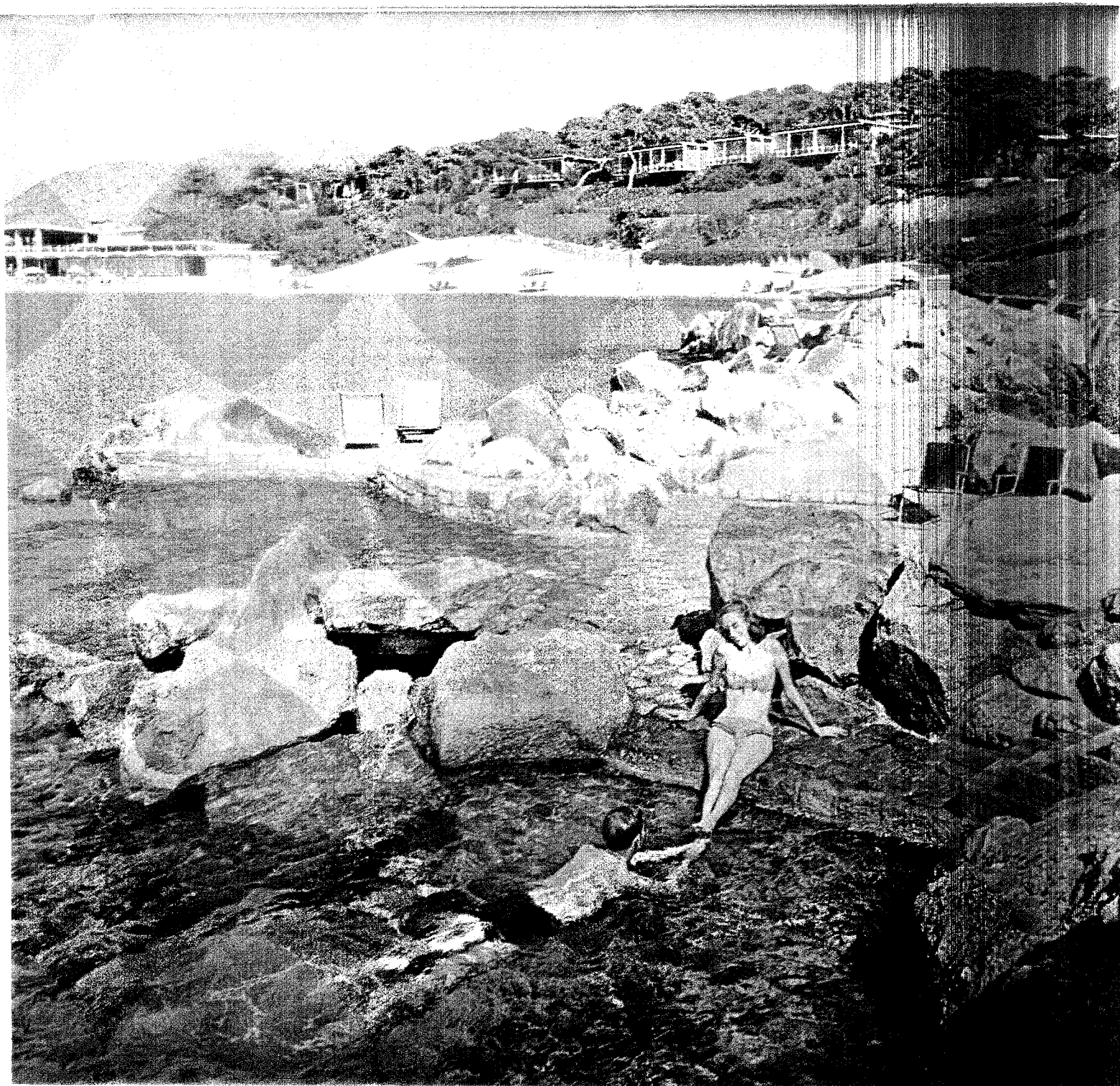
\$4.95

Floppy and lovable, a child's cuddly companion. One of many soft toys. Top quality. Reasonably priced. Send for free catalog. BOX 297  
Sandy Springs, Ga.

### ONLY \$1

Brand new 1965 book of pictures, facts, prices, featuring island homes, tax-free investment properties for sale in the Caribbean. Plus hundreds of homes in Florida, the South and New England, castles in Spain, villas on the Riviera; many more. Inspect before you travel miles just to look. Send \$1 to YN-12, PREVIEWS Inc., 49 E. 53rd Street, New York 22—PLaza 8-2630.





After  
the Parthenon,  
and  
the Erechtheion,  
and  
the Olympeion,  
go jump in  
the blue Aegean.

If you're in Athens  
and feel like getting away  
from ancient history  
for a few days,  
run down to the Apollo Coast.  
There you'll find seaside  
resorts, only a bus ride away.  
The water there is as blue as  
the sky. The accommodations,  
absolutely beautiful. And the  
cost of staying there,  
incredibly inexpensive:  
a brand-new deluxe  
bungalow motel costs  
no more than \$7-\$10 a day,  
two meals included.

Athens is surrounded by  
lovely resort areas. Some like  
Vouliagmeni (shown above), are by  
the Aegean Sea. Others are set  
inland or high up in the cool,  
thickly-wooded mountains.

There's Kiphissia. Ekali.  
Mt. Parnes. And others. All  
are a short distance from Athens.  
All offer very fine, very  
reasonably-priced accommodations.

Want to know more about  
Greek resorts, rates, restaurants?  
Write: National Tourist Organization  
of Greece, 601 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City 10017.  
Or see your Travel Agent.

# GREECE



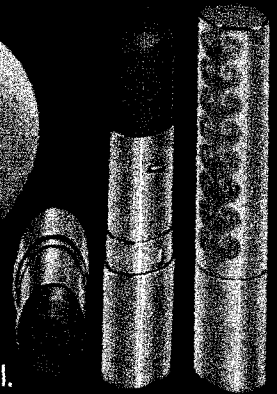


Moisture...  
softening,  
smoothing,  
captured in your lips  
by a marvelous new  
oval lipstick

## liqueissance

by Dorothy Gray

Its exclusive,  
*unique* penetrating  
moisturizer  
gives your  
lips  
youthful  
loveliness  
always.  
Delicate,  
feminine,  
heavenly easy  
to apply.



It's oval.

## liqueissance

the new  
moisturizing lipstick in  
twenty fashion colors. \$2<sup>00</sup>  
Dorothy Gray

©DOROTHY GRAY, LTD., 1964



# BOOKS

## *The Double Eye*



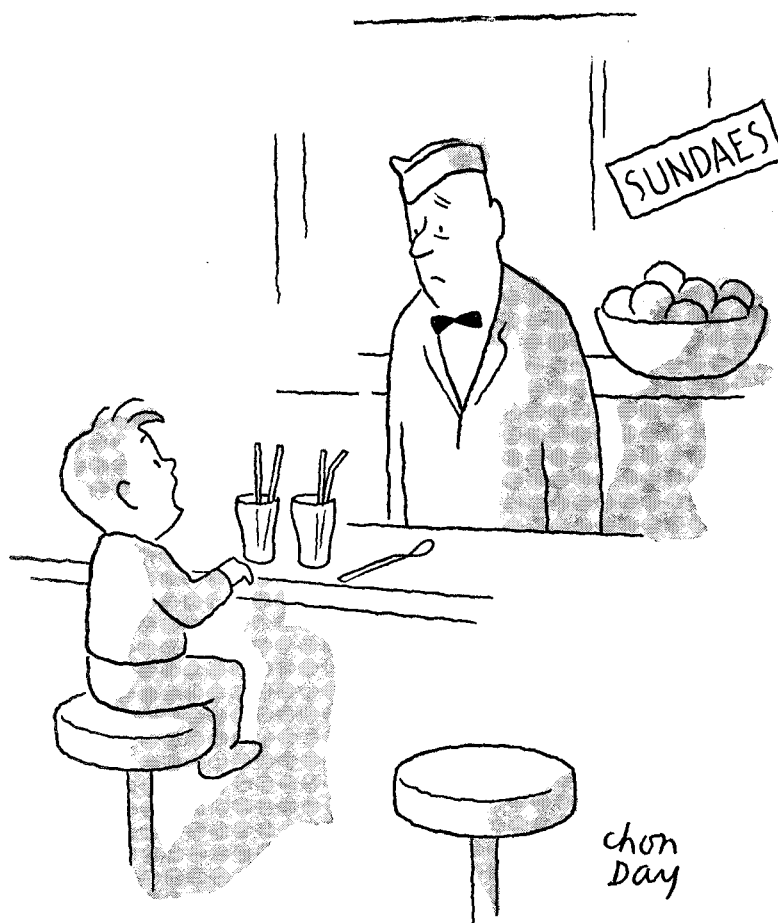
Goya prolongs his almost dangerous yet most sympathetic topicality. More than any other great painter, even including El Greco, he disturbs us as much as he did in the thirties. He has reigned twice in our lifetime. First during the Spanish Civil War, because he had shown us a people spontaneously rising—in his own time, against Napoleon's invaders. There was his ambiguous response to revolutionary ideals, there was his violent anticlericalism, and there were his wonderful drawings of the savageries of war, rape, torture, ferocious killings, the scenes of the death pit—wonderful because they recorded a crucifixion. Goya brought the war down to the body, to the blood spurting out of the mouth; the Spaniards, as the religious pictures of their tenebrous churches show, have required the sight of blood. Human beings were brutally experiencing something like a Passion. No euphemisms. These pictures seemed to fit exactly the Spanish Civil War, for it was less a war than an execution. The second reign of Goya begins with our contemporary interest in the dark, disturbed inner world of shock, nightmare, and agony, in the shapes that haunt the mind of man on his own. The famous etching in the "Caprichos" that is inscribed with the legend "*el sueño de la razón produce monstruos*," sometimes translated as "When Reason dreams or dozes, Monsters are created," stands at the door of the mysterious dark side of Goya's mind and, perhaps, at ours. And the mystery becomes even more arresting when we look at what are now called his "black" paintings, with which the deaf and isolated painter decorated his house, the Quinta del Sordo, outside Madrid, in his extreme old age.

There are other

Goyas, but the "black" pictures dominate the sumptuously produced and scholarly "Goya," published by Reynal, at a hundred and twenty dollars. Although it was edited in Milan, the book is actually the work of the long-established distinguished art historians of the Prado, whose director, the doyen of the Goyistas, Professor Francisco Javier Sánchez Cantón, writes a strict and exhaustive introduction, which has been translated by Henry Mins. The valuable historical appendix has been done by the vice-director, Professor Xavier de Salas. The book is a luxurious monument to conservative scholarship; it contains a hundred and fourteen reproductions in color, of which nine are gatefolds, or spreads of as many as four pages, and seventy-seven monochrome reproductions of drawings and etchings selected from Goya's enormous activity. These last complement the "black" paintings, for they have been taken chiefly from the witch-and-goblin phase of the "Caprichos." The main body of the "Disasters of the War," the bullfighting etchings, and the drawings of the

"Notebooks of Sanlúcar," done some years ago, with an introduction by André Malraux, have been dropped. With its marked emphasis on anticlericalism, the revolutionary dream, and prison life, the Malraux selection concentrated on the cruelties committed by a corrupt and reactionary society; the Reynal volume more particularly stresses what happens inside the tormented mind. But not exclusively; when we turn to the paintings, the famous ones are all here: many of the early cartoons for tapestry, the Court pictures, the portraits, the Dos de Mayo, the Duchess of Alba, the San Isidro panorama, and, of course, the *maja*, the lady who, whether dressed or undressed, appears to be levitating above her sofa. The color reproduction, allowing for the hard glossiness of the modern technique, for a certain pinkishness of artificial rejuvenation in some of the portraits, and for a violent change in the color of the hair of Doña Isabel Cobos de Porcel (National Gallery, London) from dark honey to auburn, is of a decent standard, the work of the Prado photographers. Where they

have unmistakably triumphed is in the ambitious display of all the "black" paintings. In the Prado, one never really sees them, in their ill-lit chamber; in this book, they come dramatically to life in detail and show the surprising richness of their color. It is for this series that the connoisseur will pounce on this book; here it is unique. Dark shadows broken by explosions of light—echoes of Rembrandt, Goya's master: what are we to make of the fourteen "black" pictures? Professor Sánchez Cantón quotes Azorín, the Spanish essayist: "Facing reality, Velázquez sees in it what he really sees; El Greco sees in it what he does not see in reality; Goya sees in it what nobody sees... a demoniacal reality." Yet we do *half* see, and Baudelaire tells us why,



"I don't have any money. I'm a minor."



## SUBSCRIPTION

BLANK



## THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET  
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription  
to your magazine for

☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS

My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions

1 year—\$8.00; 2 years—\$13.50

Canada, Latin America  
and Spain

1 year— 9.00; 2 years— 15.50

Other Foreign

1 year—11.00; 2 years— 19.50

Subscribers ordering a change of  
address are requested to notify us at  
least four weeks in advance and to  
give us their old address as well as  
the new. Please include ZIP codes for  
both addresses.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include ZIP code)

when he speaks of the drawings: "All those distortions, those bestial faces, those diabolical grimaces of his are impregnated with humanity."

Goya has a double eye. He sees reality and particularly the face, in the portraits—the face in its unwatched moments, in the lost hours of the day and without the disguises of a culture. The human being imposes a warm, grave, yet also sluggish passivity. This is how people are—the Spaniard is himself, too proud to pose. Even at their most courtly or royal or accoutred, his people are human first, without self-consequence but in accustomed obduracy. If their eyes are tired, if they are ill, if this is not their best day, if they look amiable or ill-natured, sensual, or foolish, they have not troubled to be otherwise. This is what they are. This is their nature. These are Spaniards in their nature, ungalvanized by idea. And then—the idea seizes Goya's people and they are transformed; spirited in pleasure, glaring in their dramas, easily awakened to furious extreme action, above all liable to fantasy. The Spaniard is only himself and the Universe; there is only himself and God or, of course, the Void. He is, in these truly violent moments, boundless.

The second eye of Goya translates everything into fantasy. He was delighted when, in his old age, his Court job came to an end, for now, he said, he would be able to devote himself to caprice. The caprice may be a hideous vision of demons tearing at the breast. It may also, amid the horror, be comical, as the senile are comical. The witches fighting in the air, the aborted and emaciated bodies with faces swollen or rotted by vice, the vampires, the smug and terrifying cats have some horrid glint, some grimace from human experience. Everything is human. We are on a borderline. Goya pushes on to a shocking extreme of carnal invention, yet it is not sadistic; on the contrary, we are—or, rather, we feel we are—familiar with these visitants of the imagination. So, last night, we may have dreamed. So, in illness, we may have been haunted. These abnormalities offer only too large an opportunity to interpretation. He is awash with symbols. Goya was born in 1746 and died in 1828, and some have seen him as a satirist driven eventually mad by the breakup of a corrupt society which he saw from the inside as a Court painter, and by war. The ideas of the French Revolution stirred him until, as a patriot, he was horrified by the atrocities of the French invasion and by the sight of the bodies of the starved

RAVISHING  
WITH RAVIOLI...

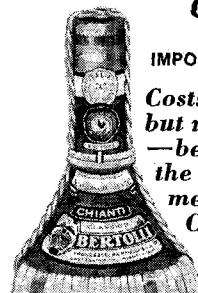
LUSCIOUS WITH LAMB

# BERTOLLI CHIANTI

CLASSICO

IMPORTED FROM ITALY

Costs a little more  
but well worth it  
—because it's  
the softest,  
mellowest  
Chianti  
you can buy!



Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N. Y.

SEE NEW YORK'S  
GLAMOROUS LEFT BANK

FREE GUIDED  
GREENWICH  
VILLAGE  
BUS TOUR

Oldest Village Landmark

SIDEWALK CAFE



ALBERT FRENCH RESTAURANT

42 EAST 11th ST., N.Y.C. • OR 3-3890

ALL YOU CAN EAT

SIRLOIN  
STEAK

JUMBO SHRIMP  
and HAM STEAK

\$2.95

COMPLETE DINNER

Le Restaurant  
Par Excellence

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS  
DINNER • OPEN SUNDAY

QUO VADIS

26 EAST 63rd ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. • TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT

L'Aiglon

PRE-THATRE DINNER  
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES

13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296

OPEN SUNDAYS

CONTINENTAL  
CUISINE OF  
DISTINCTION  
FOR LUNCHEON  
AND DINNER

the finest in  
Italian food

ITALIAN

24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.

daily  
except  
Sunday  
luncheon  
cocktails  
dinner

PAVILION

JU 6-5950



## The hard truth about college entrance exams.

You want your child to enter the college of his choice. But can he? With increasing competition for classroom seats on the nation's campuses, students taking exams must place well up near the top to have the luxury of choice — especially their first choice.

These days most colleges are becoming more and more selective. In 1948, 200 colleges required students to take college board entrance examinations. Today, more than 1,500 require some sort of entrance examination. Unless a student scores in the top 25% on these exams, he cannot be at all sure that he will be admitted to the college he wants to attend.

What can interested parents do to help?

One answer is the unique College Preparatory Series, published by Encyclopaedia Britannica.

This new series, just completed, is a comprehensive study system that directly relates the vast resources of the 24-volume Encyclopaedia Britannica to the vital task of preparing for college admission and successful college work.

Carefully organized and written by subject matter specialists and educational testing authorities, the new series is, frankly, neither a "snap" to use nor a substitute for good hard school work and good teachers.

Rather, it is a guide. A demanding guide. But a very valuable one.

Included in the series are 7 study guides and a user's manual. Each guide utilizes a college-entrance-type examination to measure the student's relative strength and experience in that testing area.

Five of the guides are devoted to organized review in Britannica of high-school level courses in Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, Biology and Social Studies. The other two cover Reading Comprehension and Mathematical Aptitudes, considered important yardsticks in determining college acceptance. All examinations are self-scoring except the two aptitude tests, which are scored, in cooperation with Britannica, by an independent testing agency.

With the help of this series, the student can quickly pinpoint the areas in which he is weak and take steps to strengthen them—and, at

the same time, develop practical experience in test-taking techniques that will give him extra confidence in the actual test situation and help him to show his true ability. An important advantage.

The College Preparatory Series is supplied to purchasers of the new edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica at no extra cost and further enhances the value of this most authoritative reference work.

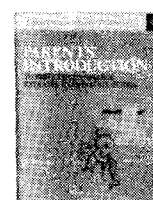
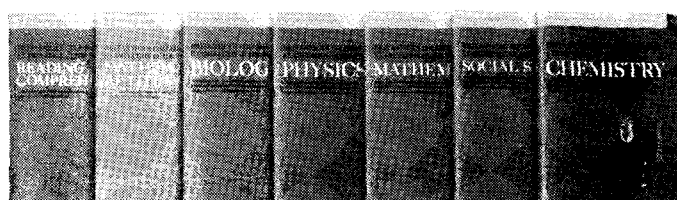
It is another educational innovation from Encyclopaedia Britannica—explorers in the world of knowledge.

For more information, write to Mr. Charles N. Slater at the address below.



**ENCYCLOPAEDIA  
BRITANNICA, INC.**

425 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611



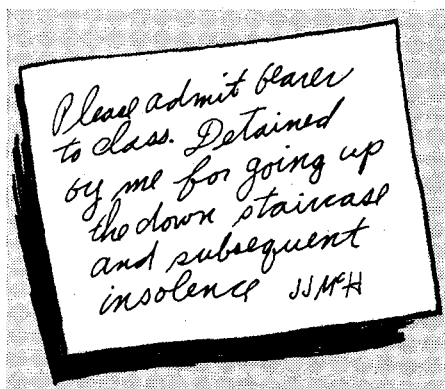
Watch "EXPLORING" on NBC-TV, brought to you by Encyclopaedia Britannica every Saturday at 12:00 PM (EST).



**"You're the only teacher that ever learned me English real good."**

**"They shouldn't allow bad morals in the book room."**

**"I'm not cheating; I'm left-handed."**

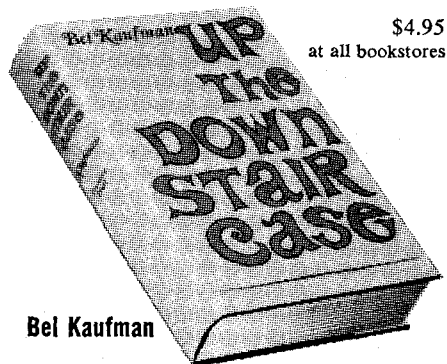


These are some of the notes from the classroom world of Sylvia Barrett, an idealistic young teacher in her first semester in a metropolitan high school. *Up the Down Staircase* is the story of her encounter with waste and frustration, inadequate facilities, trivia in triplicate, gobbledygook and pedageese.

Blending wit and wisdom, humor and pathos, Bel Kaufman weaves an utterly delightful novel that will captivate anyone who has ever been to school. Funny, poignant, imaginative, nothing quite like *Up the Down Staircase* has ever been written, for it is told in a style utterly unique. Her years of teaching provide the background and authenticity of this book.

**"It has the ideal mixture of tragedy and humor, and a superb balance of the ludicrous and the pathetic. It is the kind of 'funny' that hurts."**

**—Sam Levenson**



**Bel Kaufman**

**Dept. 304 PRENTICE-HALL, INC.**

Englewood Cliffs,  
New Jersey

**\$4.95**

at all bookstores

Madrileños left in the streets where they had dropped. The one gain for him was the overthrow of the Inquisition and the dissolution of the monasteries. The bestialities of the age demented him. He was disillusioned; if we go for this political interpretation, we conclude that he thought the Dream of Reason had produced war and the Terror.

Even if they contain some truth, simple interpretations of this kind leave out the complexity and privacy of the artist. They assume that he is some sort of conscious public thinker, a *philosophe* of the time. Goya was not. Professor Sánchez Cantón is a sobering scholar who is hostile to amateur and literary theorizings; Goya is a man of brushes and pencils. The legend "The Dream of Reason produces Monsters" comes (it will surprise most of us to hear) from an essay, "On the Pleasures of the Imagination," by Addison, which was being translated into Spanish; Goya knew the translator. (The passage is absurdly and inaccurately re-rendered in this introduction—why translate Addison back from Spanish into English?

For that matter, Professor Sánchez Cantón has been clumsily treated by his translator throughout.) Goya appears explicitly to have accepted Addison's notion that "when the Brain is hurt by any accident, or the Mind disordered by Dreams or Sickness, the Fancy is overrun with wild dismal Ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous Monsters of its own framing." It is now known that in 1792, when he was forty-six, Goya contracted syphilis, which left him totally deaf for the rest of his life. In this terrible isolation—"it makes room for observation," he said—his mind turned inward and into the nether world of nightmare and the occult. (Yet his evident interest in the occult may have arisen from seeing an ultramontane Catholicism collapse.) The "Caprichos" were the first fruit of illness and, surprisingly, they were well received at Court, for the taste for witches, phantoms, goblins, and bestial shapes was a literary fashion. If he could pick up a bit of Addison from a literary friend, Goya could pick up themes of witchcraft; indeed, in the imagination of the people of the mountains of his native Aragon, the legends of witchcraft were alive. The fact is that men of genius, from Shakespeare down, "pick up" where they can. We can only remark that the great artists are maniacally working all the time; they exhaustively use every item of their experience. Nothing is left unused. In Goya's case, one would say that activity itself excluded systematic

**Gentlemen,  
is there a  
business  
meeting  
in your  
future?**



**If so, take a look at the  
ARIZONA BILTMORE**

**... one of the world's  
great resort hotels!**

**For gatherings of 4 to 400 persons we offer an acoustically perfect auditorium with ultra modern audio-visual equipment • Wide variety of meeting rooms • Gourmet cuisine and fabulous service • Unlimited recreational facilities such as private uncrowded 18-hole championship golf course, tennis, swimming, horseback riding, shuffleboard • And, for the ladies, cabana-poolside dining, tours, fashion shows and sunbathing!**

**For folder, dates and rates, contact  
Henry B. Williams, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.  
ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL • PHOENIX, ARIZ.**

**THE  
DEATH-  
BRINGERS**

Lt. Luis  
Mendoza,  
L.A.P.D.  
(Homicide),  
again plays  
his hunches and  
wins! At bookstores, \$3.95

**DELL SHANNON**

**MORROW**

**GOING ABROAD?**

**\$1.00**

Each book includes a Catalog of hard-to-find travel accessories (shoulder bags, money belts, hot rods, passport cases, etc.) so you can shop by mail.

**MRS. MURIEL W. SCUDDER**  
237 Abbey Road, Manhasset, N.Y.

thought; it is unlikely that he had a central idea. Later on, in discussing the fourteen "black" murals of the Quinta del Sordo, Professor Sánchez Cantón regards with the greatest skepticism the interpretation put upon them by a recent Spanish critic, D. Angulo, author of "‘Saturno’ y las Pinturas Negras de Goya," seductive though it is. Angulo stands before the horrible picture of the ogre tearing at the human being in his teeth, he stares at the enormous gloomy crowd of the "Witches' Sabbath," and at the "Fates," presented as a group of coarse morons floating across the landscape on a cloud, at the sanguinary picture of Judith with her knife, at the murderous fight between the two men bogged to the knees in the sand, and the final, fearful picture—useful to Surrealists—of the dog buried up to the tiny head in the earth, and he says that these apparently disparate themes are held together by an idea:

Saturn is the god of the Sabbath, at which the witches gather...when the night has devoured the day, [he] is the inevitability of the triumph of ignorance over knowledge, [he] represents the triumph of darkness.

For Angulo, Goya was a humanist who understood the language of fable and allegory

which is confirmed perhaps by the fact that Saturn is matched by the figure of Judith....The Fates too are held by some to be daughters of the Night.

And the "Fight with Clubs" is inspired by the idea of the inevitability of death and human barbarity. The dog symbolizes our inevitable extinction. We are victims to the end.

What the "black" Goya is, indeed, saying here and in the drawings is that we are victims. But the darker side of his solitude is not continuous; he painted in this manner in his recurrent periods of illness. When the "Caprichos" were drawn, Goya was also painting the luminous frescoes in the chapel of San Antonio de la Florida; in his last years, when he painted the fourteen murals, he also made the glittering etchings of the bullfight, besides continuing with those portraits which—in Professor Sánchez Cantón's words—have the deep calm and stillness of the Spanish face as it appears in all the great paintings of the Spanish tradition. Nor are all the "black" murals in fact black in color or dreadful in content. Blackness has been, until very recently, a dominating color in Spanish attire: the choice of the sombre is a native trait; if the "black" pictures seem black in color, one has only to look at the fine reproductions in this

Stainless steel for a bomber's skin is processed at over 2000° F. To protect it during this treatment, Mead makes a tough ceramic fibre paper. Who'd have thought mere paper could stand up to this kind of heat? (We did.) Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

**MEAD**  
papers



There's only  
one way to skin  
a bomber.

Mead Papers, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio



**WE STILL HAND SEW OUR NECKWEAR**



ENGLISH HAND BLOCKED ALL SILK SHANTUNG

*Reis of New Haven*

75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN., 237 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

write for the store nearest you

**IS THERE  
A  
TRAITOR  
IN  
THE  
HOUSE**



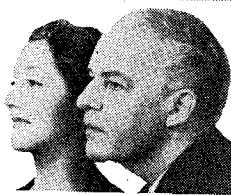
by **PATRICIA McGERR**

The first book-length adventure for Selena Mead — the Washington socialite and secret agent This Week magazine made famous. \$3.50

**A CRIME CLUB  
SELECTION**



FROM DOUBLEDAY



**STAGESTRUCK:**

The Romance of  
**Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne**  
by **Maurice Zolotow**

"a delightful theatrical experience."  
—JOHN MASON BROWN

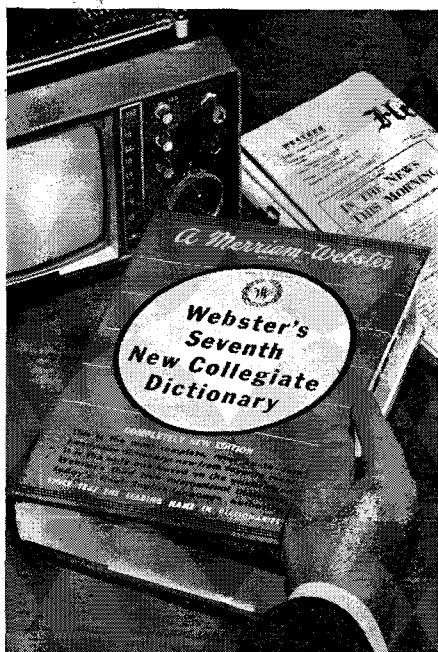
Illustrated \$5.95

 **HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD**



## LANGUAGE CHANGES!

So should  
your dictionary!



Today you need  
**Webster's Seventh  
New Collegiate with  
20,000 new words  
and new meanings.**

In recent years, thousands of new words have entered our language.

Old dictionaries cannot give you these important changes. But the completely new Webster's Seventh New Collegiate does: it's based on the greatest file of up-to-date language research in the world.

Webster's Seventh includes 20,000 new words and new meanings...has 130,000 entries. It is the one "Webster" that includes the scientific names of plants and animals and rules for spelling and punctuation. It is the only desk dictionary based on the unabridged Webster's Third New International Dictionary, final word authority of the U. S. Government Printing Office and courts of law. It's required or recommended at schools and colleges everywhere.

No one can be in command of today's English with yesterday's dictionary. Get Webster's Seventh New Collegiate—the dictionary in the bright red jacket—at your book, department, or stationery store today. \$5.75 plain...\$6.75 indexed.  
© G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

To be sure you're up to date...  
Insist on the genuine

**MERRIAM-WEBSTER**  
The leading name in dictionaries since 1847.

book to see that the black is really a violent mixture of colors. There is no funereal stillness; the colors, like the figures, are in tormented action. There is an extraordinary impression of restlessness and muttering in the huddled witches. Yet all is not darkness but, rather, darkness and light. If the picture of the two men who are clubbing each other to the death suggests political extremism or mindless barbarity, there is one beside it showing a group of peasants listening eagerly to a man who is spelling out the newspaper to them—a reminder of Goya's own moralization about his monsters: that they are the result of "superstition and bad education." Reason and monsters are in conflict. Conflict, the ferment of action, can be seen in almost all his drawings. (As Malraux has said, Goya's pictures of men and women shackled in prison immediately suggest to our imagination the barbarous judges who have sentenced them.) The delightful yet sinister and utterly mysterious picture of the man and woman flying on a cloud over a landscape has the naïveté and alarm of legend, and even Professor Sánchez Cantón, a Galician who shares, one must suppose, in the evasive, almost Irish caution of his race, is tempted to believe that this picture revives the Galician legend that one day two beings appeared out of a cloud, ate up all the food in the land, and vanished back into the cloud. Again, the Professor points out that the word "black" was not used about these pictures until 1928, and even then not in our present sense. The most he will grant is that the lonely old man of seventy-five who filled his hours by toiling, short of sight, at these works for the two rooms of his Quinta and who lived on awkward terms with Doña Leocadia, his noisy housekeeper and probably his mistress—the most he will grant is that Goya "appeased the feverish need for activity" and "freed himself from the monsters that the 'dream of reason' had generated in him." He continues:

In the paintings of his country house Goya extracts and abstracts, with genius, from the forms present in nature, in his fantasy, or in his memory, everything that arouses emotion, and disdains everything else, simplifying the indispensable data to an extreme and leaving in the finished work only what is essential, only what can be received directly and immediately by the viewer, without forcing him to become tangled in details or elegances.

There had been a violent "break with the humanistic conception of life," and with that "the crisis of his time" began. Goya was already halfway

## Aruba's "rainy season" is measured in minutes!

Most visitors never see a drop. What they do see is the fabulous Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino, with its talcum-white beach, its diamond-clear water, its lavish rooms, superb food, elegant casino and top entertainment. Come see for yourself. Leave your umbrella home. Make reservations through any Travel Agent. Call 212 JU 2-3780.



**Aruba Caribbean  
Hotel-Casino**

Dutch West Indies, N.A.

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

The new  
**ANDREW  
GARVE**

**THE  
ASHES  
OF  
LODA**

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"As always, he has spun a taut narrative against an effective and authentic background. It was particularly fascinating for me, as an old Russian hand."  
—HARRISON E. SALISBURY  
\$3.50

4 master storytellers...  
4 classic homicides

## FATAL FASCINA- TION

Nigel Balchin on the Icelandic saga of Burnt Njal; C. S. Forester on the case of Lord Haw-Haw; Eric Linklater on the mysterious death of Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots; Christopher Sykes on the murder of the Duke of Enghien by Napoleon.  
\$4.95 at bookstores.

LITTLE, BROWN

into nineteenth-century Romanticism. Surrealism and Expressionism have their debts to him. So has Picasso. Rouault should have acknowledged his. Goya is the painter of the "breakup," and perhaps that, as much as his enormous activity, accounts for the proliferation of subjects, for there are always more subjects when a culture is forming itself or when it is disintegrating.

The word "humanism" is used in a restricted though well-known historical sense in this passage of Sánchez Cantón's essay. If it is implied that Goya ceased to be a "humanist," then one must protest; his religion was negligent, in spite of the fact that he painted religious pictures and in spite of his wish to be buried in the Franciscan habit. His anticlerical pictures are violent. The pictures of monks and nuns undressing to put on the clothes of civil life are done in irony but without hatred; the subjects are shown to be no more or less than pitiable human beings. In the "Witches' Sabbath," there are witches in nuns' clothes; the goat is a monk. But it is certainly true that after the earliest of the tapestry cartoons Goya freed himself from the long-established Italianate baroque manner and its celebration of pleasure, and that "the people"—ordinary people of naïve and passionate countenance—appear. Raw life breaks the patterns of an exquisite culture. The angels and the saints are people used to the day's work and are fit for the popular, dressy gaiety; in the frescoes of San Antonio de la Florida they do not belong to an evidently higher spiritual order. There is no mysticism in Goya. If he is religious, it is in the manner of one who hardly practices his religion most of his life; as a painter who was proud of making a lot of money, he would feel neither one way nor the other about his profitable religious commissions, beyond, perhaps, preserving that deeply regional and pagan attachment to the Virgen del Pilar at Saragossa. A man of the people himself, the son of a modest gilder, he was imbued with the ancient *popular* spirit that has existed nowhere in the world so strongly as in Spain—unless Russia has matched it—and that was shared by the aristocracy, as the story of the Duchess of Alba shows.

That spirit, so often dormant, is naturally expressive, and even in the formal portraits expressiveness is everything. Everyone has remarked on this expressiveness in the Spanish people. Even in such details as Goya's use of dark shadows broken by light, in the use of haggard, open-mouthed faces in

## Will you be Boo Sun's sponsor?



Boo Sun lives with 9 relatives in a one-room hut in an impoverished South Korean village. All she ever wanted was "to be a teacher, so I could make little children wise."

But education is not free in South Korea. And Boo Sun's parents are desperately poor.

They're also proud. That's why they refuse charity.

But if they had a cow to do the plowing, they could grow enough rice to earn money to send Boo Sun to school.

... Will you buy Boo Sun a cow?

Your contribution to Save the Children Federation, though tax-deductible, is not charity. It's used instead for self-help. Children, families, entire communities in Korea, Greece, Lebanon, Tanganyika, Colombia, Italy, and American Indians as well, are aided to stand on their feet through Save the Children self-help funds. As a sponsor, you or your group receive the story and photograph of the child you help to help himself, and the opportunity for person-to-person correspondence.

Won't you fill in the coupon?

Founded 1932  
**SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION**  
 Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute \$150.00 annually to help a  
 ( ) girl ( ) boy in \_\_\_\_\_ (countries  
 listed on left) or where the need is greatest ( )

Enclosed is my first payment:  
 \$12.50 a month ( ) \$37.50 a quarter ( )  
 \$75 semi-annually ( ) \$150 annually ( )

I cannot sponsor a child:  
 enclosed is contribution of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Contributions are income tax deductible. NY-2-13-5



# Freedom

Horace Walpole, the eighteenth-century English Member of Parliament and squire of Strawberry Hill, once observed: "The Americans are mostly engaged in trade and plantation. Their chief object is to make money. And, in truth, money is freedom."

Rampant materialism? Perhaps. But it might be said that Walpole was only echoing Ecclesiastes: "Money answereth all things." For certainly money goes a long way toward enabling people to be, do, and have what they like. As a modern wag put it, money makes it possible for you to choose your favorite misery.

But even though money is freedom, it isn't security. There is a risk in owning money—the risk that inflation will eat away its purchasing power, as it has in the past. If you want to take steps to try to preserve the purchasing power of any spare money you have, then you should consider investing in good common stocks that offer potentialities of growth.

True, stock prices can go down as well as up. But over the years prices of good common stocks have tended to go up as our economy has grown, and the trend seems likely to continue.

Would you like the names of some stocks that we feel have growth possibilities? Ask for a copy of "20 Stocks for Long-Term Investment," available from any of our offices without charge or obligation. Reading it may be the first step you take in the direction of freedom from financial cares in the future.

Department 5



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER  
PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,  
PIERCE,  
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

crowds or scenes of action, he was presenting human beings in their own naked right and outside of social forms. He seeks the moments of violence in which the hidden human being, transported beyond right or wrong, and perhaps beyond good or evil, reveals himself without defense. It has often been said that in rejecting the main formative movements of Western civilization the Spaniard did not wish—in Malraux's phrase—"to accommodate man to himself" but held that "the value of man consisted in his expression of what transcended him." The open-mouthed and haggard faces in Goya are ravenous for something that is outside themselves. Running counter to this expressive and dramatic strain is the spirit of apathy and irony. Many of Goya's satires are ironical; many are comic. There is even a suggestion of the doll-like and voluptuous. He exploited many aspects of a single subject, even in simple repetitions—the little picture of two men carrying an injured mason from the scaffolding is exactly duplicated by one of two men carrying a drunken mason; the one picture is glum, in the other we have tottering, cynical laughter. In an early painting, girls are tossing a man in a blanket; later, in a sardonic and even embittered mood, Goya gives us the same picture, but the man is now a dummy. It is as if Goya had said that the human face was a mask: disease, war, vice, and corruption ripped it off. Man is alone. His condition is anarchic. That is where Goya has appealed to later painters, but not in any philosophic, schematic, or teaching way. Deaf, alone, endowed with the double eye, knowing only one thing—how to draw and paint continually—he exhausted every mood of a subject, as it appeared in the room, in the street, in the sky, or in the mind from one minute to the next, in reality or in fantasy. Is there any other artist who has used up every minute of his life and his time? Not in mere record but in restless self-commitment?

—V. S. PRITCHETT

A dishonest promoter takes no financial risk in mailing unordered merchandise to prospective donors. The promoter usually negotiates a deal with the supplier of merchandise. He gets (Sylvia Porter is on vacation.) a good-sized commission from the supplier and also retains ownership of the merchandise if it is returned.

—Kalamazoo Gazette.

Sylvia, come back!



Robert Motherwell

Anchor #1

**Robert Motherwell**

represented exclusively by

**Marlborough**

Marlborough-Gerson Gallery Inc.

41 East 57th Street, N. Y. PL 2-5353

Don't go  
abroad  
this year  
without  
your



**FODOR'S  
1965 GUIDE TO  
EUROPE**

For smart travelers

At all bookstores • \$5.95 • McKAY

## BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:

**BOOKS-ON-FILE**

DEPT. NY-55 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

**FANNY'S  
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT**

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

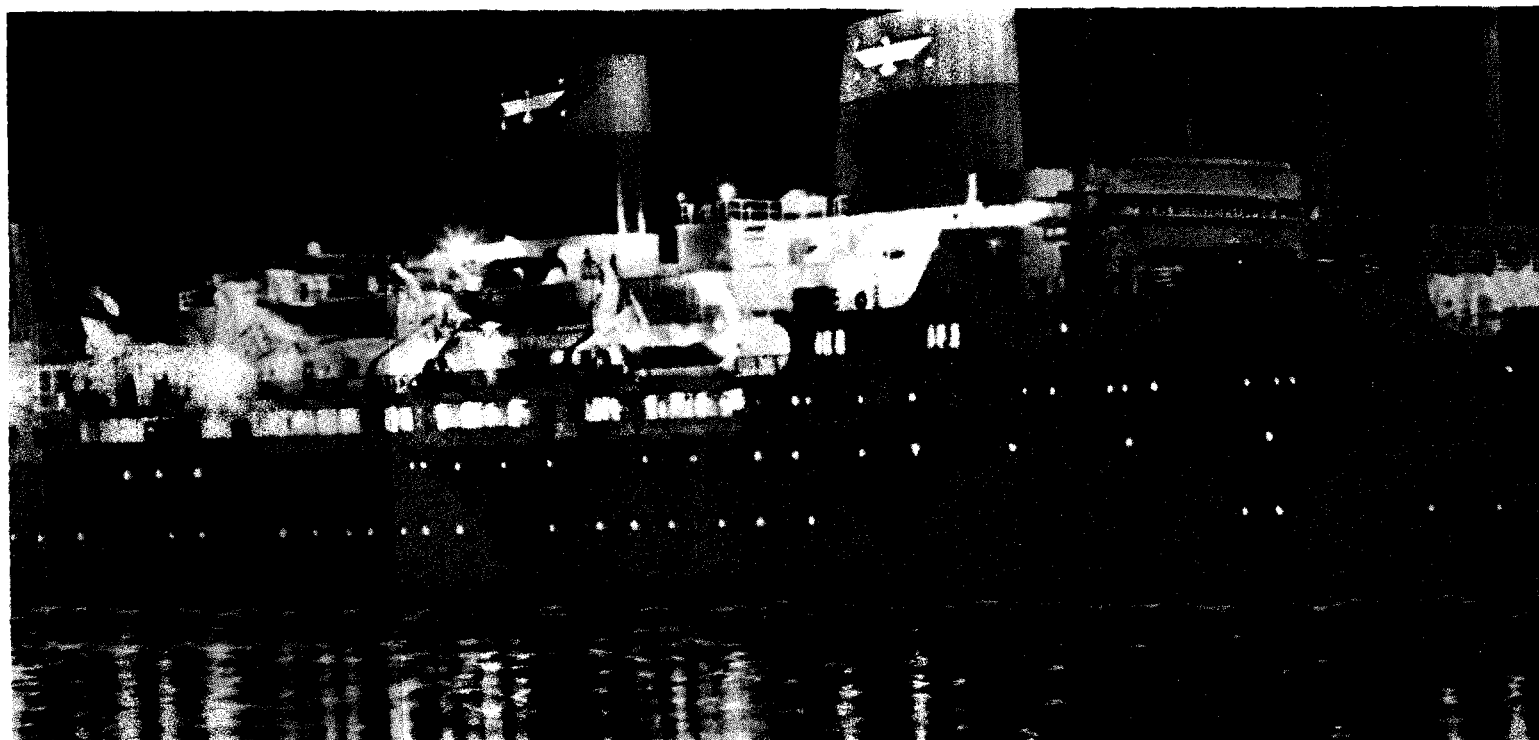
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily  
(OPEN EVERY DAY)  
1601 Simonsen St.

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm  
Phone GR 5-8686  
Evanston, Ill.

FEBRUARY 13, 1965



## Why the couple at table 2



## is taking a great President Liner to the Orient

There are only two ways to go to the Orient. They chose the *long* way. Because it's the *best* way to do just as you please for three weeks—to enjoy swimming, sunning and deck sports every day. To take your choice of movies, dancing, and dinner from a new menu every night. Or, if you prefer, it's the world's best way to do just nothing at all—as you relax in an air-conditioned stateroom, complete with radio, telephone and 24-hour



room service. Every two weeks a great President Liner sails from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong and Manila. This spring three special sailings also include a cruise through Japan's spectacular Inland Sea at no extra cost. One-way fares start at \$689 First Class; \$403 Economy Class. Sea

and sea/air tours available on all sailings. Reserve a table now. See American President Lines or your Travel Agent for details.

SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • WASHINGTON, D.C. • HONOLULU





"If they're out of Imported O.F.C., I'm going on the wagon."

People with pull just won't touch anything but Imported O.F.C. It's the Old Fine Canadian—a lighter, more with-it whisky. O.F.C. 8 year old is priced with Canadians years younger. And 12 year old O.F.C. costs little more than Canadians half its age. When you're out, ask for Imported O.F.C.—it's the only Canadian with three initials.



86.8 Proof. © 1964 Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.